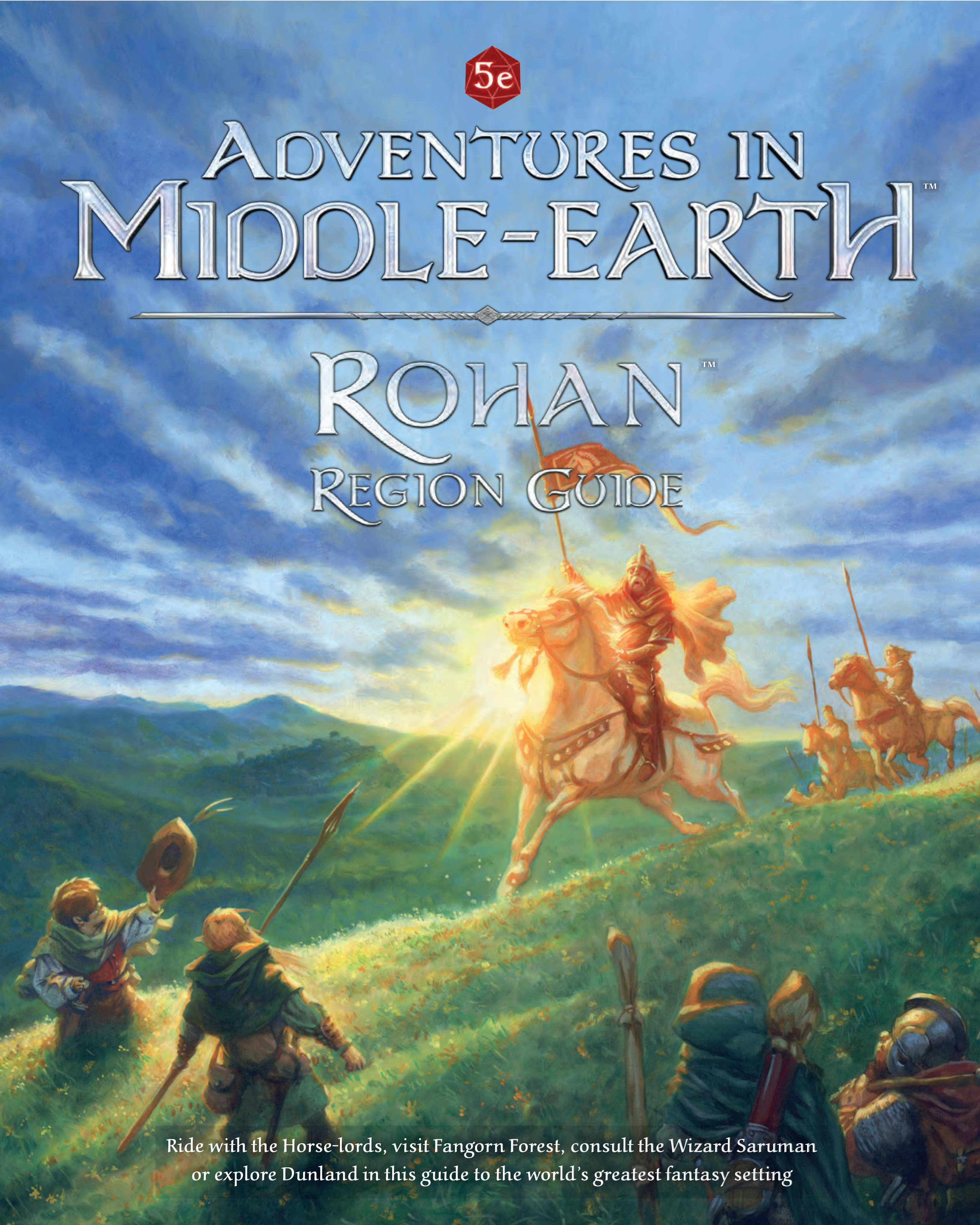

# ADVENTURES IN MIDDLE-EARTH™

## ROHAN™

## REGION GUIDE

Ride with the Horse-lords, visit Fangorn Forest, consult the Wizard Saruman
or explore Dunland in this guide to the world's greatest fantasy setting

# ADVENTURES IN MIDDLE-EARTH™

# ROHAN™
## REGION GUIDE

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...it is not, as you know, my wont to speak ill of the dead, but there are days, Ecthelion, days when, I vow to you, if he stood before me, I would strike my father down, as readily as I would a serpent. Was there ever a less worthy king? Fengel instructed my people far too well in his ways and they took his lessons to heart. They've learned to be covetous, suspicious, and more concerned for gold than for honour. They believe provoking useless duels and killing those who should be their allies will garner them glory.

Alas for the Rohirrim.

It may take my lifetime, but I will set it right, I will balance the scales.

I will remind the Eorlingas who they are meant to be and my son, in turn, will show them. Many think it ill that we favour Sindarin and Westron in Meduseld, and perhaps there is some truth in that charge, but Théoden already speaks the tongue of his forefathers better than I and none will question him when he comes into his own.

I confess on my darkest days, that my thoughts turn ever to the Minas Tirith. I miss gazing out of the tower of your namesake in the early morning, watching the Anduin turn to silver fire as the dawn kissed her. Morwen hides it well, but she longs for the harps of her homeland, not the hard songs of mine.

Enough of this, Rohan needs me. I shall not fail the Riddermark.

Now as to my council, you do well to be concerned, I think, for the Corsairs have ever been restive in the late spring. Doubtless, you remember their attack on Linhir in 2942, even before the Dark Lord made his return known. No, as I have said before, you did well to send forth your call for aid. There are still stout hearts in this world of ours and much that is worth fighting for.

There are several warriors within my court that I will commend to you. One though, I'll not give up, not yet at least. I suspect he is of your kin, for he is tall and stern, with grey eyes that falter not. He said he lost his name on the road south, so my people call him 'the Eagle'. His conduct is nothing short of exemplary, a soul of honour in these dark times, an example to help the Eorlingas remember who they are...

*Excerpt of a letter from Thengel King, Lord of the Mark, to Ecthelion II, the Steward of Gondor.*

# - Introduction -

South of the Misty Mountains lie vast fields of rolling grasslands, where the horns of the distant north still resound in battle over the thunder of hooves. There dwell the Rohirrim, the Horse-lords of Rohan. In their own tongue, they are the Eorlingas and their land, the Riddermark. For years beyond counting, as Men reckon time, the Rohirrim have dwelt upon the plains of Rohan, but their ancestral enemies, the Dunlendings, claim the land is theirs, stolen long ago.

The *Rohan Region Guide* takes *Adventures in Middle-earth* far south of Wilderland, describing not only the land of Rohan and the dauntless folk who inhabit it, but also the lands and peoples surrounding the Riddermark. The first and second sections of this supplement, **A History of Rohan** and **The Regions of Rohan,** lay bare the history of the Rohirrim and the geography of their lands, from the contested West-march and the Gap of Rohan in the west to the Great River in the east; from the Wold in the north to the White Mountains in the south.

Each region contains descriptions of major features and the wildlife that will typically be seen in the area, along with brief accounts of whatever inhabitants, if any, dwell there. Notable People and Notable Places are just that: significant individuals, settlements, and landmarks that can be found within that region. Loremasters, though, may certainly add or remove such people and places as they wish – or even move them about to other regions more suitable to their own game – meaning players that read up on a given region shouldn't believe everything listed about it is so! Several new Fellowship phase undertakings are also included in this chapter, along with other assorted challenges that might be faced by heroes.

The third part, **The Forest of Fangorn,** describes the legendary forest spoken of in whispers throughout Middle-earth. Few indeed know any of its secrets and fewer still know that it is the last dwelling place of the Shepherds of the Trees, the Ents. Herein is described the history of the forest, its ancient guardians, and their strange ways, along with some of the more unusual members of an already extraordinary people.

The fourth section, **A Folk with No Kings,** describes the Folk of the Fells, known to the Rohirrim as the Dunlendings, along with their history and lands. While they actually belong to many different tribes, all of the

Dunlendings are united, at least, in their sworn enmity against the Riders of Rohan. Scholars know that their grievances are not without legitimacy and, despite what others may claim, they are not Evil Men. Indeed, the Dunlendings are presented as a Heroic Culture with their own Cultural Virtues and Heirlooms.

**Isengard,** the storied domain of Saruman the White, foremost of the Wizards, is detailed in the fifth section. The fabled Tower of Orthanc, built by the Men of the West long ago, is examined in detail, as well as how its keys came to be in the hands of the White Wizard. Saruman and his plans, along with the many ways a Company may become embroiled in his affairs, are discussed here. Finally, several new Fellowship phase undertakings are included in this chapter, for those who hold the White Wizard to be a worthy patron...

**Dangers of the Mark** contains information on many monstrous beings, from beasts red in claw, to menaces wooden of limb. Here you will find bloodthirsty Dunlending Raiders, the wild Huorns of Fangorn, and the merciless fist of the White Hand: the Uruk-hai.

The seventh part, **The Horse and the Rider,** presents new rules for horsemanship and mounted combat. It details different types of horses and offers instructions for players on how to breed and acquire mounts and use them in the game.

**A Wide and Green Land,** the eighth and final section, provides a complete set of Journey Event tables for wanderers in the Riddermark and nearby lands to use.

## How to Use the Rohan Region Guide

This supplement greatly expands the reach of any campaign for *Adventures in Middle-earth*, exploring new lands and cultures with distinctly different outlooks than those of the North. While much of the material here is intended for use by the Loremaster, there is certainly a lot for players to explore – though even the most curious should perhaps give the chapter on Isengard a miss – the White Wizard doesn't like others prying into his affairs without leave.

The companion volume to this guide is a scenario supplement entitled *Riddermark Adventures*. This supplement contains six adventures set in Rohan during the troubled early years of Thengel King's reign. Many of the Loremaster characters and locations featured in the *Rohan Region Guide* play key roles in these adventures. While this guide stands alone, you will need *Rohan Region Guide* to play through *Riddermark Adventures*.

## The Tale of Years

It is the year 2960 of the Third Age of Middle-earth. Thengel King has been Lord of the Mark for seven years. His son, Théoden, at twelve, stands on the cusp of manhood. It is a time of troubles for Rohan – ever since Thengel was recalled from Gondor to take the throne of the Riddermark his people have been fractious. Many believe there is a real possibility of civil war between rival factions led by Thengel's two most important captains, the Second and Third Marshals of the Mark.

With the wealth of information available in the *Rohan Region Guide*, Loremasters who choose to do so can readily move their campaign forward or backwards from the default year of 2960, adjusting the details as they go. See also the section on page 105 regarding the Tale of Years and how it applies to events involving Isengard.

# Adventurers from Wilderland and Eriador

**...wanderers in the Riddermark would be wise to be less haughty in these days of doubt.**

In the twilight of the Third Age, few are inclined to go far from their homelands, and those that do are frequently regarded with some suspicion, by both their own folk and others. Still, there are always those who wish to see more of their world and find their feet leading them down paths they may never have expected.

The Rohirrim have a long tradition of welcoming travellers to their lands, though the troubles of recent years have put them on edge. The borders of Rohan are 'open' in both a literal and figurative sense. It would be a fool's errand to attempt to continually guard the long leagues of rolling grasslands that make up the edges of the Mark. Instead, the Rohirrim welcome those that travel through the Gap of Rohan along the Great West Road, or pass down the river Anduin and cross over the Wold. Such 'guests' will invariably run into a roaming patrol of Riders within a day of entering the Mark.

Strangers to the Riddermark must declare themselves before a Lord of the Mark. Those that wish to travel Rohan freely must journey to Edoras to speak with the King. Thengel King spent many years in Gondor; it is well known that he is always eager for tidings from abroad, and sets a generous table. The Eorlingas love a good story and adventurers upon a quest will always find eager audiences among them, perhaps even assistance if their cause is noble.

If you are starting a new game set in the land of the Horse-lords and you intend to allow character types hailing from lands far from the Riddermark, you can consider the following thematic opportunities. These allow foreign heroes to go adventuring for the first time side-by-side with a Rider of the Mark or a grim Dunlending warrior:

- Thengel King is the Lord of the Mark, a ruler known to welcome foreign heroes to his court who might help him in his ongoing efforts to recover Rohan's lost glory, tarnished by the long years of misrule by his father, Fengel King.

- King Bard seeks envoys to spread the word of the reemergence of Dale as a kingdom in the north. Worthy heroes may be called upon to journey to Rohan and treat with Thengel King.

- Woodmen or Beornings seeking wisdom for combating their troubles may hear that the Rohirrim once lived in their lands and head south to seek out their lore. Surely the Dunlendings may also know something useful.

Here follow some plot hooks to start off a new campaign involving folk from the North in Rohan:

- A traitorous villain has fled into the Mark and hidden among the Rohirrim. Your heroes must present themselves to a Lord of the Mark and gain their leave to seek out the serpent in their midst. Local warriors may well insist on joining their Company, to help rid Rohan of this new threat.

- Saruman summons to Isengard heroes from afar according to some hidden design. He may be looking for any adventurer, or he may have encountered the companions before (for example, in the course of the *Mirkwood Campaign*). Or the companions might travel to Orthanc of their own volition, seeking counsel from the wisest of the Wise.

- A company is sent into Rohan by the Elvenking to seek out Fangorn. An unknown blight is killing his most beloved trees in the forest of Mirkwood – Thranduil intends to discover if the ancient wisdom of the Ents may be of help.

## Hobbits!

Canonically, in 2960, there are no Hobbits in Rohan. Théoden King clearly states in the books (in the year 3019) that the Holbytlan are deemed to be the stuff of legend in the Mark and none have encountered them for time out of memory.

What then, is a Hobbit hero to do, especially if their player is trying to not just simply ignore canon? The Rohirrim are a superstitious folk and more than a few may regard a Holbytlan as a suspicious purveyor of dangerous mischief; however, Dwarves are also rare in the Mark, but known and accepted. Perhaps a wise Hobbit should consider acquiring a beard and acting grumpy? Or they might wish to become expert at hiding from the Horse-lords, so that no tale of their presence reaches a certain young prince of the Rohirrim.

# – a history of – rohan

## Songs of the Riders

The Riders of the Mark have long memories but not deep. They share their history in songs, not books, and lore-masters in Gondor seem to know more about the history of Rohan than do many Rohirrim. But the Riders have wisdom in their ways, and, in the bright fragments of ancient lays, the minstrels have hidden truths that cannot be found among hoarded scrolls of lore.

The ancestors of the Rohirrim first settled in the Vales of Anduin in forgotten years, where they found swift horses running wild and strong and took the name of Éothéod, the horse-people. Their kinship was with the dwellers of those lands in the North; the Bardings of Dale, the Woodmen of Mirkwood, and the Beornings.

But their past reaches further back, into days half legendary. For the Horse-lords descend from the ancient Northmen of Rhovanion, princes bound to Gondor by oaths of fealty.

## Bonds of Blood

The ties between the Horse-lords and Gondor began in the days of Minalcar, regent of that realm. In those days, about seventeen-hundred years ago, Minalcar made war upon the Easterlings east of the forest of Mirkwood, aided by his allies among the Northmen living in that region. In the year 1248 of the Third Age, Minalcar succeeded in driving his enemies beyond the Sea of Rhûn and took the name of Rómendacil, 'East-victor'. He fortified the western shore of the Anduin up to the river Limlight and built the Pillars of the Argonath.

Among the allies of Rómendacil in his wars against the Easterlings was a powerful prince of the Northmen, Vidugavia, who called himself the King of Rhovanion. Rómendacil's son, Valacar, lived with Vidugavia as an ambassador for many years, and eventually married Vidumavi, daughter of Vidugavia, to the displeasure of many among the high men of Gondor. It was thus that Vinitharya, son of Valacar and Vidumavi, grew up among the Northmen and the Men of Gondor alike.

As regent of the realm, Rómendacil ruled Gondor in the name of the king, his uncle Narmacil. Narmacil died without an heir, and was succeeded by Calmacil, father of Rómendacil. But being already ancient, Calmacil asked Rómendacil to retain his position as regent. When the old king died, Rómendacil finally ascended to the throne of Gondor in 1304.

King Rómendacil reigned for many years in peace, despite a disquiet spreading among the long-lived aristocracy of Gondor and provoked by the king's family ties to the Northmen, a folk seen by many as a foreign race removed from the nobility of the Men of Westernesse. His son Valacar became king in 1366, and the disquiet slowly turned to concern, to finally erupt into open rebellion in the southern provinces of Gondor. When Vinitharya, the son of Valacar and his Northman wife Vidumavi, ascended to the throne sixty years later with the name of Eldacar, the rebellion spread and there was war in Gondor.

The war was a bitter struggle fought by brother against brother and came to be remembered as the Kin-strife. Eldacar's main enemy was Castamir, a cruel and ruthless man who burned the city of Osgiliath in his attempt to overcome Eldacar, resulting in the destruction of the city and its many treasures. Eventually, Eldacar prevailed upon Castamir with the help of the Northmen of Rhovanion, thus forever cementing the bond of friendship between them and Gondor.

## The Horse-lords

For all their great deeds recorded in the annals of Gondor, the Rohirrim count their days only from the gathering of the Éothéod, the horse-people, as they called themselves in the long years before they ever came to the land of Rohan.

It was around the year 1851 of the Third Age that the Northmen of Rhovanion found themselves scattered and conquered by the Wainriders. They were fierce invaders from the East who fought from chariots and war-wagons, and who enslaved the Northmen and ruled Rhovanion for forty years. One of the Northmen tribes sought to escape slavery by travelling west beyond Mirkwood and north into the Vales of Anduin. They settled in the middle vales of the Great River and there they became known as the Éothéod for their love and mastery of horses.

In time, the Éothéod moved again, as the darkness in Mirkwood grew and threatened their fortified homesteads and villages. The dreaded realm of Angmar that extended from Eriador into the vales of Anduin in the northwest had been shattered and defeated, and it was so that a young and brave chieftain named Frumgar led his people to the far northern dales, where the river Greylin met the Langwell, and the Misty Mountains met the Grey. That land was home to mighty horses, and the Éothéod drove out the hill-folk who were in league with Angmar and built a great city on a hill.

Frumgar was followed by his son Fram, who lived to become the greatest hero of the horse-people of Wilderland, for he slew the great Dragon Scatha of Ered Mithrin. The city of the Éothéod was renamed after the Dragon-slayer and its halls made magnificent with the treasure Fram claimed from the hoard of the great worm. (The Dwarves of the Grey Mountains pressed Fram for a share in the treasure, saying Scatha had despoiled their people. Fram refused, and legends tell that there was enmity between the Dwarves and the Northmen from that day).

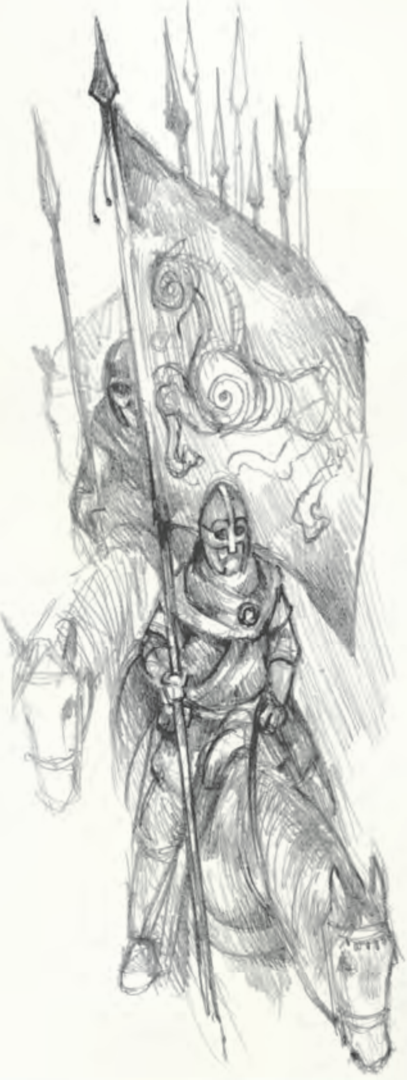
Quiet years passed, then centuries, and the Éothéod prospered in the vales that became their ancestral kingdom.

## The Host of Eorl

Five hundred years went by as the Éothéod grew, generation after generation, filling their far northern lands with herds and homesteads. Then came an alliance with Gondor that would shape the fate of the horse-people. At that time, Eorl, son of Léod, was their lord. He was called the Young, as he succeeded his father at the age of 16, when Léod captured a wild white foal and died when the horse threw him from its back.

In the year 2510, a messenger sent from distant Gondor reached the halls of Eorl, bringing tidings of war and a request for aid, in a message bearing the seal of Cirion, Steward of Gondor. A host of wild men from the northeast, assisted by Orcs from the mountains, had invaded the land of Calenardhon, a wide region to the north of the White Mountains of Gondor. These *Balchoth* ('cruel horde') had already overrun the lands east of Mirkwood, leaving the Northmen of Rhovanion incapable of honouring their ancient oaths.

But the Éothéod remembered their old allegiance, and Eorl assembled a great force of riders and set out south along the Great River. Songs tell how Eorl's seven thousand riders and seven hundred horsed archers passed through the lands in might and splendour, defying even the dark shadow of Dol Guldur. Some minstrels remember how a shimmering mist issued from the Dwimordene, an unexpected gift from the sorcerous Lady of the Golden Wood, lending speed and strength to both horses and their riders.



The riders rode into the southern lands none too soon. The army of Gondor had been driven by Easterlings and Orcs through the Wold of Calenardhon and cornered against the river Limlight. The Éothéod crossed the Anduin where the river meandered in a great loop and became shallow enough to ford, attacking the Balchoth from the rear. The Éothéod and the Men of Gondor destroyed the Balchoth and the Orcs throughout the land.

In the aftermath of the glorious victory, which later became known as the battle of the Field of Celebrant, Cirion decided to recognise the great service that the Éothéod had given to Gondor.

With the authority of the Stewards of the Kings, Cirion offered to Eorl, son of Léod, the gift of all the land of Calenardhon, for him and his heirs to hold in kingship. Eorl accepted, and in a secret hollow known only to the Stewards of Gondor, the two rulers swore solemn oaths of friendship and mutual aid before the Tomb of Elendil.

## THE KINGS OF ROHAN

Eorl made his house on a green hill on the slopes of the White Mountains, and there a fortified city grew, the capital of the new kingdom. His riders grew in number steadily, but it took many long years for the Éothéod to take possession of the land granted to them, and, for the length of his life, Eorl retained the title of Lord before his folk, adding to it that of King of Calenardhon. In time, the land of the riders would be known in Gondor as Rohan, land of horses, and that of the Riddermark, the realm of the Horse-lords.

To ensure the safety of their settlers the Eorlings chased away the tribes of Men that occupied the region before their arrival, a hostile folk who had expanded east into Calenardhon from Dunland, in the years when Orc-raids had plagued the scattered folk of Gondor, who lived in the region. The Riders now drove the Dunlendings out with spear and torch – a deed that the Dunlendings never forgot nor forgave for centuries to come.

Eorl the Young died in battle at sixty, his hair still a bright yellow, when Easterlings invaded yet again. He was the first in a line of kings destined to last for nine generations.

## THE HAMMERHAND

Helm was the ninth King of Rohan, and the last of his line, as both he and his two sons died in war against the Dunlendings. Such grim events had their roots many years before, when Helm felled a man who had insulted him with a single blow, thus earning the name of Hammerhand.

The man he had killed was called Freca, and he was a wealthy noble and counsellor to the king, with many loyal followers among the Dunlendings. When in the year 2758

### The First Line of Kings

Eorl's son Brego drove the Easterling invaders out and kept the Dunlendings and Orcs at bay for many years. He moved his family and the seat of the kingdom to Edoras and built the Golden Hall of Meduseld. Brego died of grief in 2570: his son Baldor foolishly boasted that he would brave the Paths of the Dead, and passed through the Dark Door never to return.

Brego's younger son, Aldor, became king at the age of 27. He reigned for 75 years and was remembered as Aldor the Old. Under him the Riders of the Mark drove the last of the Dunlendings across the river Isen and settled in the Harrowdale and other mountain-valleys.

Aldor's son Fréa was already an old man when he became king. Fréawine followed him, then Goldwine, then Déor, in whose time Dunlending raiders became bold again. In 2710 they seized the deserted ring of Isengard and could not be dislodged.

more invaders swept into Rohan from the East, Wulf, the son of Freca, rebelled against the king to avenge his father's death, leading an army of Dunlendings across the river Isen from the West.

The Riders of Rohan were overrun. Helm Hammerhand took refuge in the mountains, in the fortress then called the Súthburg and the ravine beyond. In his absence, Wulf seized Edoras, slew Helm's son Haleth, and proclaimed himself King of Rohan.

In the following months, the region was gripped by a cruel cold season, afterwards known as the Long Winter, and laid under snow from November to March. Helm and his men were starving, and many desperate deeds were committed. The king's younger son, Háma, died in a vain attempt to find provisions, and Helm himself froze to death some time later, after one of his many crazed attempts at breaking the siege; Helm would leave the fortress to go out by himself, it is said, in search of enemies to kill, like a beast hunting for prey.

The Long Winter broke at last. Fréaláf, the son of Helm's sister Hild, led a small, desperate raid out of Dunharrow, where he had found refuge with many followers, and he surprised Wulf in Edoras, killing him. The Dunlendings dispersed, while their allies, the Easterlings, were dying of sickness in the West, as the snow melted and the land was flooded, becoming a great marsh.

## The Second Line of Kings

King Fréaláf ruled for nearly forty years, as did his son Brytta after him. Brytta was called Léofa, 'the Beloved', because, like his father, he was active and generous in helping his people rebuild the herds and lands that had been ravaged by war. In his days, the Orcs troubled Rohan, driven south from the Misty Mountains in defeat from the War of the Dwarves and Orcs. They sought to hide in the White Mountains and Brytta and his son, Walda, fought them relentlessly, but at a cost. Walda had ruled for only nine years when in the year 2851 Orcs ambushed him and his companions in Dunharrow, slaying him. His son Folca waged a war of vengeance against the Orcs. A famous hunter, Folca swore that he would chase no wild beast while there was an Orc in his kingdom. After 13 years the Rohirrim found and destroyed the last Orc-hold – and Folca died on the tusks of the Great Boar of Everholt in the Firien Wood, even after he dealt the beast the fatal thrust with his spear.

Folca's son, Folcwine, had a long reign. At his time, the Riddermark could be said to have finally recovered its full strength – one hundred years had passed since the rebellion of Wulf and the invasion of the Easterlings – and the king drove the Dunlendings out of Rohan's West-march, freeing the lands between the Adorn and Isen rivers that they had long occupied.

Fifty-five years into Folcwine's reign, a messenger from Gondor arrived carrying the Red Arrow, a token of impending war. Armies from Harad had invaded and Gondor summoned their allies. Folcwine honoured the Oath of Eorl, sending a great host of riders led by his twin sons, Folcred and Fastred. To Folcwine's sorrow, the twins died side-by-side, fighting in Ithilien. Túrin II, ruling Steward of Gondor, sent a great weregild of gold to King Folcwine for his loss.

But the deaths of Folcred and Fastred were even more grievous for Rohan; for when King Folcwine died nearly twenty years later, his younger son Fengel took the crown. He was 33 years old when he sat on the throne of the Golden Hall, and he ruled for fifty troubled years. King Fengel was voracious, notoriously avaricious, and quarrelsome, and he spent his long reign in strife with his marshals and his people. Rohan faced no invasion from East or West in those years but suffered under a feckless king. In his days, Rohan was a kingdom ruled by caprice and greed.

Gondor, which until that time had been beset by enemies from Umbar, came at last to the rescue of Rohan, forcing the Easterlings to withdraw. The Riders and Gondor together then marched East to drive the Dunlendings out, and dislodged them from Isengard for the first time in fifty years.

Fréaláf Hildeson was crowned in Edoras, the first of the second line of Kings of the Mark. Saruman the White honoured his coronation, bearing gifts and praise. With the blessings of King Fréaláf and the leave of Beren, Steward of Gondor, Saruman entered Isengard and made his home in Orthanc. The Rohirrim were glad to have a friend in the high tower. It would be many years before they regained the strength that they lost in the war that nearly destroyed them.

## The Stranger King

Fengel was to be succeeded by his son Thengel, who would become the 16th King of Rohan, and the seventh of his line. He was the king's only son, and he left Rohan as soon as he came of age, as it is said that his temper disagreed with that of his father. He made his home in Gondor, seeking in the service of Turgon, the ruling Steward, that honour he could not find in the eyes of his father.

Thengel became fluent in Sindarin, the language favoured by the Dúnedain, and after many years in the lands of the South he took Morwen, a young woman of Lossarnach, in marriage. Tall and graceful and black-haired, Morwen was much younger than her husband, and she bore him five children: four daughters, and one son, Théoden.

Thengel was 48 years old when news came that his father had died. The people of Rohan called him to return to Edoras as their king, but the tidings were ill-received by Thengel; Gondor was his adopted home, a land where he had lived most of his life, where he had won renown and a happy marriage. But duty could not be ignored, and heavy-hearted Thengel brought his family north to Rohan. It was the year 2953.

The Rohirrim greeted Thengel as king and they named his tall queen Morwen Steelsheen. But the king and queen were strangers, and their ways were foreign to the people they ruled. In the Golden Hall, Westron and Sindarin were heard rather than the northern speech of the Riders.

The same year when Thengel King took the throne, Saruman declared himself Lord of Isengard rather than merely its caretaker. He began openly taking Dunlendings as his followers and troubling the borders of Rohan. And in the year 2954, Mount Doom, silent for three thousand years, burst into flame again.

When Thengel was new and strange to the throne of the Riddermark, shadows were growing long on Middle-earth.

# – regions of – the mark

*You are looking now southwest across the north plains of the Riddermark, Rohan the land of the Horse-lords.’*

The following pages contain a description of the region of Calenardhon and its adjoining lands – the Riddermark to the Eorlingas, frequently referred to simply as the ‘Mark’. It includes the plains of Westemnet and Eastemnet, the Wold to the north, and the vales of Westfold and Eastfold to the south, stretching from the Gap of Rohan in the west, to the wetlands of the Entwash Vale to the east. This is the land of the King of the Mark, the lord of a proud folk of riders and horse-tamers, staunch allies of the Dúnedain of the South, and bitter enemies of the Shadow.

## Describing Rohan

The Riddermark is a vast and diverse land, comprising wide meads, meandering river-vales, dark woods, treacherous marshes, and deep-cloven mountain dales. The populous folk that inhabit it have built many villages and towns along its valleys, and reinforced ancient strongholds built close to the mountains in a forgotten time. Should travellers be asked to summarise the region’s features using only a few words, they would probably choose the following traits, here described for the Loremaster to use when setting an adventure in the Riddermark.

### A Green Land

The greater part of the Riddermark is a vast, treeless expanse, a green sea traversed by twisting rivers. But even miles away from the plains of Westemnet and Eastemnet, the grass of Rohan permeates the air with its warm, sweet scent. Seen from every corner, Rohan is a rich and pleasant region, full of life and quick to welcome the return of each spring. The settling of the Eorlingas has done little to change the lay of the land, and Calenardhon is not much different today from how it looked five hundred years ago, when Eorl the Young rode from the North.

### A Frontier

‘Mark’ is an ancient term referring to the border of an unsettled land and, thus, the Riddermark is aptly named. The land of the Horse-lords stands between the realm of Gondor and many wild, dangerous regions. Wilderland and Mirkwood lay to the north, while the lone-lands of Eriador extend west, beyond the Misty Mountains. Old and eerie Fangorn casts its shadow directly upon the northern border, near where the lofty spike of Orthanc looms over the Fords of Isen. Few Rohirrim have explored what lies beyond their lands for many lives of Men. Rohan is so far removed from the northerly kingdoms of Elves and Dwarves that their very existence is a rumour. Many will live their whole lives without ever meeting members of the other Free Folk.

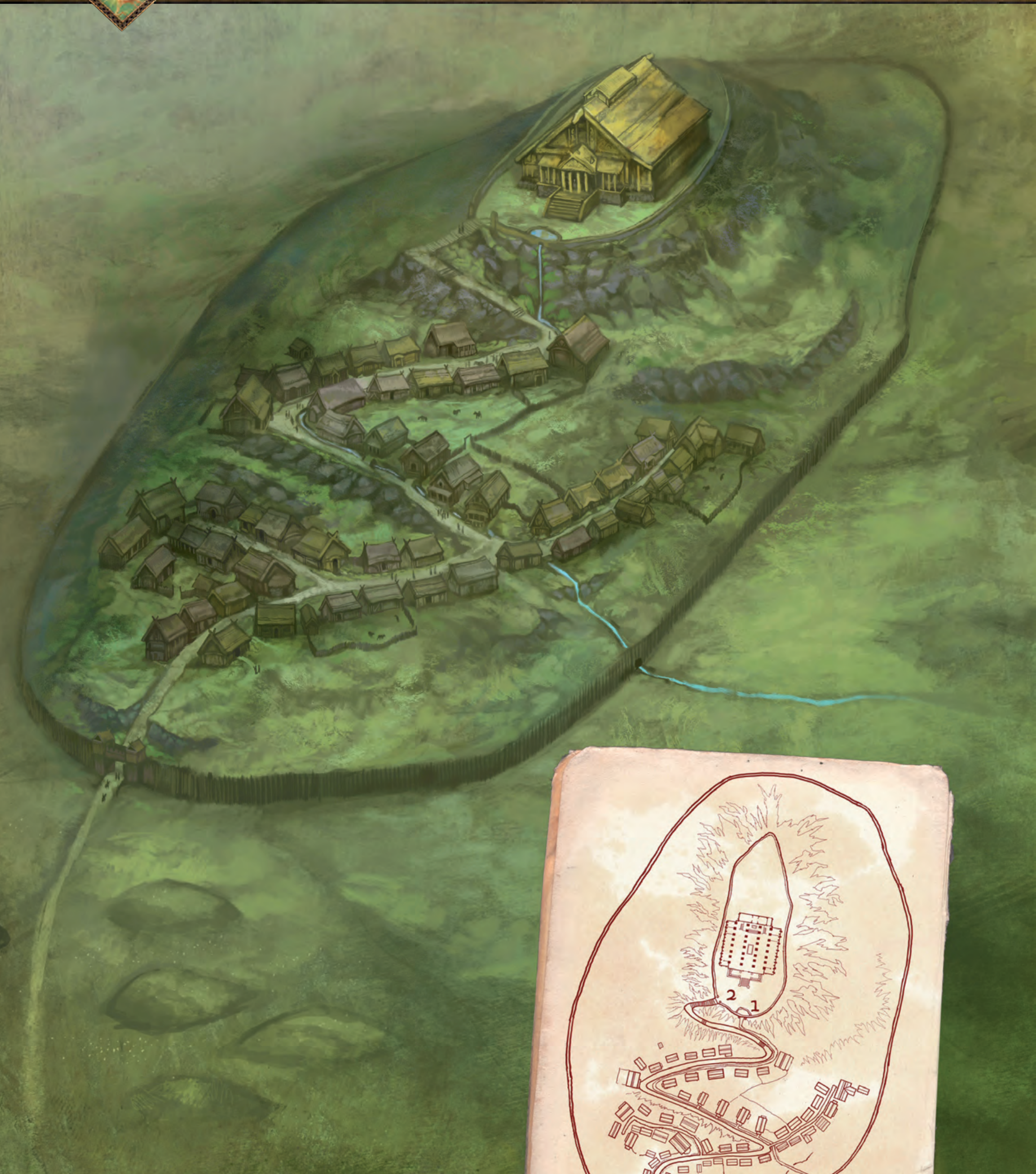
### A World of Men

Rohan is a realm inhabited and ruled by Men. Its roads are traversed by Riders of the King, lords, merchants and horse-herds, a folk facing adversities each day provoked by things like common greed, jealousy, and lust for power, rather than the raiding of Orcs, Wargs, or Trolls. In Rohan, the Enemy hides in the overmastering pride that may blind a noble and push them to abuse their subjects or to scheme against their liege, or in the treacherous advice of a counsellor bought by another lord with promises or treasure. The Shadow is subtle in the Riddermark, but its taint may run deeper than in the darkest recesses of Mirkwood.

## Edoras

In the shadow of saw-toothed Mount Írensaga, on a broad hill behind a high wall, stands Edoras, the court of the king. The white waters of the Snowbourn run swiftly at the foot of the walled hill, and a shallow ford crosses the stream where the great West Road traverses it. Beyond the ford, a wide rutted track weaves past lines of great grassy mounds on either side – the barrows of kings, thick with white flowers – up to the gates where many spearmen stand guard. No mere footmen, these are warriors of the King’s Guard, the Lord of the Mark’s most trusted soldiers. These gate-wardens ask the names and business of visitors, listening closely for deception, and send reports up to Meduseld, the Hall of King Thengel.

Beyond the gates, a paved street rises curving up the hill on flagstones and many well-laid steps. Houses line the path and narrow alleys lead off it. A clear stream sparkles and chatters down a stone channel along the way.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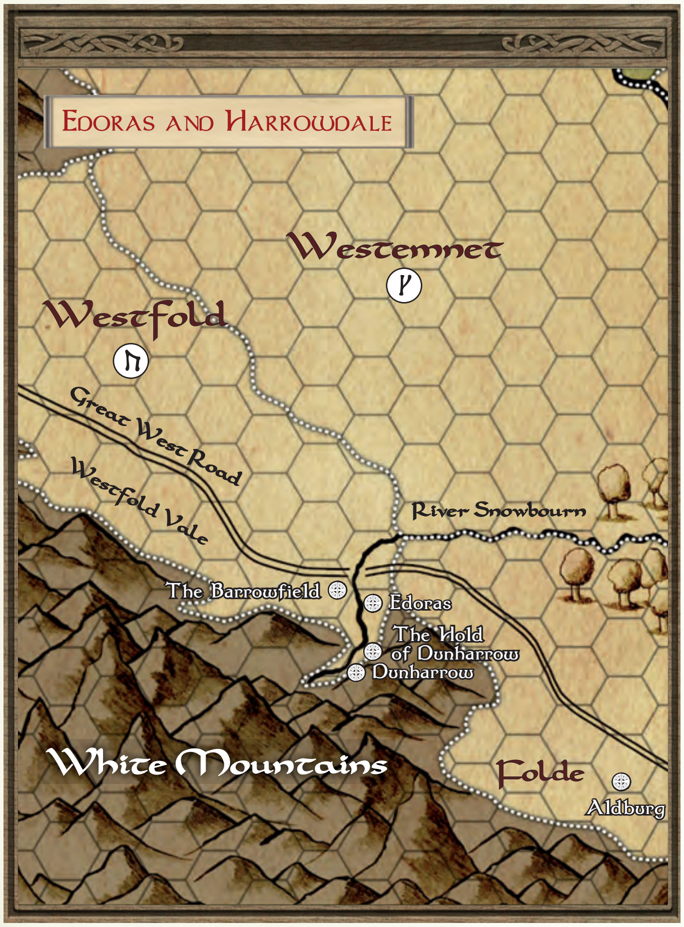
At the crown of the hill of Edoras gleams Meduseld, the Golden Hall. Here the knights of the Riddermark come to pay tribute to the king and hear his commands. From the royal mead-hall they ride out to man remote fastnesses in the mountains, to patrol the plains, and to guard against incursions from the Gap of Rohan or from the Undeeps of the Anduin, where Easterlings, Orcs, and outlaws have crossed from time-to-time. In Meduseld gifts and honours are given, and here emissaries and visitors come to ask leave of the king to travel in his land.

**Combat Scenery:** ditches, doors, good cheer, thatched roofs, varied slopes, walls, windows



## INHABITANTS

Edoras is the chief city of Rohan, counting the greatest townsfolk in the entire Riddermark. Local chiefs and lords live in Edoras with their households, meeting tradesmen and craftsmen along its main street, while many farmers and herders regularly come to see the king and bring him the bounty of the farmlands. A great part of the folk living in farmsteads and manors in the proximity of the city may find refuge behind the dike, wall, and fence of Edoras, should war come to Rohan.

There are no thralls in the city; workers are paid for their labour, however toilsome. Tradesmen buy the work of the local smiths and woodwrights, and sell leather, cloths, and ales from Westfold and Eastfold. Horse-merchants come here to see what the best horse-herds have to offer, and leave to bring the swift steeds of the Riddermark as far as Gondor.

Since Edoras sees travellers coming from far provinces and even from outside the borders of Rohan it also boasts an inn, a longhouse where foreigners can gather for drinks and meals and where they can find a bed in need.

### Opening Edoras as a Sanctuary

Companions who have entered Edoras for the first time during an Adventuring phase and who have made a good impression on the king and queen may spend the next Fellowship phase as guests of the court. If they wish to be welcomed by Thengel the next time they visit, the companions must choose the Open Sanctuary undertaking (see *Adventures in Middle-earth Player's Guide*, page 201).

## NOTABLE CHARACTERS

### King Thengel, Lord of the Riddermark

The current King of Rohan often sits uneasy on his throne. Thengel has returned to his country only in the year 2953, already 48 years old. Before that time he had lived for thirty years in Gondor, away from the land of his forebears, to escape the influence of his ill-tempered and unwise father.

When Fengel died, Thengel was summoned home by a people who had spent a lifetime under a greedy, fractious king. Few among them were ready to love his son; even fewer expected anything more from him than what they had got from King Fengel for fifty years.

## Combat Scenery for Towns

Large towns like Edoras (or their much larger cousins in the South) allow the Loremaster to present some additional challenges for a combat. Use the descriptions found in the sections below to determine the best scenery to deploy as needed.

### Ditches

During a combat in the streets, drainage-works can easily catch the unwary. Whenever a creature crosses this terrain feature, they must make a DC 8 Dexterity saving throw or become Prone.

### Doors

Most doors are made of wood, sometimes reinforced by metal strips (AC 15, 20 hp). An open door can provide three-quarters cover for someone ducking behind it, and a closed door blocks line of sight entirely.

### Good Cheer

Heroes hunting a skulking assassin in the dark streets of a town can easily forget why they are risking life and limb. A sudden burst of song or laughter from a nearby tavern or inn can remind them that they protect the innocence of the common folk. Goodly creatures gain Inspiration.

### Roofs

Thatched roofs are unlikely to support much weight, causing creatures to fall into the structure. Tiled or wooden shingled roofs often count as steep slopes, giving those higher up Advantage and lower combatants Disadvantage.

### Tunnels

Larger townships might have complex sewer and drainage systems. Even the largest tunnels only allow one or two creatures to stand side-by-side, creatures wielding two-handed weapons have Disadvantage on attack rolls and only the foremost creature in an enemy group can be targeted by ranged weapons.

### Walls

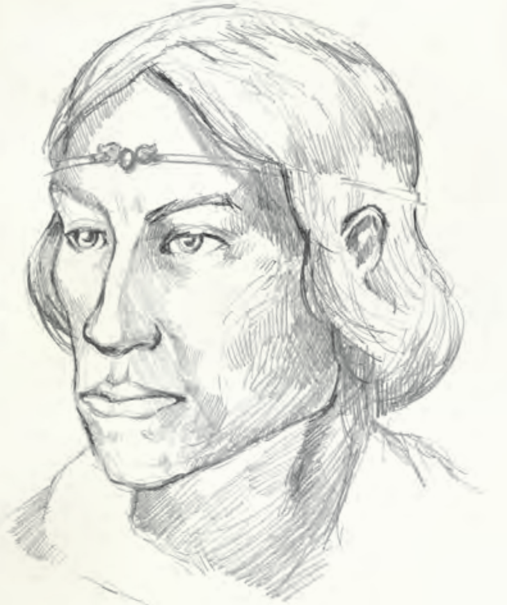
House walls are varied — sod (AC 10, 30 hp), wood (AC 15, 20 hp) or brick/stone (AC 17, 30 hp). A creature next to a wall can gain half-cover from it if their attacker does not have a clear line of sight.

### Windows

Most have wooden shutters and some will have glass panes. A large open window between two combatants provides three-quarters cover while a smaller window offers full cover.

There are many other pieces of combat scenery that could be featured in a town combat: covered or open pits, foundations, lone trees, mud, rubble, and statues to name a few.

Thengel himself was not ready to love again the green plains of the realm he had learnt to call Rohan. He returned a grown man, with a foreign queen and a foreign heir. To his eyes the Golden Hall and the shadowy refuges of Dunharrow and Helm's Deep appeared quaint and rough compared to the high, lofty castles of the Dúnedain; the Riders of the Riddermark seemed a quarrelsome folk, loud and boastful compared to the Knights of Dol Amroth or Lossarnach. Thengel knew full well that his wife and young son, born in Gondor, would feel out of place for many years, perhaps all their lives, behind the wooden walls of Edoras.



For this and other reasons Thengel and his family speak Sindarin and Westron, in the Golden Hall, even if not all his subjects appreciate that custom. But in all public matters the Lord of Rohan and his household use the language of the Mark, and with every passing year this becomes more and more natural to the king. The rich and stern tongue of his younger days stirs bittersweet memories in Thengel, recollections of a land he loved fiercely, and that he could not suffer to see ruled by a greedy and unjust lord.

### An Audience with Thengel King

The king receives all guests in Meduseld, sitting on his great gilded chair upon the dais, the queen beside him. On such occasions he wears upon his head a thin golden circlet set with a single white diamond. From his side hangs Herugrim, the ancient blade that belonged to his father and that one day he will pass on to his son, and so on until his line is extinguished.

Thengel received the sword from the hands of Heáfod, the captain of the King's Guard, when he crossed the waters of the Mering stream, riding into Rohan on his way back from Gondor.

**Motivations:** Now that I am the rightful Lord of the Riddermark it is my greatest ambition to set things right once again, to rule wisely, and see the Rohirrim win such renown that it will redeem the honour that my father squandered. When the day comes for Théoden to sit upon the throne, he will take his position without shame.

**Expectations:** +**1** if the Company greets the king in Sindarin; +**2** if the Company pledges loyalty to the the house of Edoras and Thengel himself; -**2** if they instead seek to draw the king into the quarrels of their own houses.

Because he has spent much of his adult life in Gondor, Thengel respects the traditions and culture of his adoptive homeland as much (if not more, some say) than those of his birthplace. When encountering the royal court, any visitor is first addressed in Sindarin. Once the necessary introductions are made, the conversation may continue using the Common speech, if so desired. A speaker wishing to use the tongue of the Dúnedain for the length of the encounter would certainly please the queen, as she considers the language of the Elves a sure sign of deeper wisdom.

### Thengel as Patron

Thengel welcomes all strangers coming from afar and encourages them to enter his service. Some among his counsellors privately think his generosity to be heedless, but the king knows full well the difference between hospitality and trust, and the latter is not something he concedes easily. But if there is a fault to be found in the king's judgement it might well hide in his predilection for all things noble and magnificent. Dwelling for many years in Gondor has made him susceptible to the fine art of courtesy, song, and fair speeches. High lords and powerful folk are almost sure to find him well disposed towards what they came to ask him.

Saruman the White knows well this facet of Thengel's character, as he met him many times in Minas Tirith, when the king was in the service of Steward Turgon. Whenever Saruman comes visiting, he makes sure to appear in the guise of a lord of lofty manners, coming to confer with his most powerful and wise ally, he whom he calls 'Thengel the Thrice-renowned'.

Thengel can be made the patron of a Company if the heroes met him during an Adventuring phase. Companies with at least one member of the Rohirrim possessing a Proficiency Bonus +3 or more are welcome to enter his service, as are groups hailing from any Culture with a Proficiency Bonus of +4 or more.

## Receive Title: Esquire of Rohan

A hero whose deeds have come to the attention of Thengel King or one of the marshals of the Riddermark may — with the Loremaster's permission — choose this undertaking to secure their connection with the Rohirrim. The companion receives all the normal benefits connected to the Receive Title undertaking described on page 201 of the *Player's Guide*, here briefly summarised:

The adventurer is considered two steps higher on the Cultural Attitudes chart by any Rohirrim and the king may grant the hero a small holding. Companions wishing to serve at the king's hand may serve as his guard — they are granted an alcove to sleep in within the hall of Meduseld, are well-fed, and receive gifts from the king equalling 50 silver pennies or more each year.

Those who express a desire to settle down may instead take on a house or farm within one of the settlements of the Riddermark.

## Thengel, King of the Riddermark

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 17 (+3) | 11 (+0) | 18 (+4) | 16 (+3) | 15 (+2) | 17 (+3) |

**Armour Class** 18 (Heavy mail, Shield)
**Hit Points** 117 (14d8+56)
**Speed** 30 ft, 65 ft when mounted

**Skills** Animal Handling +5, Athletics +6, History +6, Intimidation +6, Traditions +6
**Senses** passive Perception 12
**Languages** Rohan, Westron, Sindarin
**Challenge** 6 (2,300 XP)

**Born to the Saddle.** Thengel has Advantage on all **Wisdom (Animal Handling)** checks and adds +3 to ability checks when dealing with horses.

**Charge**. Thengel's Mearh has the **Charge** feature (see page 150). If the mount takes this action, Thengel gains +6 to damage rolls during his turn.

**Fell Stroke.** If Thengel scores a critical hit against a creature, he can use his bonus action to knock the creature Prone.

**Mounted**. Thengel has a Mearh as a mount (see page 150).

**Reckless**. Thengel may choose to gain Advantage on all attacks he makes in a round, but all attacks on him gain Advantage until the start of his next turn

### Actions

**Multiattack**. Thengel makes three attacks with his sword or spear.

**Spear.** *Melee or Ranged Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft or range 20/60 ft, one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d6+3) piercing damage or 7 (1d8+3) piercing damage if used with two hands to make a melee attack.

**Herugrim (Long Sword).** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d8+4) magical slashing damage or 9 (1d10+4) magical slashing damage if wielded with two hands

## The Errantries of the King (2957-2980)

In the year 2957, an unknown adventurer arrives in Rohan from the North. He puts his sword to the service of King Thengel, who accepts it. From that day he rides with the Rohirrim, distinguishing himself as a great captain, only to leave in the year 2965 as unexpectedly as he arrived. As long as he remains in Edoras, the unknown adventurer rides at the side of the Marshals of the Mark and sits to the right of the king. The Rohirrim call him 'The Eagle' for his sharp grey gaze that misses little.

Player-heroes who visit Rohan in the years between 2957 and 2965 might recognise Aragorn in his disguise. If their characters knew him before, Aragorn will ask them to preserve his secret, and eventually to help him pursue his aims. Aragorn is in Rohan as part of his errantries, and often encounters Gandalf the Grey there, either openly upon one of the official visits of the Wizard to the courts of Thengel, or discreetly, meeting the Grey Wanderer upon the grassy plains of Rohan, far from curious observers.

Aragorn remains in Rohan for only eight years, leaving to go to Gondor and serve the Steward Ecthelion for fifteen years. In the course of his stay he is certainly favoured by the king and his queen for his nobility and prowess. What causes him to leave the Golden Hall of Meduseld so early? Did Saruman resent his presence and influence on the king?

## QUEEN MORWEN

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11 (+0) | 18 (+4) | 17 (+3) | 15 (+2) | 16 (+3) | 14 (+2) |

**Armour Class** 14
**Hit Points** 75 (10d8+30)
**Speed** 30 ft (65 ft when mounted)

**Skills** Insight +6, Lore +5, Perception +6
**Senses** passive Perception 16
**Languages** Westron, Sindarin, Rohan
**Challenge** 5 (1,800 XP)

**Mounted.** If met outside Meduseld, Morwen rides a dappled Mearh.

**Truth-knowing.** Morwen has a finely tuned ear for deceptions. During an Audience, if a creature utters a falsehood, they must contest their **Charisma (Deception)** versus her **Wisdom (Insight)**. If she detects the lie, she imposes Disadvantage on the Final Audience check.

**Wicked Cunning (1/day).** Morwen can use her bonus action to activate this ability. For the remainder of the combat, she adds her Wisdom modifier (+3) to her AC.

### Actions

**Multiattack.** Morwen makes two attacks with her sword.

**Broadsword.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d8+4) slashing damage.

### Reactions

**Counterattack (Recharge 5-6).** If an attack roll misses Morwen, she can use her reaction to make an attack roll against the attacker with Advantage. She must be wielding a melee weapon and able to see her attacker.

**Parry.** Morwen adds 3 to her AC against one melee attack that would hit her. To do so, she must see the attacker and be wielding a melee weapon.

## Queen Morwen of Rohan

The king values courage and honour above all, but, when it comes to the weighing of the intentions of strangers, the Lord of the Mark relies much on the judgement of his wife, a lady of high blood, not easily deceived. Her name is Morwen, but the Rohirrim call her Steelsheen, a strong name for a forbidding queen.

Much younger than her husband, Morwen was born in Belfalas in the year 2922. As beauteous now as when she first came to Rohan, the queen remains youthful. She lived most of her early life in distant Lossarnach, a fief to the south of Minas Tirith, but she is a descendant of the princes of Dol Amroth, Dúnedain with Elven-blood in their veins.

Morwen has given an heir to the Lord of the Mark and her daughters someday will bind in marriage the worthiest captains and marshals of the Rohirrim together. But the Queen will ever be a stranger to her people, however much they admire her. She is tall and fair-skinned with long black hair — quite exotic to her husband's fair-haired people —

appearing as foreign as her native speech and accent, so soft and musical compared to the slow, rich language of Rohan. Sometimes, her daunting strangeness has been an advantage to her husband, as it has added depth to the romance of a king who won fame far away. Moreover, the queen is wise enough to strive to love the people of her new home. She treats every honest man and woman with fairness and generosity, yet she remains distant and reserved, allowing her humour and compassion to come to the fore only in rare circumstances. She has a keen eye for folly and she values the steadfast honesty of the Rohirrim.

### Théoden, Son of Thengel

Théoden was born in Gondor in the year 2948, the only son of King Thengel. Already a boy of five when his father took the throne, Théoden had to learn the traditions of the Riders of the Riddermark as a foreigner, but has quickly embraced their ways as easily as every child born in Rohan. In his early years Théoden was most moved by the ancient legends recounting the heroic deeds of his ancestors, and he could often be found in the Golden Hall of Meduseld looking enraptured at the woven cloths hung upon the walls, or sitting at his mother's feet, listening to the songs of the minstrels.

By his tenth year Théoden has trained every day with horse and shield, spear and sword, with a fierce determination, looking up to his father's prowess as an example to follow. Reared on tales of companionship and sacrifice, Théoden is developing a deep and unwavering loyalty to his folk and kin, and a brotherly love for his most trusted companions; once earned, his faith is not easily lost. His mother sees her great challenge in teaching Théoden to be wary and discerning without becoming grasping and suspicious.

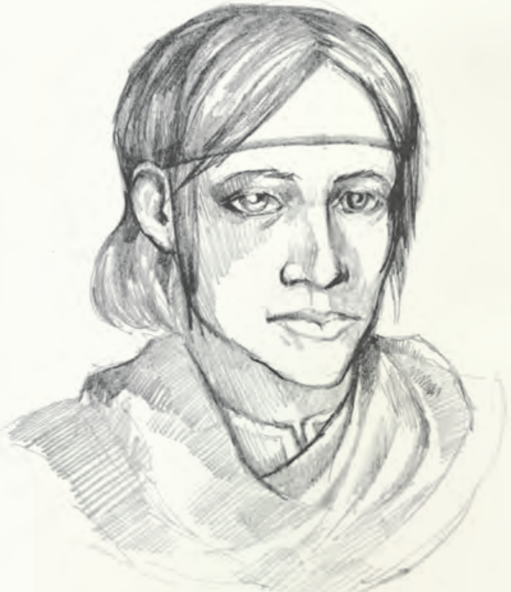
### Sunnifa, Servant of Meduseld

Sunnifa is a serving-woman of Meduseld, a favourite of Queen Morwen. Golden-haired and lovely, perceptive and brave, Sunnifa draws attention without trying. She comes from an old family of proud Eastfold farmers. She was the youngest unmarried woman in her household when her uncle squandered the last of their old wealth and allowed their farms to be taken

### The Daughters of the King

As of 2960, Queen Morwen has born Thengel four children, of whom Théoden, the second, is the only son. She will bear a last daughter, Théodwyn, in 2963, the child of her father's age and apple of his eye. Théodwyn will marry Éomund of Eastfold and become the mother of Éomer and Éowyn.

As to the other daughters, canonically, little was recorded, not even their names, only that two were born in Gondor, along with Théoden. Let us say, then, that the eldest daughter, Meril, was born in Gondor in 2945. At fifteen, she already shows much of her mother's grace, and well remembers her life among the Dúnedain. Already, certain lords are manoeuvring to prove their worth to Thengel so as to hopefully secure Meril's hand in marriage, thus gaining an alliance with the royal family. Thaena was also born in Gondor, but was too young to remember any of it, she is presently nine. Saewara was born in Rohan and is five years old.



by rivals and neighbours. Sunnifa refused to wed one of the men that had brought her family to ruin and fled to Edoras, seeking to serve in the Golden Hall. She had no connections there to speak for her, so she cynically played on old King Fengel's lust to win a place, only to later avoid his advances so deftly that, in his amusement, he didn't mind.

Today Sunnifa serves in the court of King Thengel. In her few years of service she has gained bitter rivals among the other serving-men and women of Meduseld, but she has advanced much in station. She has taken no husband, having never met one that seemed to want her for anything other than her physical attributes – until wise Gálmód came to the Golden Hall, the advisor and foster-son of Cenric, Third Marshal of the Mark (see page 36). Sunnifa and Gálmód became friends almost at once, and soon their friendship became more trusting and intimate. Gálmód has promised to marry her when his position at court is secure enough to allow the wedding of a common woman. Sunnifa accepts that, but occasionally she resorts to sly manipulations when more highborn women threaten to draw Gálmód's attentions.

## Heáfod, Doorwarden of Meduseld

Heáfod is the captain of the King's Guard and the Doorwarden of the Lord of the Mark. Soon he will be considered an old man, as he was born a handful of years before Thengel King. But he is determined to serve for as long as he will have the strength to carry his spear. He served old Fengel for most of his life, not out of personal devotion to the callow king but out of love for the line of Eorl. Fengel, for his part, kept Heáfod close for his value as a bodyguard whose loyalty came cheap.

Heáfod quietly disapproved of Thengel's flight from his homeland, and eyed suspiciously the new Lord of the Mark when he returned, for he suspected that Thengel had abandoned his people's ways. Yet he kneeled before him when Thengel came riding from Gondor and brought him the sword of his ancestors. From that day, Heáfod served the new king as steadfastly as he served the old, and for the same reasons. Heáfod's opinions are not as well guarded as he thinks. Thengel knows how Heáfod feels, but is determined to win the old warrior over, however long it takes. Queen Morwen knows, too, and fears that Heáfod might be manipulated by Thengel's enemies, nobles who once prospered under the rule of his father Fengel.

Heáfod's once-golden plaits have turned grey, but his dark blue eyes have lost none of their keenness. His wide shoulders still bear heavy mail with ease. Heáfod crops his silvery beard short with a simple knife. No one in Edoras can ever remember seeing him smile, only rare occasions when his scowl lightened.

### Heáfod

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 16 (+3) | 12 (+1) | 17 (+3) | 12 (+1) | 16 (+3) | 8 (-1) |

**Armour Class** 16 (Heavy Mail)
**Hit Points** 67 (9d8+27)
**Speed** 30 ft

**Skills** Animal Handling +5, History +6, Insight +5, Riddle +3
**Senses** passive Perception 13
**Languages** Rohan, Westron
**Challenge** 3 (700 XP)

**Hard Eyed.** Heáfod has won many battles in defence of his hall. He scores critical hits on an 18, 19, or 20 on an attack roll.

**Unyielding (Recharge 5-6).** Heáfod can use his bonus action to gain 6 temporary hit points.

#### Actions

**Great Spear.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 10 ft, one target. *Hit:* 9 (1d12+3) piercing damage.

#### Reactions

**Deadly Spear-Thrust.** Heáfod may use his reaction to make a single melee attack against a creature that has just attacked him. If Heáfod inflicts a critical hit with this attack, the target is knocked Prone as the blow strikes a knee or other joint.

## New Fellowship Phase Undertaking: Sparring with the King's Guard

The men of the King's Guard are the household Riders of the Lord of the Mark. When they are not attending to their duties, the Riders of the King's Guard often fight friendly bouts with spear and sword, sometimes on horseback and sometimes on foot. They are glad to challenge warriors from within or outside their ranks, to put their skill to the test.

A companion spending the Fellowship phase in Edoras may choose this undertaking and join them in their training. The companion makes five attack rolls against AC 16. If the companion scores more successes than failures, then the hero gains the admiration of the king's Riders. During the next Adventuring phase the companion has Advantage on any ability checks made during Audiences with the Rohirrim.

If you have more failures than successes, the companion has taken a beating and learned a painful lesson. The hero begins the next Adventuring phase with a level of Exhaustion but can remember the valour and skill of the King's Guard in order to gain Inspiration.

### Goldred, Merchant of Edoras

Fengel King was a great friend to merchants, at least to those who learned to anticipate his fickle moods. Goldred was the canniest among them and was able to gain the favour of the king before anyone else. Welcomed in court, Goldred encouraged Fengel's suspicions and fears, and pushed him to outlaw his competitors one-by-one. When Thengel returned, he instantly proved less tractable than his father, and Goldred fell quickly to disgrace.

Now the merchant schemes to overcome his competitors with complex plots, seeking aid from those who still respond properly to gifts of treasure. Goldred remains wealthy, though his secret hoard-room is less fabulously rich than before, and he is careful not to offend the king, lest he find himself driven away and his treasure subject to banditry or confiscation. But should a rival to Thengel need a friend among the merchants, Goldred won't be far away. He is normally found scheming at Cépa's House (see page 24).

Goldred is a portly man in his late fifties, as swift to down an ale as he is to discuss business. He is a skilled talker, and eloquent in his way, always interested in news from afar. He does his best to be charming around 'useful' folk.

**Motivations:** As long as I think you're useful to me, I'll be very charming. But, if you have nothing to offer me, you're worth nothing.

**Expectations:** **+1** if the Company hails from foreign lands; **+3** if they propose an arrangement involving profit for Goldred; **-2** if they instead rely upon his word or his honour — this will only amuse him, but he has little time for gullible fools.

## NOTABLE PLACES

### The Snowbourn

Strange things come down from the White Mountains in the cold waters of the Snowbourn: shards of broken pottery, gnawed bones, remnants of brutish butchery, and riverworn artefacts bearing peculiar runes.

The Rohirrim deem it best to let such things lie, lest they call some doom upon themselves, but bolder folk, or perhaps the less wise, may profit from the river's debris.

### The Barrowfield

The deep-rutted road that leaves the great West Road towards Edoras, on the other side of the ford crossing the Snowbourn, passes under the shadow of many high, green burial mounds: nine to the west and six to the east. Upon their western sides the mounds are white with simbelmynë, small Evermind flowers that blossom in every season. The nine western mounds house the graves of the first line of kings, from Eorl the Young to Helm Hammerhand. On Helm's mound, farthest from Edoras, the white flowers grow thick as snow. In the six eastern mounds lie the second line of kings, from Fengel to Fréaláf. Out of the shadow of the barrow-mound of Eorl, nearest Edoras, the road rises to the deep dike and thorny wall of the town.

### New Fellowship Phase Undertaking: Honour the Kings of Old (Riders of Rohan only)

Riders of the Riddermark visiting the courts of their king often go walking among the great mounds where their kings sleep, singing songs mourning the dead or celebrating their deeds. Rider companions spending a Fellowship phase in Edoras may visit the Barrowfield during their stay there and undertake to Heal Corruption (see the *Player's Guide*, page 200). If you choose to make a Performance check, you roll with Advantage. But if the roll fails producing a natural 1, the companion's voice fails and the hero is convinced they have displeased the sleeping kings and have brought bad luck upon themselves: for the length of the next Adventuring phase the companion gains one point of Shadow each time they roll a natural 1 on an ability check.

### Meduseld

The high house where Thengel now sits is also called the Golden Hall, for its roof is thatched with gold and gold covers the posts of its doors. It stands upon a high platform above a green hill, and the light from it gleams far in the sunlight. It was built four hundred years ago by Brego, son of Eorl, and fifteen lords and one usurper have sat upon its high seat since that time.

Brego raised it following the tradition of the longhouses of his ancestors, but no great hall in Wilderland is as rich, not even the magnificent Wuduseld of Mirkwood in the North.

**1. Spring.** A font of clear water spills from the ground beneath the Golden Hall through the mouth of a stone carved in the likeness of a horse's head, and pours into a wide basin, which feeds the stream that runs along the main street of Edoras.

## Meduseld

1: Spring (see Edoras Map)

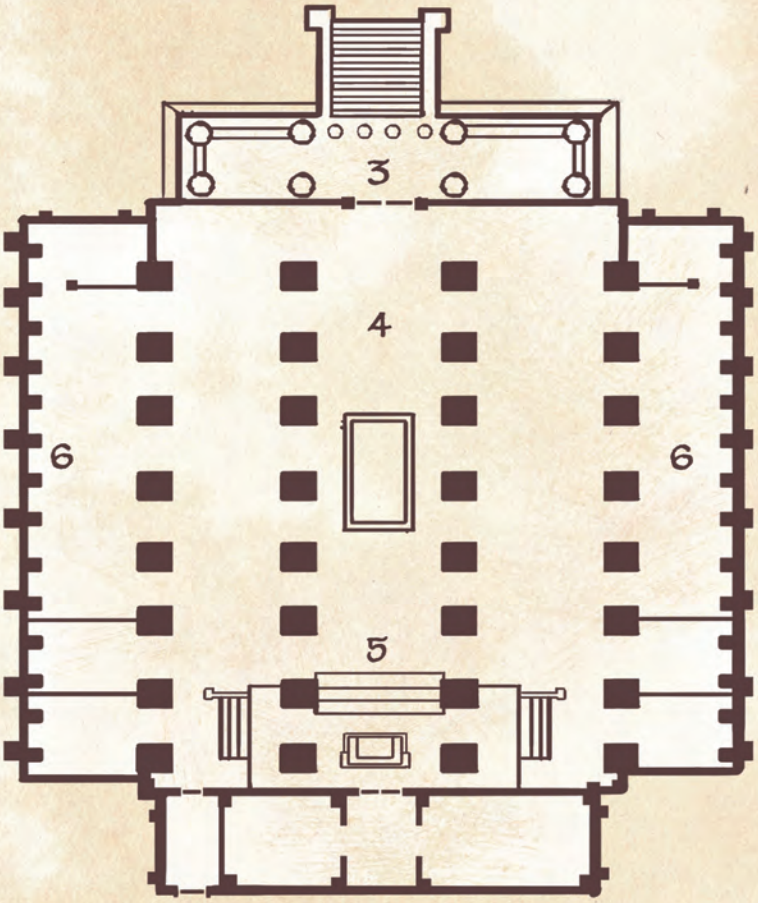
2: Terrace (see Edoras Map)

3: Portico and Doors

4: Main hall

5: High seat

6: Side aisles



**2. Terrace.** A stair of stone, high and broad, leads up to a wide, green terrace, where guards sit in full panoply on stone seats on either side of the topmost step. One of the guards is Heáfod, Doorwarden of King Thengel, captain of the King's Guard; no one can cross the gates of Meduseld without his consent.

**3. Portico and Doors.** The thick wooden doors of the mead-hall open beyond a porch lined with pillars made of great trees, carved with interlacing images of beasts and heroes gilded and painted. The doors themselves are cut with many figures, more beasts and birds with bejewelled eyes and golden claws. They are very heavy, and swing inward on great hinges of iron only ponderously. In the days of Thengel, the gates of the high house remain wide open during the day, as the king and queen prefer to let in as much light and clear air as possible, but at night the guards shut the gates with heavy bars.

**4. The Main Hall.** The great hall of Meduseld is long and wide, lined with massive pillars, carved beautifully, holding up a high roof lost in shadows and smoke. Its floor is paved with many-coloured stones, cunningly set to create intertwining runes and devices. An opening in the ceiling runs the length of the long hearth, directly above it to let smoke escape and let sunbeams shine down. The walls are hung with tapestries, both ancient and newly woven, showing the deeds of mighty Fram, the slayer of Scatha the Worm in the mountains of the forgotten North, of golden-haired Eorl the Young, astride his white horse, Felaróf, and those of other heroes of the Rohirrim, who fought in countless battles against Dunlending and Easterling hordes. Long tables on either side are set at mealtimes for the king's guards and guests.

**5. The High Seat.** At the far end of the hall, a dais rises with three steps to a great gilded chair, the throne of the Lord of the Riddermark, a smaller seat with a high back beside it reserved for the queen. Here King Thengel and Queen Morwen receive captains and messengers, hear the needs and disputes of their people, and welcome visitors from afar.

**6. Side Aisles.** Shadowed alcoves hold sleeping cots for the servants and sword-thains serving the king during the day. Beyond, an opening leads to other rooms: bedchambers for the king and queen and for their children. There are no rooms for guests in Meduseld: these are lodged and served in the outbuildings nearby, close to where the kitchens and storage for supplies and weapons, beer, wine, and food is to be found.

### New Fellowship Phase Undertaking: Gain Favour in the Golden Hall

*...the words of the song brought a light to the eyes of the folk of the Mark...*

Many minstrels play and sing in the Golden Hall, to entertain the king and his court, to welcome guests from faraway lands, or to celebrate the deeds of the sons of Eorl before the assembled lords and chiefs who live in Edoras or dwell nearby.

Companions spending a Fellowship phase in Edoras may attempt to curry the favour of the Rohirrim by making songs about their deeds and singing their praise in their greatest hall. The hero must make a DC 15 Charisma (Performance) check. On a success, the companion has earned a favour from one Rohan Loremaster character (a captain, counsellor, or perhaps even a marshal). If you succeed by 5 or more, you gain two favours and three with a natural 20.

During the next Adventuring phase, the companion may 'spend' the earned favour to gain Advantage in any way they see applicable to the current circumstances. If the Performance check fails, the companion has embarrassed someone of note: during the next Adventuring phase, the companion can count on trouble with this individual or their kin (if this results in blood being spilled, the companion is in for a feud).

## Cépa's House

Cépa's House is the foremost place for travellers and merchants to find hospitality in Edoras. Built like a traditional longhouse, but reinforced to account for occasional brawls, strangers to Rohan gather here alongside locals to down mead and hearty stews. Those with ready coin can even secure a bed for a night or two. Built many years ago by a prosperous trader, Cépa's children squandered his wealth and ended up turning to the merchant Goldred to help them. Instead, he hastened their ruin, encouraging them to take on debt, which he quietly bought up.

When they had little left to pay with, he came to collect and, though Cépa's sons beseeched Fengel King for justice, they received none of it. It amused Goldred to keep the name. Cépa's House is now a ready source of stories, rumours, and opportunities for trade. Goldred can often be found here, breaking bread with wary colleagues and scheming to improve his fortunes.

## HARROWDALE

To the north of the great hill of Edoras, the great West Road runs towards Westfold on one hand, and runs east through Eastfold into Gondor on the other. A northerly horse-road leads away from the mountains, following the Snowbourn to the willow-thickets, where it meets the Entwash, and then turning north to the fords of the Entwade.

Yet a third road leads south, following the winding stream deep into Harrowdale, a long valley cut far into the shadows of the mighty Starkhorn peak. Stretching for many miles, Harrowdale echoes with the waterfalls of smaller streams joining the river. Pines and firs rise from the rough grasses of the valley floor and cling to the steep walls overhead.

It takes two days for travellers riding from Edoras to reach the road's end and find the Hold of Dunharrow, a fastness of the Rohirrim, built by a vanished people in ancient days above a sheer cliff in the lap of three mountains: Írensaga to the north, Starkhorn to the south, and forbidding Dwimorberg, the Haunted Mountain, to the east.

**Combat Scenery:** bracken, dead silence, freezing cold, rock pillars, statues, steep slopes, thickets

### INHABITANTS

Along the way from Edoras the road passes two hamlets, Upbourn and Underharrow, and many small farmsteads, hidden in small woods and narrow dales. Here live a folk descended from those among the Eorlingas who long ago chose to abide here, adapting to a life on the mountains. With the passing of the centuries, they gradually grew estranged from their kin inhabiting the lowlands. Even if their speech is the same as that spoken throughout the Mark, many among the folk of Harrowdale have dark hair and grey eyes; a sure sign, some claim, that the blood of a forgotten folk run in their veins.

In times of peace, the hardy villagers of Harrowdale fish the quick river and tend goats and sheep on the valley sides, keeping what numbers of horses the shadowy valley's grass can support. But in times of need, the able

### Men from Harrowdale Alternative Cultural Virtue

Players desiring to highlight the features of a hero hailing from the dark valley of Harrowdale when creating a new character may use the new virtue below.

Ominous Blessing

*'...the Dead come seldom forth and only at times of great unquiet and coming death.'*

The inhabitants of Harrowdale live under the shadow of the Dwimorberg, and all their life they have felt the stare of cold and unforgiving eyes watching them from the dark below the Haunted Mountain. Some in the Riddermark say that the sad-faced dale-folk are bringers of ill-luck.

What you know is that a gift of good fortune has started to favour you, or rather to work against those who oppose you.

Whenever you make an ability check, attack roll, or saving throw and obtain a natural 1, you may turn it into a natural 20 instead by gaining a Shadow point. The circumstances surrounding this are up to you to describe, but should involve whenever possible a stroke of misfortune befalling others and favouring you instead. When you select this virtue you gain 1 point of Shadow.

rush to the weapontake in Edoras, where the muster of Rohan is set, leaving only a few warriors to look after those unable to follow the Lord of Harrowdale into battle.

But it is not war and strife that the people of Harrowdale chiefly fear, for at times they are called to endure a grimmer test. On nights without a moon, the shades of armed men can be seen coming down from the Hold of Dunharrow to march upon the stony road, up to the village of Underharrow and beyond. Who these shades are and where they are headed no one in the Mark knows, and the people of Harrowdale do not ask questions but bar their doors and do not let anyone go out at night.

## Notable Characters

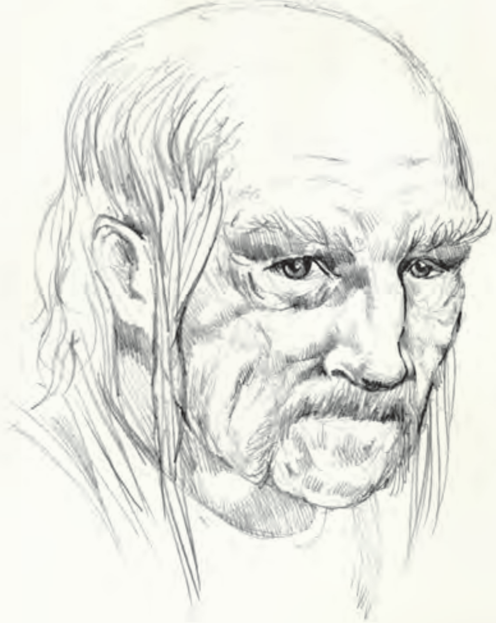
### Hereward, Lord of Harrowdale

In these days the chieftain of the folk of Harrowdale rarely wears a helm on his balding head, or a mail hauberk upon his stooping shoulders, nor does he grasp a sword hilt with his thin fingers. A violent life and old age have withered his body. But his bright blue eyes still blaze with a fierce glow when he is roused, and even in his weakness his spirit still intimidates the strong young Riders around him.

Hereward, an ambitious man from a wealthy household of the Folde, was long a favourite of Fengel King. His loyalty saw him raised to the title of Lord of Harrowdale, and he expected and schemed to take a marshal's saddle next.

But it was never to be. Fengel needed a trusty follower in Harrowdale, should he ever need to find sanctuary in the Hold of Dunharrow. And at the same time the king didn't want to upset the fragile balance between the Second Marshal in the west and the Third Marshal in the east, held by a rivalry of his own devising. And so loyal Hereward brooded in Harrowdale, far from glory, dreaming of the Haunted Mountain to the east as the bitter years rolled past. Now Fengel is dead and gone, yet Hereward remains in Harrowdale: Thengel King, so different in every way from his father, has just as much need of a reliable captain in the shadow of the Dwimorberg.

The folk of Harrowdale honour Hereward less from genuine love than from respect for his long years of authority. Many local chiefs are his cousins and his household riders include his sons and grandsons. Their lord Hereward could hardly care less about their loyalty; his thoughts dwell on impossible ambitions. His every meeting with the Lord of the Mark ends with him suggesting that Thengel send one or the other of the marshals back to their farmsteads and name trusted Hereward in his place; or better still to name Hereward as First Marshal, with orders to bring the rivals in line in the name of the king. Every refusal only sharpens his hunger more.



Were trouble to threaten Edoras, Hereward imagines he would lead his riders to a glorious rescue. But in the dark corners of his mind unfathomable resentment festers. If the king were truly in need, who can say how the old lord would respond?

Motivations: I have long served the house of Fréaláf and I deserve the rank of marshal for that service.

**Expectations:** +**2** if the Company speaks openly of having the favour of Thengel King; -**1** if the heroes do not observe the customs of the Rohirrim; -**3** if they are agents of one of the current marshals

## Notable Places

### The Hold of Dunharrow

The road from Edoras leads to Dunharrow, where the valley of Harrowdale is little more than half a mile in width. Here, another road leads west to the fastness of Helm's Deep, crossing the Snowbourn where it is most shallow, while another path turns east, climbing slowly towards the side of the valley. Men of the Lord of Harrowdale stand guard at the ford, to question all those who approach the Hold of Dunharrow.

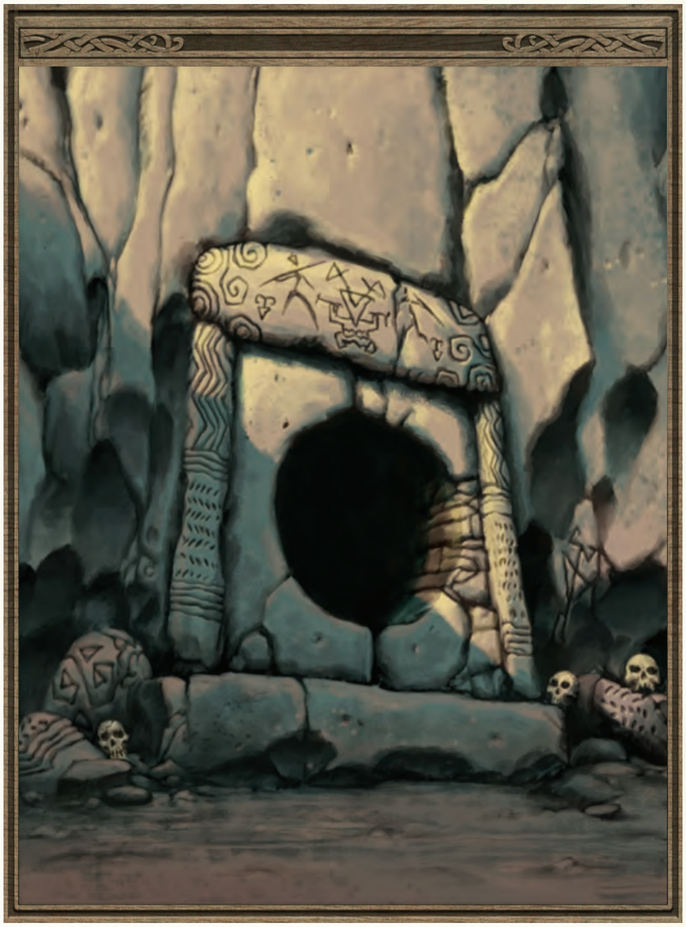
The easterly path leads straight up to the valley wall, where a looping road was carved centuries ago by long-forgotten people: the Stair of the Hold. The Stair winds upwards, back and forth, cut directly out of the rock of the Starkhorn in jagged switchbacks that barely allow horses and wagons to ascend. At each turn a huge statue squats cross-legged, with each so worn that often no features can be discerned but deep eyeholes and hands resting on a broad belly. The Rohirrim call the statues the *Pûkel-men*, 'little Goblin-men' in their tongue, and say there's no harm or magic left in them.

Atop the Stair of the Hold lies the *Firienfeld*, a green field of grass and heath a mile wide, stretched between the three great mountain-peaks looming above it. A road leading east from the Stair divides the Firienfeld neatly in two, and runs between two lines of cracked and uneven standing stones, plunging into the darkness of a wood of fir-trees. In days gone, this green field was the home of a people remembered only in dim legends. Here upon the wide upland they dwelt, perhaps seeking a safe place from their enemies, or maybe to stay close to a secret burial place for their honoured dead, no one can say.

Today, the folk of Edoras and the surrounding regions find refuge in the Hold of Dunharrow in times of strife, for the steep Stair allows for a handful of determined warriors to oppose a vast army of assailants, and, while provisions last, no foe entering the Mark will have any hope to overtake the Rohirrim here.

## The Dark Door

The road traversing the Firienfeld from the Stair of the Hold leads to the Dimholt, the wood of the Hold of Dunharrow, rising dark against the feet of the Dwimorberg, the Haunted Mountain. Going too far along the road lined with standing stones stirs cold fear in the hearts of anyone, and even the immortal Elves cannot endure for long the gloom of the black trees. Close to the mountain, in a clearing amidst the fir-trees stands a huge standing stone poised like a finger of doom. Beyond it, the road ends against the black wall of the mountain where the Dark Door gapes, its stone arch carved with runes and symbols worn by years uncounted.



The second King of Rohan, Brego, and his son Baldor discovered the Dark Door when they first came to Harrowdale long ago, when their realm was new. Before its threshold, they encountered the ancient, withered form of a man, who warned them that 'the way was shut' and only the Dead would keep it until an appointed time; with those words the man fell dead. Brego and Baldor heeded the words and departed. But at the inauguration of Meduseld, Baldor let his recklessness get the better of him and boasted that he would brave the Paths of the Dead. He entered the Dark Door and was never seen again.

The Rohirrim know not where the Dark Door leads, for they will not pass that way since the boastful prince crossed that cursed threshold and failed to ever return.

Old rhymes nobody dares to utter in the Mark tell of a secret way winding deep beneath the mountains and leading to some forgotten end. If those ancient tales are to be trusted, then the path under Dwimorberg is watched by Dead Men out of the Dark Years who will suffer no living man to pass through their underground realm.

## The Paths of the Dead

*'The Paths of the Dead!' said Théoden, and trembled. 'Why do you speak of them?'*

The Paths of the Dead are a complex of underground passages and darkened halls dug centuries ago by those Men who once dwelt upon the White Mountains, and whose name and purpose has been erased from all songs and legends of the Mark. Its caverns and tunnels are haunted by the ghosts of the Oathbreakers, poor souls cursed by Isildur for their treachery. Simply mentioning the Paths of the Dead anywhere in the Mark is a good way for a companion to rouse suspicions and incite the natural superstition of the Rohirrim. Should any hero defy such reactions and remain intent on inquiring about them, the Loremaster may use the information presented in this chapter to share their history, as it's known to the Rohirrim.

### Braving the Dark Door

Approaching the Haunted Mountain is a trial for all but High Elves, for whom the shades of dead Men have no terror. A feeling of increasing fear settles in long before the Dimholt is reached. When a group of companions comes to the standing stone in the woods, all who intend to continue must pass a DC 15 Wisdom saving throw or gain 1 point of Shadow. No horse or pony will go further, unless led by someone who passed the check (a companion who fails must abandon their mount).

Approaching the Dark Door requires a DC 20 Wisdom saving throw, as the darkness feels more and more stifling; failure gains another point of Shadow; companions who failed the first saving throw are considered to fail this second one automatically. Going through the Door of the Dead adds another point of Shadow without requiring a roll.

Beyond the Dark Door await burial chambers and secreted alcoves, but so too do the ghosts of the Oathbreakers who will eventually gather to drive intruders mad with fear.

Characters that pass into the darkness must be iron of will and definite of purpose, for to be otherwise is to invariably be lost to madness and death. Every hour spent upon the Paths requires an increasingly difficult Wisdom saving throw starting at DC 20, then DC 22, DC 24, and so on. Any failure of will on the Paths of the Dead means 2 Shadow points and sudden shrieking flight. Know, though, that the hero must continue to make saving throws, even as the character attempts to flee the Paths. Any useful Speciality that may help steady a hero can only be invoked once while beyond the Dark Door (see page 121 of the Player's Guide).

So why brave the Paths at all? Secret lore hidden in old troves. Ancient treasures, long untouched by the light of the sun. Characters who successfully make a DC 25 Intelligence (Investigation) check can find a hidden passage leading to burial chambers with a hoard rated at 20*. Any artefacts or wondrous items found on the Paths are invariably cursed. For High Elves, the ghosts of Men hold little horror, though to walk through their halls is a desecration the Eldar would consider unseemly at best. An Elf will only walk upon the Paths at greatest need, never for mere greed.

### Hidden Halls

If the Paths of the Dead pose a challenge beyond the strength of a Company, other underground realms may have been carved under the mountains of Harrowdale by the Men of the Mountains. Similarly to Dunharrow, those secret places may still lie undiscovered since the day when the dwellers of Harrowdale vanished from all records. What treasure did the vanished folk hide in those hidden halls? Does anyone stand guard there too? What horrors from the deep may have claimed their dark recesses?

### The Oathbreakers

At the time of the twin realms of the Men of the West, Elendil's son, Isildur of Gondor, made common cause with a people of Men living in the mountains and their king. He secured their allegiance with a solemn oath sworn on a massive rock brought from Númenor known as the Stone of Erech. When Sauron returned, Elendil and the High Elven King Gil-galad formed the Last Alliance to stand against him, Isildur called upon the Men of the Mountains to fulfil their oath of allegiance. They refused, for they had worshipped the Dark Lord in the past. Isildur cursed them, saying that their present king would be their last, and that they would find no rest till their oath was fulfilled one day.

The Men of the Mountains took no part in the War of the Last Alliance, either for or against Sauron, instead hiding in their mountains. They quickly grew apart from the rest of their kin, growing strange and sullen. It is said that as Isildur's curse took hold, children ceased to be born among them and they faded into shadow. In the Third Age, they still dwell in the White Mountains as undead spirits, restless and accursed. They are known as the Dead Men of Dunharrow, or the Oathbreakers, among other, darker names and only those looking to die seek them out along the Paths of the Dead.

## THE PLAINS OF ROHAN

The key to the prosperity of the Rohirrim is the great sea of grassland that sways green and wide across hundreds of miles. At the borders of the plains the land breaks up and rises wild – the ancient tangles of Fangorn, the deep dales of Westfold and Eastfold, and the many rivers of the Mark — but the plains roll on, unbroken, to the distant horizon. The plains of the Riddermark often seem peaceful, slowly rolling in cool breezes that carry the scents of herb and leaf; but this is an illusion, one swiftly broken when massive herds of cattle and horses thunder past, guided and protected by the bows and spears of the Rohirrim.

Much of the grasslands seem devoid of habitation, as the Eorlingas keep no permanent settlements on the plains. The herdsmen here live a nomadic lifestyle, following their wandering charges across the land, directing them only as necessary. Their camps are generally temporary affairs, appearing before sunset, melting away just after sunrise. Such supplies as they need, they trade from passing merchants, the settlers and crofters that live along the White Mountains, or from the shepherds of the Wold, who keep more enduring dwellings. During the winter, the herdsmen either direct their charges near the Entwade, to camps they keep where the Entwash and the Snowbourn rivers meet, or east to secure sites along the Anduin.

The Eorlingas keep no maps of the grasslands. Every Rohirrim who regularly traverses the plains eventually knows the folds of the land by heart and can often tell exactly where they are, despite the lack of recognizable landmarks. Conflicts between differing bands of herdsmen are rare, but when they happen, can be vicious. If no easy solution presents itself, folk from the royal household must intervene to see that the King's Law is enforced, seldom an easy endeavour.

The great plains of Rohan are divided into two main regions by the river Entwash. The Westemnet, or western plain, sprawls west of the river between Westfold to the south and Fangorn to the north and ends at the Gap of Rohan. The Eastemnet, or eastern plain, rolls east of the river between the marshes of the Entwash to the south and the uplands of the Wold to the north, and ends at the border traced by the loops of the Great River Anduin in the east.

**Combat Scenery:** bogs, lone trees, mud, shallow slopes, strong winds, warm golden sun

### WILDLIFE

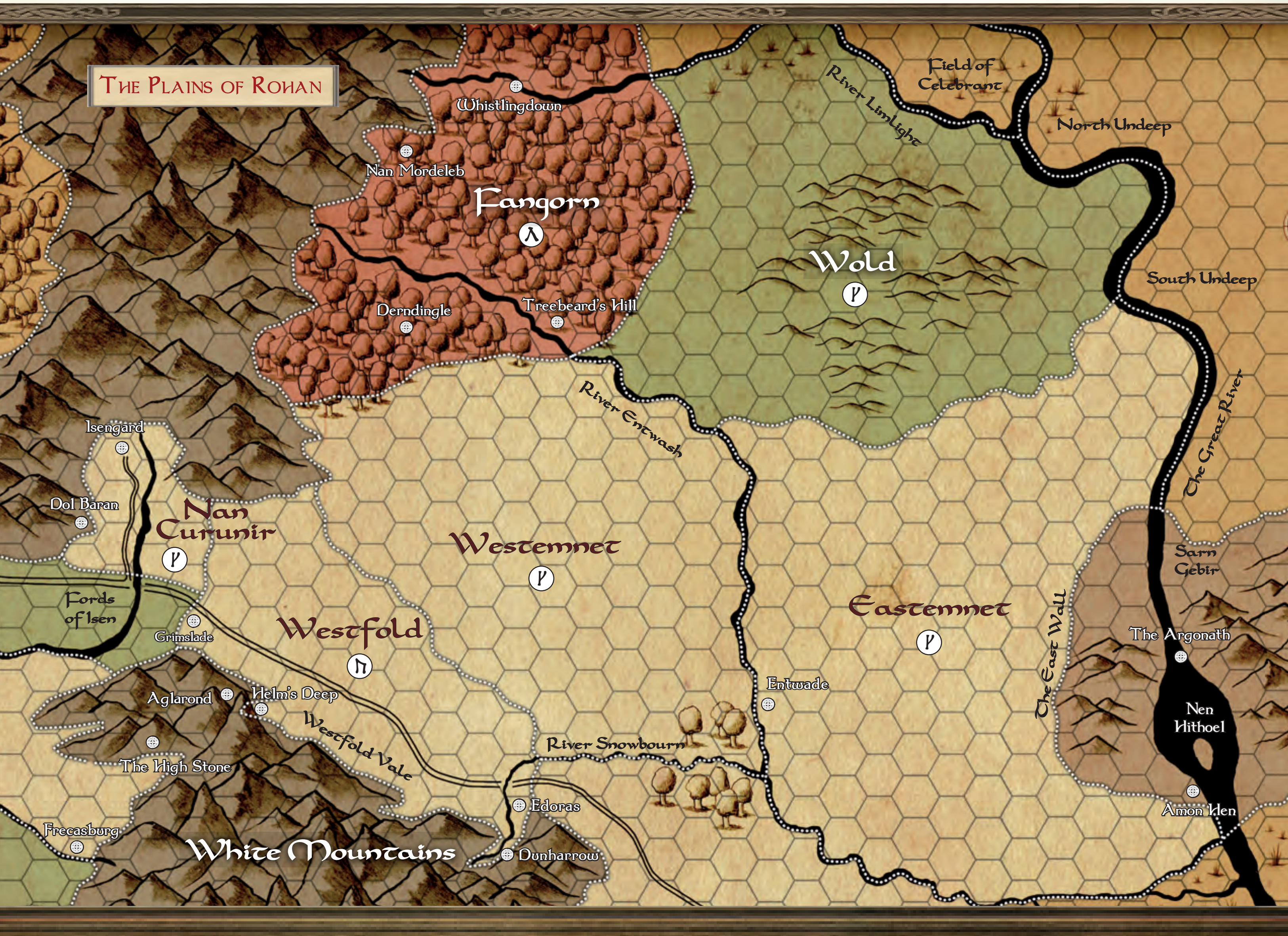
The plains of Westfold and Eastfold are home to a great number of animals, the great herds of cattle and horses of the Rohirrim, but only the unbroken mares and stallions that run free on the grassy meadows could be considered 'wild'. The almost continuous presence of the herdsmen and their herds keep most other large animals away. Wolves once roamed the plains on the prowl, but the Rohirrim, fearing for their herds and dreading the dangers of stampedes, hunt them mercilessly at the least sign of their presence. Sharp-eyed travellers can spy countless small animals among the grasses: voles, mice, rabbits, hedgehogs, and shrews, with delicate red deer slipping out of small groves that fill in the dales. The small creatures are hunted by stoats and swift-moving foxes. The unwary among them are snatched on the wing by eagle-owls and prairie falcons that soar overhead.

In the northernmost regions, especially near the windy Wold, snakes stir and become aggressive in the sunlight of spring and summer. They prey on small animals, but an unwary traveller could be bitten by stumbling on a serpent's nest.

## INHABITANTS

The herdfolk of Rohan make their homes on the plains. Though they have no fixed dwellings, they frequently choose to return to favoured spots for their camps. Their encampments are usually simple affairs: several clusters of tents around a handful of fires, set up close to a brook if they can manage it. If rain is expected, they opt for higher ground if available. They are always armed, taking turns to stand watch on the outskirts of their camps, listening for trouble among their beasts. When on the move they typically travel along hundreds of well known tracks, many of which lead south to the crossings of the Entwade, or north towards the farmsteads of the Wold.

The folk of the Wold make their homes in small cottages amidst the frequently dry brown hills of the north. The householders here keep sheep and goats, with such crops as they sow intended only to provide themselves


The Plains of Rohan
Whistlingdown
Nan Mordeleb
Fangorn
Derndingle
Treebeard's Hill
River Limlight
Field of Celebrant
North Undeep
Wold
South Undeep
River Entwash
The Great River
Isengard
Dol Baran
Nan Curunir
Fords of Isen
Grimslade
Westemnet
Westfold
Aglarond
Helm's Deep
Westfold Vale
The High Stone
Frecasburg
White Mountains
Edoras
Dunharrow
River Snowbourn
Entwade
Eastemnet
The East Wall
Sarn Gebir
The Argonath
Nen Hithoel
Amon Hen

with vegetables and grains for bread. While they can ride their horses, they seldom choose to, for their horses are of sturdy stock, built for hard work.

## Notable Characters

### Léothere Five-Fingers

Léothere is an old wandering minstrel, driven long ago from Edoras when Fengel King grew weary of hearing unwanted truths. The king would have had Léothere in chains or dead if the minstrel hadn't been canny enough to flee to the plains. As a consequence Fengel outlawed him, promising a reward for his captor. Unfortunately for Léothere, no one has told the new king about the accusation that hangs above the head of the minstrel, and the promised reward stands to this day. Léothere lives a life on the move, joining the family of a horse-herd and then another as a guest, singing to pay for his food and shelter. When the old minstrel drinks to his fill, his songs invariably start denouncing the misery that has befallen the house of Eorl. Luckily, no one has yet dared to turn the old man in. In the colder months of the year, Léothere repairs to Béowyrt's home in the hills of the Wold (see opposite), where her husband only grudgingly admits the old man.

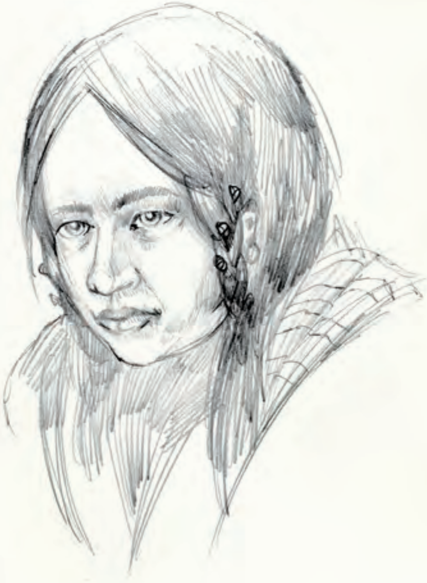
Léothere earned his byname in his younger days — when introducing himself he always proclaims that he will wager the middle finger of his right hand that his songs will ring as true as any oath since Eorl's. Fengel made him fear for his life but he hasn't lost a finger yet. Léothere is in his late sixties, but the turn of his fortunes has aged him, making him appear older still. His once-generous frame has worn away, leaving him gaunt, with hanging folds of skin. Neither his gaze nor his wit have lost any sharpness, though he reserves his verbal barbs for the truly deserving. It amuses him to play the 'doddering old man' on occasion, especially if he is trying to gauge another's character.

**Motivation:** True wisdom is being able to laugh at one's own follies.

**Expectations:** +**2** if the companions greet Léothere with jest or song; +**3** if they can perform something for him that he has never heard; -**4** if they praise Thengel to the old minstrel — he is not ready to believe that he will find forgiveness if he returns to Edoras.

### Béowyrt of the Wold

Béowyrt is considered a chieftain of sorts by all those who live on the Wold, as she was able to rally the fighting men of the region when a band of marauding Orcs came upon them from the Undeeps to the east. She is famously outspoken and unyielding in her principles, including her belief that it should be every Rohirrim's duty to help others in need. Her mother died very young and her father went missing after he rode away to fight a war to the East. Béowyrt's life was one of deep privation, working hard for little, and scorning the boastful drinking, songs, and laughter that so many Rohirrim warriors engage in.



Béowyrt is named after a sweet-smelling rush that grows in the Entwash wetlands that the Rohirrim spread across their floors to freshen up their halls. Her courage saved the life of Swígon, a shepherd who was almost killed in his sleep during the Orc raid. After a long courtship, she consented to marry him. The couple has a boy named Wídfara. Béowyrt is stout woman in her late thirties, with a pleasant face and a ready smile. She frequently sets small wildflowers into her plaited hair.

**Motivation:** If we all stick together we'll get more done than having us take up sides.

**Expectations:** +**1** if the companions expect to work for their room and board — there are always jobs to be done; -**3** if the Company speaks too much of the conflict between the marshals, she wants nothing to do with either one.

### Béowyrt

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11 (+0) | 17 (+3) | 13 (+1) | 15 (+2) | 14 (+2) | 15 (+2) |

**Armour Class** 17 (Corslet of Mail, Shield)
**Hit Points** 38 (7d8+7)
**Speed** 30 ft

**Skills** Animal Handling +4, Medicine +4, Perception +4, Persuasion +4
**Senses** passive Perception 14
**Languages** Rohan, Westron
**Challenge** 2 (450 XP)

**Leadership.** As a bonus action, Béowyrt can command a nearby creature other than herself. That creature takes its turn immediately after Béowyrt.
**Warrior's Charge.** Béowyrt gains Advantage on all attacks made in the first round of combat.

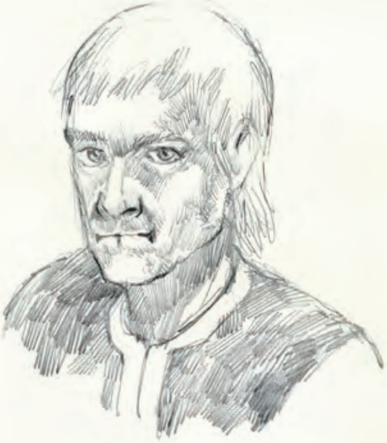
#### Actions

**Multiattack.** Béowyrt makes two attacks with her broadsword or her short bow.
**Broadsword.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d8+3) slashing damage.
**Short Bow.** Ranged Weapon Attack: +5 to hit, range 80/320 ft, one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d6+3) piercing damage.

## Swígon the Shepherd

As famously reticent as his wife is open, Béowyrt's quiet shepherd husband is almost completely deaf, though it may be he has gained something wondrous in exchange for his hearing. Swígon entered Fangorn when he was a mere eight years of age in search of a lamb lost in the ancient wood during a thunderstorm. He emerged weeks later, after his family had given him up for dead, with the recovered lamb, but without his hearing. From that day, Swígon claimed to be able to hear 'messages in the air' — subtle changes in the wind, hinting at events to come. Those that scoff at him generally fall silent after one of his warnings comes to pass.

Swígon is a soldier as needed, keeping his weapons sharp should the king call on the Wold to march. His wife's open behaviour and practice of 'taking in strays' frustrates him on occasion, but he bears it with a much grace as he can muster, which is considerable. Swigon is a big man, capable of lifting large sheep or goats one-handed. He frequently tilts his head to the side, as if listening to something far off when speaking with others, a strange habit for a 'deaf' man. While the folk of the Wold generally look to his wife for leadership, they look to Swígon for his deep wisdom and the two are well matched.



### Swígon

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 20 (+5) | 12 (+1) | 14 (+2) | 12 (+1) | 16 (+3) | 10 (+0) |

**Armour Class** 15 (Hide, Shield)
**Hit Points** 45 (7d8+14)
**Speed** 30 ft

**Skills** Insight +5, Perception +5, Survival +5
**Senses** passive Perception 15
**Languages** Rohan, Westron
**Challenge 2** (450 XP)

**Defender of That Which He Loves (1/day).** If Swígon is fighting in defense of Béowyrt, he can use his bonus action to gain 10 temporary hit points.
**Horrible Strength.** If Swígon makes a successful melee attack, he may use his bonus action to cause additional damage equal to his Strength modifier (+5) to the target.

#### Actions

**Axe.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 9 (1d8+5) slashing damage or 10 (1d10+5) slashing damage if wielded with two hands.
**Spear**. *Melee or Ranged Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft or range 20/60 ft, one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d6+5) piercing damage or 9 (1d8+5) piercing damage if used with two hands to make a melee attack..

#### Reactions

**Foresight.** Swígon seems to know things that others do not, even in combat. He may use his reaction to add 2 to his AC against one melee attack that would hit him. He does not need to see the attacker.

## New Fellowship Phase Undertaking: Go Riding with the Horse-herds

A companion spending a Fellowship phase in Helm's Deep, Edoras, or Aldburg may go riding on the plains to help the horse-herds of Rohan protect their studs and mares in Westemnet, or beyond the Entwash, in Eastemnet. Make a DC 15 Strength (Athletics) check. If you succeed, roll on the following table with Advantage. If you fail, roll with Disadvantage. A hero may invoke an appropriate trait (like Beast-lore or Horsemanship) to skip the check and roll normally on the table.

1 *Trouble on the Plains!* Your poor handling results in trouble with the herd; maybe several horses die or are stolen, or part of the herd strayed into the wrong territory and sparked an argument with other herders. You gain nothing useful from the experience, and you have Disadvantage during audiences with the Rohirrim in the following Adventuring phase.

2-6 *Ill-luck.* The undertaking results in continuous strain and several accidents that leave you hurt and frustrated. You gain nothing useful from the experience.

7-14 *A Job Well Done.* You do your part to keep the horse-herd safe. You gain 1 Horsemanship die, a d6. During the next Adventuring phase, you may add the d6 to any ability check involving horses. Unused Horsemanship dice expire at the end of the Adventuring phase.

15-17 *Horse-tamer.* Your efforts saved the life of several animals, or you even added to the size of the herd by taming some wild horses. You gain 2 Horsemanship dice, as above.

18-19 *Heroic Deed.* During a dramatic accident (an attack by Orcs? A sudden storm?) you heroically saved both horses and herders. Gain a Horsemanship die and a gift from the grateful chief of the horse-herders, a ring or golden clasp. The gift is worth 1d6 gold pieces.

20 *Unexpected Tidings.* You perform admirably and earn 2 Horsemanship dice. Additionally, around the campfire or in an unexpected meeting you hear news of some interesting opportunity in Dunland (if in the Westemnet) or Rhovanion (if in the Eastemnet). It is up to the Loremaster to decide the details, but you may suggest what it may be about. If interested, you may investigate the rumour in the next Adventuring phase before word of it spreads.

## NOTABLE PLACES

### The River Entwash

The waters of the Entwash divide the great plains of Rohan in two, separating the Eastemnet from the Westemnet, and in the south marking the border between the Eastemnet and the farmlands of Eastfold.

The river springs from the Forest of Fangorn in a deep cloven bed, a narrow winding silver ribbon in the green floor of grass. Here the course of the stream can be traversed, albeit with some difficulty, especially if travelling with horses. The ground along the steep river-bed is rocky and dangerous, and horses do not like the proximity of the ancient trees. In fact, the horse-herds of Rohan only cross the Entwash at the crossings of the Entwade.

Over the miles the twisting stream broadens as the ground becomes more level. Far from Fangorn the river slows its pace but its banks widen, becoming impossible to cross without boats or rafts.

Approximately 20 miles to the north of where the Snowbourn meets the Entwash, the river course becomes so shallow that it can be forded. This small stretch of the river is called the Entwade, and countless trails lead to it from all directions.

Where the Entwash is joined by the Snowbourn, willow trees droop over the water and reeds and rushes grow in thickets.

Reinforced and running through rockier ground nearer the White Mountains, the Entwash gradually veers eastward toward the Great River. Surpassing Eastfold with redoubled waters, the course of the Entwash becomes meandering and tortuous, splitting in many different streams, all slowly advancing to meet the Great River Anduin. The riverbanks become fens and vast swamps: the Mouths of the Entwash, draining into the Anduin from the west.

### The Wold

In the north, the plains of the Eastemnet rise to miles and miles of treeless, humpbacked downs. The firm, chalky ground leaches water away so streams become infrequent and the grass becomes thin. The downs soon grow into high hills with long windswept slopes that lie between Fangorn and the Great River.

Here live the shepherds who send their flocks of sheep and goats to graze on the downs. They dwell in modest cottages or, occasionally, in larger, isolated homesteads that are frequently fortified, as these lands are close to the eastern frontiers of Rohan and have seen far too much strife in years past.

Folk crossing into Rohan from the north will frequently travel over the downs of the Wold and the shepherds have met more than a few adventurous folks in their day. Still, they remain wary of outsiders and for good reason; the northern edge of the Wold descends to lush green downs along the river Limlight, which marks the northern border of the Mark. The Rohirrim avoid straying here long, for outlaws have been known to take refuge along the river.

### Field of Celebrant

North of the river Limlight lies the Field of Celebrant, a site of great import to the Eorlingas, though it lies just north of the border of the Mark. On the Field of Celebrant, great and bloody deeds were committed, for it was here that Eorl the Young and the Éothéod slaughtered the Balchoth by the thousands, saving the army of Gondor from the horde of Easterlings and their Orcish allies. While the Rohirrim considered the field to be sacred, they also believe it to be haunted. The witch-lit Dwimordene lies to the west, as terrifying in its way as Fangorn, and many believe that the ghosts of warriors long dead rise here at night, stirred by the power of the Sorceress of the Golden Wood.

Outlaws and other exiles sometimes venture here (see The Leofrings, opposite) far from other folk, and outside of the regions Rohirrim outriders patrol, but they rarely linger, for not all of the rumours of the Field are entirely superstition. Eventually, most choose to cross the Great River upon the Undeeps, where the Anduin runs shallower, and head East.

### The Leofrings

Page 63 of the *Rhovanion Region Guide* introduces the Leofrings, a nomadic folk of riders of sinister inclination related to the Riders of Rohan. Descendants of those Eorlings who didn't follow their leader to Calenardhon; the Leofrings chose to dwell in the Nether Vales of Anduin. In the year 2940 they were scattered by a host of Orcs, and many of them fled the North, settling in the Field of Celebrant. It is entirely possible that in the following years some among them even crossed the river Limlight into Rohan, to settle in the northern downs of the Wold. If so, they probably keep close to the shores of the Great River, working with bands of outlaws and plundering Orcs to smuggle stolen horses across the Anduin.

## EASTFOLD

The Eastfold of the realm of Rohan lies east of the Snowbourn and south of the Entwash, and extends as far as Fenmarch, where the Mering Stream separates the Riddermark from Gondor. It includes the Folde, the East Dales, and the floodplain of the lower Entwash, called the Wisce by its inhabitants.

The Folde is the region that was first occupied by the Eorlingas when they moved to Calenardhon; it is still part of the King's Lands, the Lord of the Mark's own demesne, as there on a great hill stands Aldburg, the chief city of Rohan at the time of Eorl. Between the Folde and Fenmarch lie the East Dales, populous valleys opening along the northern side of the White Mountains; here the Rohirrim have many busy farmlands and pastures fed by the rills, brooks, and torrents that flow down swiftly from the slopes of the mountains into the Entwash to the north. The Wisce is the name given to the fertile meadows to the north of the great West Road; this land is the granary of Rohan, a wide region dotted by farms and dominated by the loops and meanders of the river. Beyond Fenmarch lies Anórien, *Sunlending* in the speech of the Mark, a land left largely empty in the waning years of Gondor; its farmers and knights live mostly in the east and leave the Rohirrim to guard the west.

The Mering Stream marks the border as it rolls down from the dark Firien-dale, in the shadow of the Hallowed Mountain. There the tomb of Elendil long rested, and there Eorl the Young and the Steward Cirion swore the oaths that founded Rohan and bound it forever to Gondor.

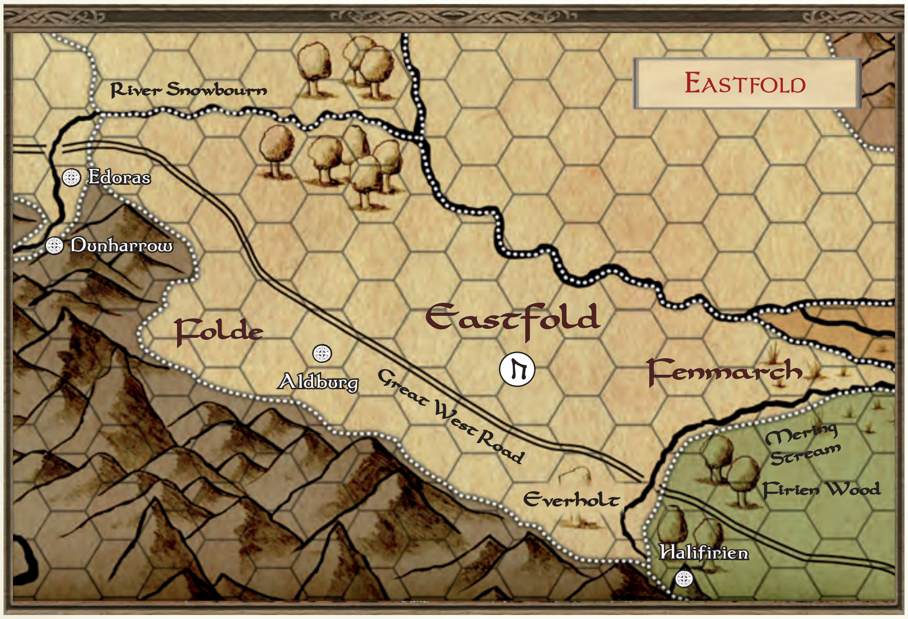
**Combat Scenery:** briar patches, hedges of tree limbs, paths, scattered rocks, streams, thickets, varied slopes

### WILDLIFE

Predators do not fare well in Eastfold, as these are settled and guarded lands and the wolves of the nearby mountains have learned not to pursue their quarry too far. Many kinds of goats roam the high slopes among oaks, pines and beeches, feeding on summer grass and winter shrubs and shoots.

A few herds of cattle and countless flocks of sheep roam the pastures of the Wisce. Horse-herds are not a common sight, as they are usually led north to run upon the plains of Eastemnet.

Spruce, silver firs, and larches grow on the foothills and in the dales. Deer, badgers, and especially wild boars abound in the Firien Wood, so much that its westernmost part is called the *Everholt* ('boar-wood').



Birds of many kind fly over Eastfold: swifts, swallows, warblers and sparrows, kestrels, eagles, and buzzards. Herons, storks, ducks, and geese ply the fens around the Entwash where carp and great catfish swim.

## Inhabitants

The farmers of Eastfold raise oats, wheat, rye, and barley, tending their fields from their many farmsteads in the Wisce; the rich soil yields exceptional harvests and the floods of the Entwash are both predictable and relatively mild (even if elders remember stories of the great floods that followed the Long Winter, at the time of Helm Hammerhand). In times of war or exceptional flooding, the farmers repair to the higher ground, where Aldburg stands. Here in the city dwells the largest population of Rohan not living on farmsteads, dwarfed only by the township of Edoras.

The mountain dales are dotted with many homesteads and a number of small villages, composed of cottages clustered along the bank of one of several water courses descending from the mountains.

Each hamlet is home to its own smith, miller, and other artisans who serve the farms of the area. At times, the village is built close to a longhouse, often defended by a ditch and rampart. The longhouse usually indicates the presence of a chieftain or a local lord, appointed to their place by the Lord of the Mark to enforce the King's Law.

As it rolls east, the Entwash gradually becomes broader and swampier, and across much of its lower course the river can hardly be seen for the marshes that surround it. The fishers of Fenmarch take little boats out into the fens to catch carp and catfish, which sometimes grow to enormous size.

As everywhere else in the Riddermark, all able men of Eastfold who own at least one riding horse are required to answer to the muster in times of emergency. On such occasions, all Riders must gather before the city of Aldburg, where the Muster of the East-mark is held. In times of peace, most men wealthy enough to own warhorses are expected to keep them in fighting order and are often sent to deliver messages and perform errands.

## Notable Characters

### Cenric, Third Marshal of the Riddermark

Cenric is a member of a noble house, tracing his lineage back to Eofor, son of Brego. He has been Third Marshal for many years, yet he remains as suspicious and wary of his place as in his first uneasy days. The Third Marshal before him was his uncle Edwin, brother to his father Swidhun. When it came time to replace the elderly marshal in his position, Edwin's own son, Esmund, approached Fengel King offering oaths of loyalty and honour; Cenric promised all that and brought plenty of gold.

Cenric has not squandered his years of service. He has grown wealthy from trade with Gondor and he has manipulated the local lords as deftly as he handled the old king. Thanks to a network of obligations, debts, and fear, he is the undisputed lord of Eastfold, ruling from his rich home in Aldburg. But Esmund remains a threat, at least in Cenric's eyes. Moreover, Cenric covets the position of Second Marshal, currently occupied by Éogar of Westfold, desiring his higher place close to the king. Like his rival in Westfold, Cenric is often at odds with Thengel King. Both marshals earned their place under Fengel, whose capriciousness could be tamed with gold and flattery. Neither ruse serves with Fengel's son. The new king dislikes Cenric's vindictiveness and greed, but he cannot simply remove him, as he cannot jeopardise the fragile order of Eastfold: healing the wounds that Fengel and his cronies left in the honour of Rohan will be the work of many years.

Cenric has four daughters (Celwen – the oldest, Cyneswith, Neriend, and little Ava) and a foster-son, Gálmód. The wise young man is not a valiant warrior, but his counsel is becoming more precious to Cenric than any bejewelled sword could. Cenric is a lean and wiry warrior in his early fifties, with the air of a starving wolf about to pounce. He is perceptive and misses little, but his hard nature and clear avariciousness can be off putting. He never overlooks a slight, but neither does he forget those who've done him favours.

**Motivation:** I want to know how you can help me further my goals, or how I can use you against my enemies.

**Expectations:** +1 if the heroes bring any sort of valuables with them, especially horses; +3 if they can convince Gálmód to advise Cenric on their plan; -4 if they side openly with Esmund or turn Gálmód against the Company

### CENRIC

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 17 (+3) | 13 (+1) | 19 (+4) | 12 (+1) | 16 (+3) | 8 (-1) |

**Armour Class** 19 (Scale Hauberk, Great Shield)
**Hit Points** 93 (11d8+44)
**Speed** 30 ft, 65 ft when mounted.

**Skills Athletics** +6, History +4, Insight +6, Riddle +4, Traditions +4
**Senses** passive Perception 13
**Languages** Rohan, Westron
**Challenge** 5 (1,800 XP)

**Broken Blades (1/day).** Cenric may invoke this ability as a bonus action. He automatically scores a critical hit with all attacks until the beginning of the next round. At the start of his next turn, his weapon is destroyed.

**Charge.** Cenric's Courser has the **Charge** feature (see page 150). If the mount takes this action, Cenric gains +4 to damage rolls while mounted until the end of his turn.

**Commanding.** Allies of Cenric gain Advantage on attack rolls against enemies within 5 ft of him.

**Swift.** Cenric's Courser has the Swift feature (see page 153) and has 65 ft of movement.

**Mounted.** Cenric has a Courser as a mount (see page 150).

**Actions**

**Multiattack.** Cenric makes three attacks with his long sword.

**Long Sword.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d8+3) slashing damage or 8 (1d10+3) slashing damage if wielded with two hands.

### The Marshals of the Mark

The highest-ranking commanders of the Riders of Rohan are the Marshals of the Mark, the lieutenants of the king. At the time of Thengel there are nominally three marshals. Nominally, because the title of First Marshal is unassigned, left vacant for the Lord of the Mark himself to take its mantle should war come to the Riddermark. Its ward is the capital city of Edoras and the king's own lands (Edoras and the nearby lands, Harrowdale, and the Folde). The Second Marshal rules over West-mark, and the Third Marshal has its ward in the East-mark. West-mark and East-mark are the two military partitions of the realm of Rohan, separated by the river Snowbourn up to its confluence with the Entwash, and from there north along the Entwash itself up to the Forest of Fangorn.

## Gálmód, Foster-son of Cenric

Sallow-faced Gálmód was too small for war but possessed a combative spirit that was hard to tame. His parents died in a Dunlending raid, and Gálmód was adopted by Cenric, the future Third Marshal of the Mark, who came to repel the marauders when it was too late. Gálmód came of age among Cenric's own daughters, loved by some, scorned by others. From them he learned to curb his anger, turning it into a passion, and to divine the true motivations hidden behind the actions of the people around him. He became charming where he was violent, and wise words replaced his bold remarks. At first, the change brought him to the attention of many women, who appreciated his wit and courteous manners, and Gálmód was glad to spend his days in the shadowy bowers of Cenric's residence in Aldburg, away from the dust and din of the training grounds of the young Rohirrim. In time, his meditative attitude attracted first the curiosity of his adoptive father, and then his trust, and Cenric began looking to him as his personal counsellor and orator.

When he is in Aldburg, young Gálmód is in charge of keeping in check the excessive boasting of overeager riders in Cenric's retinue who might otherwise disrespect the Third Marshal in public occasions, whether accidentally or on purpose. Many riders dislike him for this reason, as it comes very easily to him to counter their coarse rhetoric and ridicule them using their own words. Moreover, Gálmód is not interested whatsoever in proving himself a man of prowess, a concept that the valorous Rohirrim find hard to grasp. Gálmód is glad that the riders do not understand him, for he believes he can learn the most about the weaknesses of others when they are suspicious and uncertain. Recently, the wisdom of Gálmód has caught the attention of the king and his queen. Like them, he knows how it feels to be a stranger among a tightly knit people, to feel welcomed and set apart at the same time.

Gálmód himself lends his trust to very few people, and not a man among them. He trusts his current lover Sunnifa (see page 20), a serving-woman of Edoras whose intelligence and ambition far outstretch her position, and with each passing season he is becoming closer to Morwen Steelsheen, who awed him at first and then impressed him with her wit. It is possible that through her Gálmód will one day learn to trust his king.

For his part, Thengel is well aware of Gálmód. He knows Cenric's goals and methods, and he recognises that Gálmód has insight and worth beyond that of his foster father. Thengel has seen other riders try to use Gálmód as a scapegoat, blaming him wrongly and sometimes even falsely for grievances, and he has seen Gálmód weather such crises with skill, patience, and sometimes a tad of cruelty. He sees the potential for Gálmód to become either a valuable advisor—perhaps his most valuable one beside the queen — or a vicious, scheming enemy. Time will tell what role Gálmód and his heirs will find in the Golden Hall. Gálmód is short, slight, and pale, with light brown hair and beard. His smile is more of a mocking smirk, but it's paired with friendly eyes.

**Motivation:** I have no peers when it comes to wisdom and cleverness, and I will gladly prove it to you.

**Expectations:** **+1** if the companions readily agree to Gálmód's boasts; **+2** if they can convince him that their plans will benefit him personally; **-3** if they cause any sort of embarrassment for Gálmód in front of an audience

## Esmund, Son of Edwin, Rider of Eastfold

Esmund's father was Third Marshal of the Mark, as was his father before him, but when Edwin died, Esmund's cousin, Cenric, bought the title from Fengel King with fine words and finer gifts of gold. Esmund, young and forthright, swallowed his anger and set out to serve king and marshal steadfastly even in the face of such a blatant misdeed.

Tall, fair, and honourable to a fault, Esmund is a veteran captain in command of his own éored: not the personal company of Riders of the Third Marshal, but the most renowned and active of the Eastfold. Cenric is pleased to send his cousin, Esmund, away from Aldburg, out to the far reaches of the Eastemnet, to guard against invaders and outlaws, and Esmund is pleased to ride, even if no word of his deeds is likely to make it back to Edoras while Cenric carries the reports. It was while Esmund rode in the far plains recently that his young wife died in childbirth. His son, Éomund, survived, but Esmund was changed and hardened by grief. He has seen little of his infant boy. That may change if time and chance help Esmund heal, but for the moment he leads his riders with a grimness that is striking on a once-fair face.

### ESMUND

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 18 (+4) | 10 (+0) | 15 (+2) | 13 (+1) | 12 (+1) | 11 (+0) |

**Armour Class** 16 (Ring-mail, Shield)
**Hit Points** 39 (6d8+12)
**Speed** 30 ft, 60 ft when mounted.

**Skills** Animal Handling +3, Perception +3, Survival +3
Senses passive Perception 13
**Languages** Rohan, Westron
**Challenge** 3 (700 XP)

**Charge.** Esmund's Palfrey has the **Charge** feature (see page 151). If the mount takes this action, Esmund gains +4 to damage rolls until the end of his turn.
**Mounted.** Esmund has a Palfrey as a mount (see page 151).

#### Actions

**Multiattack.** Esmund makes two attacks with his long sword.
**Long Sword.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d8+4) slashing damage or 9 (1d10+4) slashing damage if wielded with two hands.

#### Reactions

**Counterattack (Recharge 5-6).** If an attack roll misses Esmund, he can use his reaction to make an attack roll against the attacker with Advantage. He must be wielding a melee weapon and able to see his attacker.

## The Éored

A troop of riders fully harnessed for battle is called an *éored* in the language of the Mark. The term may be used to indicate any troop of mounted men from Rohan, but in military terms a full éored counts no fewer than 120 riders. When one of the Marshals of the Mark rides out, he is accompanied by his éored, trusted men of his own household, often led by members of his extended family.

### Éofolda, Lady of Stotfold

A plain woman in her early thirties, Lady Éofolda leads the largest household in Eastfold. Her father, Foldwine, and his brothers plotted continuously to take control of other holdings by marriage and eventually by trade and purchase. She became universally recognised as a leader when she oversaw the purchase of wide lands held by what had long been the most prosperous farming-family, a household that had gone into poverty and debt under a foolish chief (the youngest daughter of that family, Sunnifa, took service in the Golden Hall to get away from the rivals that humiliated and bested her family).

Travellers through Eastfold are likely to encounter Lady Éofolda if they stop to rest on the road between Sunlending and Aldburg, for the most prominent village found along the way is home to her family. Stotfold sports two watermills, and the largest enclosure for horses in the whole region.

**Motivation:** Generosity may win friends who can prove valuable in the future.

**Expectations:** +**1** if the Company readily pays their bills, +**3** if they agree to undertake some favour for Lady Éofolda, -**2** if they let other loyalties bind their hands

### Fróda, Warden of Halifirien

Fróda is a hale warrior in his mid-forties. His fair hair has started to grey, but remains gold as yet. He is the chief of the wardens of the beacon of Halifirien, the westernmost of the seven warning towers of Gondor. Companions who cross the Fenmarch bridge riding on the great West Road into the Firien Wood are met by the suspicious greeting of Fróda and his men, who are not only tasked with the manning of the beacon, but must also keep open the great road and the path leading to Halifirien, the holy mountain. The unfriendliness of the wardens should not be taken for discourtesy; the hallowed aura of the tall hill affects deeply the mood of the superstitious Rohirrim. Those who approach under orders from the king, or who have otherwise earned Fróda's hospitality, can learn much of the holy mountain's role in the history of Rohan and its honour as the former resting-place of Elendil.

#### FRÓDA

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 13 (+1) | 17 (+3) | 12 (+1) | 15 (+2) | 10 (+0) | 13 (+1) |

**Armour Class** 17 (Corslet of Mail, Shield)
**Hit Points** 38 (7d8+7)
**Speed** 30 ft, 60 ft if mounted

**Skills History** +4, Riddle +4, Shadow-lore +4, Traditions +4
**Senses** passive Perception 10
**Languages** Rohan, Westron
**Challenge** 3 (700 XP)

**Charge.** Fróda's Palfrey has the **Charge** feature (see page 151). If the mount takes this action, Fróda gains +4 to damage rolls until the end of his turn.
**Horse-Archery.** If Fróda uses a bow while mounted in close combat he does not suffer Disadvantage on his attack rolls. He also gains +1 to his ranged attack rolls whilst mounted.
**Mounted.** Fróda has a Palfrey as a mount (see page 151).

**Actions**

**Broadsword.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 10 ft, one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d8+3) slashing damage.
**Short Bow.** *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +5 (+6 if mounted) to hit, range 80/320 ft, one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d6+3) piercing damage.

**Reactions**

**Parry.** Fróda adds 3 to his AC against one melee attack that would hit him. To do so, he must see the attacker and be wielding a melee weapon.

### The Great West Road

The great West Road is the southern portion of the ancient way that once used to join the two kingdoms of the Dúnedain: Arnor in the north and Gondor in the south. Within the borders of Rohan it is kept in working condition by the Lord of the Mark, but, by an ancient agreement, travellers belonging to either folk are free to use it without restriction or payment of a toll.

To the east of Edoras, the road traverses the length of Eastfold, then it crosses the Mering Stream on a stone bridge and runs straight west into Anórien, across a long cutting through the Firien Wood. To the west, the road crosses the Snowbourn where it is most shallow, then it rushes across Westfold, past the fortress of Helm's Deep to the Fords of Isen, where it enters the Gap of Rohan.

The great West Road is considered to be a good road as far as the rules for journeys are concerned (see page 176 of the *Player's Guide*).

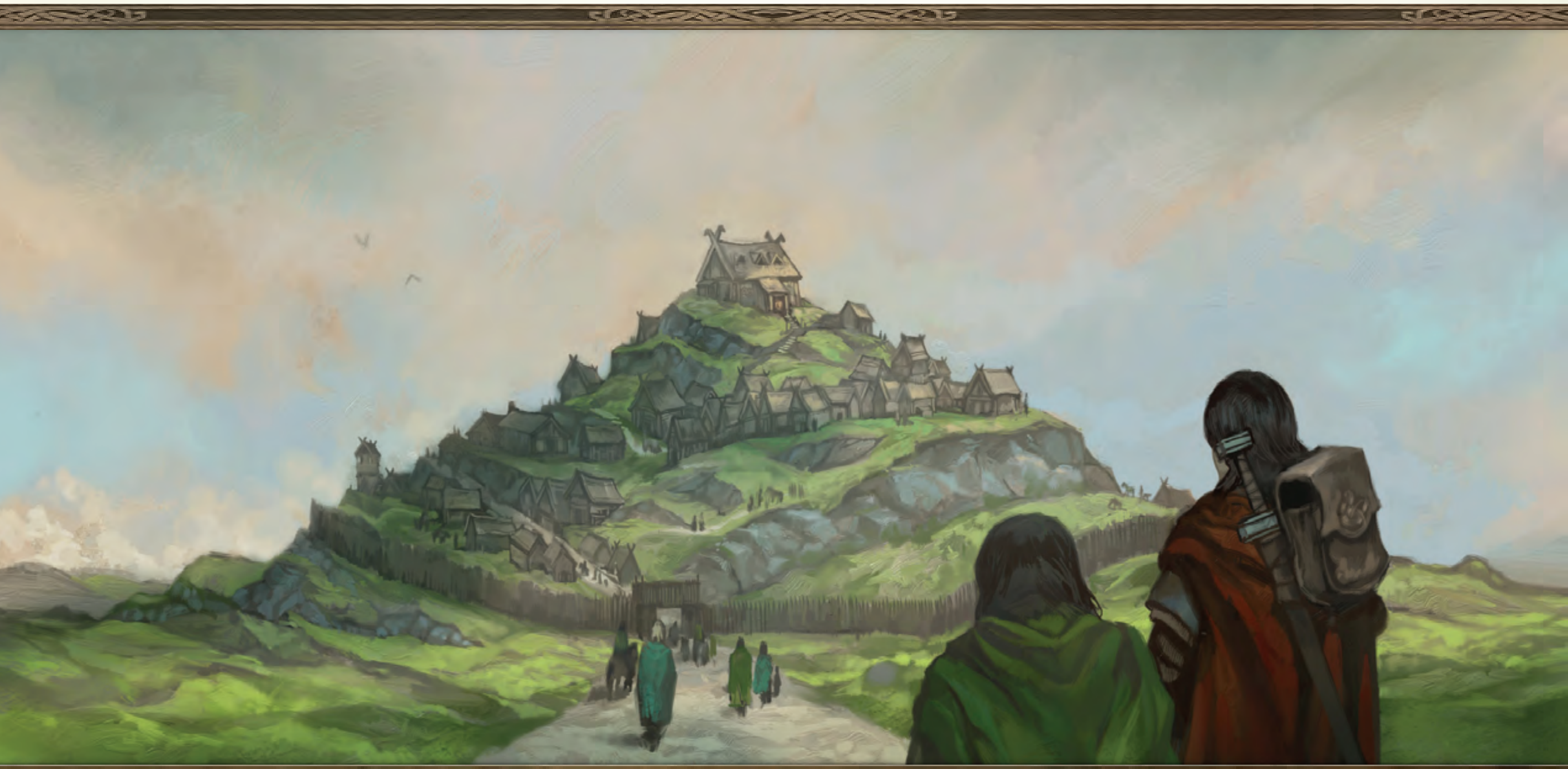
## NOTABLE PLACES

### Aldburg

The ancient township of Aldburg stands on a wide, rocky hill in the Folde, rising to the south of the great West Road. Its great hall overlooks many houses and crowded alleys twisting within an encircling wooden wall. Aldburg is the second most populated city in Rohan, after Edoras, but it was once the first, when Eorl took his place as the Lord of the Mark, in a past remembered only in song. When Brego built the Golden Hall above the loops of the Snowbourn, where Eastfold and Westfold meet, the fortress of Aldburg

### Opening Aldburg as a Sanctuary

Companions who have entered Aldburg for the first time may spend a Fellowship phase there as guests of Cenric, Third Marshal of the Mark, or of Esmund, son of Edwin, based on who they met during the Adventuring phase. If they wish to return, the companions must choose the Open Sanctuary undertaking (see the *Player's Guide*, page 201).



passed into the hands of his third son, Eofor; from that remote day, the city has remained in the care of his descendants. Aldburg is the ward of a Marshal of the Mark, as before its walls gather the riders of East-mark when the Muster of Rohan is called by the king.

Unlike Edoras, whose foundations were dug anew, Aldburg was built on the bones of a much older settlement of the Dúnedain. Wood carved after the fashion of the Northmen, with frets and animals intertwining, rises in the sunlight atop and among worn, chiselled stones, wrought by the hands of the Men of the West in the early days of Calenardhon. Today, the artisans of Aldburg are renowned throughout the land for their skill: woodwrights, saddle-makers, farriers, tanners, potters, and cartwrights have their shops here, establishments whose history traces back to the days of Eorl. Merchants trading with Gondor sell their precious wares to the lords and chiefs of the Mark, mainly spices, silks, and expensive clothing, and especially the products of the cunning smiths of the South.

## The Fenmarch

At the farthest end of Eastfold, the Mering Stream flows down from the White Mountains through the Firien Wood, marking the eastern border of Rohan. The sodden ground through which the stream flows to the Entwash becomes a wetland known as the Fenmarch. There are fishers who make their trade here along with other folk, who travel the Fenmarch in search of valuable rare plants and unusual flowers that bloom in the autumn. Most Rohirrim other than the natives of the Eastfold shun the Fenmarch, though, for it has a reputation as a breeding ground for disease, and horses cannot travel here lest they break a leg.

## The Halifirien

The Halifirien is a tall hill rising from the Firien Wood over the border between Gondor and Rohan. On its south side, a broad and deep dale separates it from the cliffs of the White Mountains so it seems to stand alone. Its east, west, and especially its north slopes are gentle and easy to climb, and a path turning from the West Road leads to a stone stair ascending to its summit. The trees grow thinner as the mountain rises, but a ring of white birches grows in the grass atop its level crown. There stands the westernmost beacon of Gondor, ready to be set alight, and its wardens stand watch in lodges hidden among the trees.

Called *Amon Anwar* in Gondor, the 'Hill of Awe' was the resting place of Elendil for more than two thousand years and here Eorl and Cirion swore their oath of allegiance. Steward Cirion removed Elendil's tomb five hundred years ago, but an eerie silence lingered on the hill, and the place earned its name in the language of the Mark: *Halifirien*, the Holy Mountain. Its hallowed aura permeates the surrounding Firienholt, called the Whispering Wood by those few who wander among its trees.

### The Beacons of Gondor

**Amon Dîn, Eilenach, Nardol, Erelas, Min-Rimmon, Calenhad, and the Halifirien: these are the names of the seven northern war-beacons of Gondor, going from east to west. These tall hills were built as part of a system of signals, meant to carry tidings should Gondor or Rohan be under threat of war and in need of aid from its ally. The system is still functioning after five hundred years, and each beacon is kept by a number of faithful beacon-wardens. The beacon-hill of Halifirien stands within the borders of Gondor, but the people of Anórien have moved farther east and left it in the care of the Rohirrim. The wardens take turns in manning the lodges, looking east in case the farthest beacons ever light. At their camp the wardens keep horses and provisions ready for messengers, should that day come.**

## The Everholt

The portion of the Firien Wood growing along the western banks of the Mering Stream is called the Everholt ('boar-wood'). Game trails — deer, boar and badger — run through the tangled spruce, larch, beech, and silver fir, across little streams and out of sudden hollows. Deer and boar are plentiful; the nearby farmers hunt only the outskirts, kept at bay by rumours of sinister hauntings.

For the Everholt is deadly. Only a century ago the hunter-king, Folca, crossed its borders riding triumphantly. Thirteen years before he had sworn never to hunt a beast while Orcs plagued the Riddermark, and now he returned to his great passion after having seen the last of them. With a spear in his old but firm grasp, he pursued

## New Fellowship Phase Undertaking: Go Hunting in the Everholt

Companions spending a Fellowship phase in Aldburg or Edoras and wishing to put their skill as hunters to the test may go hunting in the Everholt. Make a DC 15 Wisdom (Survival) check. If you succeed, roll on the following table with Advantage. If you fail, roll with Disadvantage. A hero may invoke an appropriate trait (such as Beast-lore) to skip the check and roll normally on the table.

1 *The Lost Hunt.* You are diverted by the distant sounding of a mournful hunting-horn: the horn of the Lost Hunt. It exerts a mighty pull and draws you heedless into the dark woods. The Loremaster must choose the result: either you gain 1 point of Shadow after wandering in pursuit of fell spirits, or you are attacked alone by the Great Boar of Everholt (see page 140)!

2-7 *Troublesome Whispers.* Your ability as a hunter has been defeated! Soft voices and strange sounds carried by the wind have made it impossible for you to discern the tracks of your quarry. You return to Edoras empty-handed. If you were spending your Fellowship phase in Aldburg, then your failure attracts the attention of Gálmód, who are all too eager to impress their peers with what he calls 'empty demonstrations of skill'.

8-16 *Good Hunt.* You slay a boar, or an equally prized quarry. You gain 1 Hunt die. A Hunt die is a d4 and whenever you make a roll during a journey as a Hunter, you can choose to spend the Hunt die and add it to a roll before the Loremaster has told you if the roll succeeded or failed. Once a Hunt die is used, it is lost. Unused Hunt dice expire at the end of the Adventuring phase.

17-19 *Princely Gift.* The beast you fell was so huge that your host suggests you send its tusks to the king as a gift. You gain 2 Hunt dice, as above, and, if you visit Meduseld during the next Adventuring phase, you have Advantage on all audience checks there.

20 *Grand Feast.* The fruit of the hunt was so plentiful that it allows for a great feast! You gain 2 Hunt dice and can choose one trait: Bold (if you use the feast to boast of your exploits) or Generous (if you use the feast to feed as many as possible). During the next Adventuring phase you are considered to have that trait,

the Great Boar, a tremendous and infamous beast, to its death. But the ferocious beast dealt the king a mortal wound with its tusks before it died. Since then, hunters sometimes say they may hear the dead king's horn sounding, urging them to take up the hunt with him into the shadows of Everholt.

## WESTFOLD

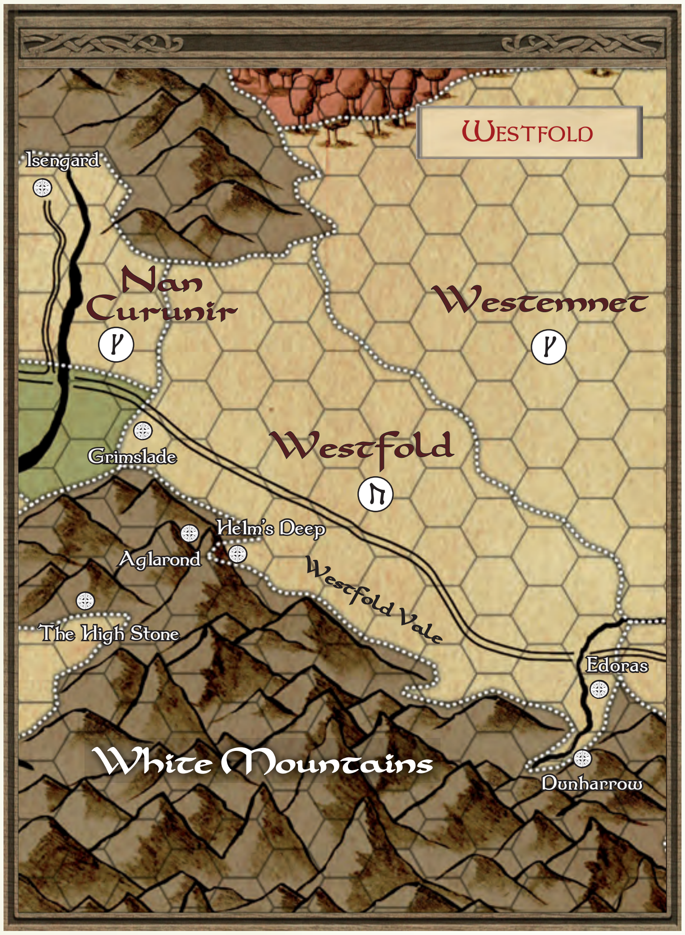
The region of Rohan known as Westfold extends north westward for forty leagues from Edoras to the Fords of Isen. It is a green country of rolling fields, running along the foothills of the White Mountains, across small water courses traversed by many fords.

About its middle, a great bay in the mountain range opens to the west: this is the Westfold Vale, a rich land of many farmsteads, the home of three parts of the folk of Westfold. Their homes and pastures are spread densely along the wooded eaves of the White Mountains, then quickly grow sparse as the land rolls out north into the wide grassy plains of the Westemnet. To the northwest of the vale, under the shadows of the three peaks of Thrihyrne, runs the Deeping-stream, out of a dale carven into the side of the mountains. This is the Deeping-coomb, a valley guarded by the strongest fastness of the Riddermark, the fortress that its builders called Aglarond. Farther west, the river Isen rushes between the southern end of the Misty Mountains and the northernmost arm of the White Mountains at the Gap of Rohan, marking the boundary of the Riddermark.

Beyond the gap, the Westfold yields to the 'West-march', a land occupied by a folk of both Dunlending and Eorlingas ancestry. The Rohirrim do not trust them and the feeling is mutual.

But these are not the only threats facing the Riders of Westfold: to the north lies the dark forest of Fangorn, a wood made of trees so old that anything crafted by Men in Rohan is younger, and the Wizard's Vale, the home of the unfathomable Saruman.

**Combat Scenery:** birdsong, cliffs, crags, lone trees, nettle banks, steep slopes, ravines, rock edges, thickets



## WILDLIFE

The green fields and woods of the Westfold are home to deer with elk straying down from the mountains. Foxes are the main predators as the wolves have been extensively hunted; the few left are dangerously aggressive.

In the foothills sheep are common. They have brown wool on their bodies, but white legs and faces, with big curving horns on the rams. They are joined by lean goats with slender, hooked black horns called *firgengát* by mountaineers, who prize them for the soft leather of their pelts. Higher up into the mountains live big, sturdy, shaggy creatures called stonegoats with vast sweeping horns. Along the high ridges, fat marmots amble and whistle shrilly. Above, bearded vultures glide, searching for carrion, while large crows haunt the crags of the mountains, especially in the northern reaches where steep Thrihyrne rises.

Down in the dales, owls ply the woods at night, while swifts, swallows, and sparrows sing in the trees by day; golden eagles, kestrels, and buzzards fly over the dales seeking prey. Spruces, silver firs, stone pines, and larches grow in the dales and under the eaves of the mountains. Higher up, oaks and beeches take their place, and higher still they give way to dwarf pines and green alders. Summer grasses grow on the slopes with beautiful white flowers called queenblossom; shrubs, shoots, lichen, and conifer needles feed the goats and sheep in winter.

## INHABITANTS

The people of Westfold do not welcome outsiders easily, never forgetting that grim enemies live not far away. Most farmers of the Westfold Vale dwell in wooden houses and steadings very much like those of the East Dales of Eastfold, but here the defensive works are generally more extensive, and settlements are often encircled by a wooden palisade. Where the farmsteads are not close enough to have given birth to a hamlet, families load their goods and wares on carts and gather on a field to trade and barter. The horse-herds of the region ride into the plains of the Westemnet, or cross over the Entwade to the Eastemnet. The fields of Westfold yield rich crops of oat, barley, rye, and wheat. Bread, beer, meat, and dairy keep the riders and herd-folk strong.

The lords and chiefs of Westfold obey the orders of the Second Marshal of the Mark. They dwell in homes scattered across the region, but gather when commanded to ride on patrol. Their companies thunder on the horse-roads of the Westemnet, pushing as far north as the eaves of haunted Fangorn or the foothills of the Misty Mountains. To keep watch over the western borders of the Mark, they man the earth-forts that guard the crossings of the Isen, but under some especially bold captain they at times go raiding into Dunland, burning the Hillmen out of their villages close to the frontier, seizing what treasure they find in horses, sheep, cattle, and gold.

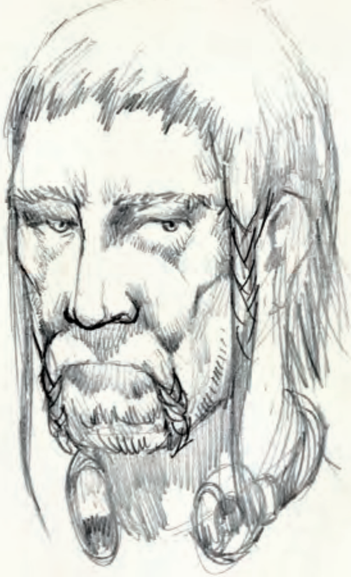
In times of war and unquiet the Second Marshal can order a levy of Westfold, to muster companies of men on foot among its farmers and herders, to reinforce their forces of mounted men. This can be done in Eastfold too, should the Third Marshal require it, but the Men of Westfold are more used to the hardship of warfare, and are sturdy and well equipped.

## Notable Characters

### Éogar, Second Marshal of the Riddermark

Éogar, son of Halwin, is lord of Deeping-coomb and much other land west of the Snowbourn. He is among the wealthiest men of Westfold and a renowned captain, both ruthless and politically shrewd. He long held the favour of Fengel King by acting as his right-hand, in the absence of his son Thengel, away in Gondor in search of fame. When the new king entered Meduseld, the position of Éogar was so firmly established that there was nothing Thengel could do but recognise his influence: the king reconfirmed Éogar as the Second Marshal of the Riddermark. Éogar has led many raids into the land of the Dunlendings in his years of service under Fengel; he was ordered to do so to feed a bitter feud between the two peoples— the old king enjoyed diverting his unhappy people's attention to the enemy in the west. Thanks to these skirmishes, resentful Dunland clans watch the borders closely for any chance to raid Westfold in return. The riders of Éogar's personal éored are hardened veterans who have crossed swords with Hillmen and Orcs alike, and they wait for such occasions to put their strength to the test once more.

Cenric of Eastfold, the Third Marshal, is a rival to Éogar of Westfold in the courts of Thengel. Years ago, Cenric schemed to have Fengel remove Éogar from his station as Second Marshal, but to no avail. The two lords and their families have bickered for many years, and grievances from both parties have festered. The crowning of Thengel, a king with very different ideas and priorities from his father, has only driven the feuding into the plains and out of sight of Edoras. Thengel wants to heal the rift between Westfold and Eastfold, but first he must tame his marshals, or dare to replace them. In the year 2950 Éogar's wife Esfled gave him an heir, a son he named Erkenbrand. He keeps him well-guarded in the Hornburg, in the fortress of Helm's Deep.



### Éogar

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 20 (+5) | 12 (+1) | 15 (+2) | 16 (+3) | 14 (+2) | 8 (-1) |

**Armour Class** 18 (Heavy Mail, Shield)
**Hit Points** 71 (11d8+22)
**Speed** 30 ft, 60 ft when mounted

**Skills** Animal Handling +4, Lore +5, Survival +4
Senses passive Perception 12
**Languages** Rohan, Dunlending, Westron
**Challenge** 4 (1,100 XP)

**Born to the Saddle**. Éogar has Advantage on all **Wisdom (Animal Handling)** checks and adds +2 to his checks when dealing with horses.

**Charge**. Éogar's Destrier has the **Charge** feature (see page 150). If the mount takes this action, Éogar gains +4 to damage rolls until the end his turn.

Mounted. Éogar has a Destrier as a mount (see page 150).

**Savage Assault.** When Éogar rolls an 18 or 19 on an attack roll, he may use a bonus action to make a single additional melee attack against the same opponent.

**Surefooted.** Éogar's mount is Surefooted (see page 152) and is not affected by difficult terrain.

**Actions**

**Long Sword.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 9 (1d8+5) slashing damage or 10 (1d10+5) slashing damage if used with two hands.

Éogar is a big man in his early sixties, though age has not lessened his strength. He is broad across the shoulders, and built like a bear. He keeps both hair and beard in braids that turned silvery grey long ago. His eyes are the deep blue of winter ice and just as cold to his enemies, softening only for his wife and son.

**Motivation:** There are enemies to the west, south, and north. I will not sit idly by while the Riddermark is threatened.

**Expectations:** **+1** if they speak ill of Dunlendings or propose counter-raids into their lands; **+3** if they praise the defenses of Helm's Deep and Éogar's wisdom at keeping his family safe there; **-3** if the Company encourages the marshal to consider the Dunlendings as anything other than enemies

### The Tale of Years: Erkenbrand

According to canon, Erkenbrand, the 'master of Westfold', was born in the year 2950, making him ten years old at present, a young boy just starting to question his father's heavy restrictions on his movements outside of Helm's Deep. If a game is set later in the chronology, Erkenbrand will eventually join the ranks of the King's Riders, a career that will see him gather honours and a reputation for unyielding strength. Eventually he will return to take his father's place.

## Mildryd Shielding, Daughter of Galwyn

In her early thirties, tall and strong, Mildryd, daughter of Galwyn, is called Mildryd Shielding, for she has ridden with the Riders of Rohan since her young children died during a Dunlending raid that claimed the life of her husband. She is yet young enough to bear children again, but the charms of hearth and home lie buried with her family. Mildryd is now the captain of Éogar's personal éored, sworn to the marshal and always ready to carry out his most ruthless orders. She dwells in Helm's Deep, except when Éogar sends her to lead a raid or patrol that needs hard eyes and a fell hand.

### Éogar

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 16 (+3) | 12 (+1) | 18 (+4) | 10 (+0) | 11 (+0) | 14 (+2) |

**Armour Class** 17 (Scale Hauberk, Shield)
**Hit Points** 51 (6d8+24)
**Speed** 30 ft, 60 ft when mounted

**Skills** Athletics +5, Intimidation +4, Perception +2, Survival +2
**Senses** passive Perception 12
**Languages** Rohan, Westron
**Challenge** 2 (450 XP)

**Charge**. Mildryd's Palfrey has the **Charge** feature (see page 151). If the mount takes this action, Mildryd gains +4 to damage rolls until the end of her turn.

**Hard Eyed.** Mildryd does not hesitate at the killing blow. She scores critical hits on a 18, 19, or 20 on an attack roll.

**Hatred (Dunlendings, Recharge 5-6).** Mildryd can use her bonus action to gain Advantage on attack rolls against Dunlendings until the end of her turn.

**Mounted.** Mildryd has a Palfrey as a mount (see page 151).

#### Actions

**Spear.** *Melee or Ranged Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft or range 20/60 ft, one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d6+3) piercing damage or 7 (1d8+3) piercing damage if used with two hands to make a melee attack.

#### Reactions

**Deadly Spear-Thrust.** Mildryd may use her reaction to make a single melee attack against a creature that has just attacked her. If Mildryd inflicts a critical hit with this attack, the target is knocked Prone as the blow strikes a knee or other joint.

## Elfthain, Lord of Fowlmere

Elfthain is a proud lord of Westfold, chieftain of the village of Fowlmere in the Westfold Vale. He counts Helm Hammerhand among his family's ancestors. His house has failed so far to find an appropriate position among their fellow riders, as Elfthain's father, Elfbrand, was ever at odds with Fengel King and lacked the cunning to bribe or appease him. Today things are no better, as Elfthain detests the political manoeuvrings of Éogar, the Second Marshal of the Mark and the most powerful man in Westfold, and the feeling is returned: only by staying away from him has Elfthain avoided violence and the start of a blood-feud between their families. The Lord of Fowlmere is a lean, muscular man in his forties who does not fear death, let alone a confrontation with Éogar, but he scorns the futility of it. He would rather die leading his éored in the defence of the Mark than in a duel. Thengel King recognises the qualities of Elfthain and he would likely make him a marshal if he could count on the approval of enough chieftains of Westfold — something very unlikely with Éogar in his place.

### Elfthain

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11 (+0) | 19 (+4) | 15 (+2) | 17 (+3) | 14 (+2) | 11 (+0) |

**Armour Class** 18 (Leather Corslet, Shield)

**Hit Points** 45 (7d8+14)

**Speed** 30 ft

**Skills** Animal Handling +4, History +5, Riddle +5, Traditions +5

**Senses** passive Perception 12

**Languages** Rohan, Westron, Dunleding

**Challenge** 3 (700 XP)

**Charge.** Elfthain's Courser has the **Charge** feature (see page 150). If the mount takes this action, Elfthain gains +4 to damage rolls until the end of his turn.

**Mounted.** Elfthain has a Courser as a mount (see page 150).

**Proud.** Elfthain's Courser has the Proud feature (see page 152) and Elfthain has Advantage on all Persuasion and Tradition checks made while mounted.

#### Actions

**Broadsword.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d8+4) slashing damage.

#### Reactions

**Parry.** Elfthain adds +2 to his AC against one melee attack that would hit him. To do so, Elfthain must see the attacker and be wielding a melee weapon.

## Grimborn, Lord of Grimslade

A roaring stump of a man, Grimborn descends many years removed from Grim, the builder of Grimslade, a sturdy longhouse in Westfold. Some say that a virtue, or curse, runs in his family that has its members grumble and roar wildly when the lust of battle is upon them, a madness that is placated only when ample blood has been shed. He is the captain of an éored of hardened riders from Westfold. Their deeds against Dunlendings and Orcs have gained them the favour of the Lord of Deeping-coomb, but Éogar is wary: Grimborn is a lifelong friend of Elfthain, his enemy, and Éogar knows that should he and Elfthain ever come at odds, Grimborn would side with his old friend no matter the cost.

Grimborn owns many horses and cattle that run in the Westemnet, herded by his kin. He and his ancestors before him built up the herds over many years through wise husbandry, canny trade and good marriages.

### Grimborn

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 20 (+5) | 12 (+1) | 19 (+4) | 12 (+1) | 13 (+1) | 10 (+0) |

**Armour Class** 13 (Hide)

**Hit Points** 59 (7d8+28)

**Speed** 30 ft, 60 ft when mounted

**Skills** Animal Handling +3, Athletics +7, Traditions +3

**Senses** passive Perception 11

**Languages** Rohan, Westron

**Challenge** 3 (700 XP)

**Battle-fury.** Grimborn can use his bonus action to enter a Fury. While in this state, he has Advantage on Strength checks and saving throws, gains +4 damage to his attacks and has resistance to nonmagical bludgeoning, piercing and slashing damage. It ends after 1 minute or if he is Unconscious, or ends his turn without having attacked a hostile creature or taken damage since his previous turn.

**Charge.** Grimborn's Courser has the **Charge** feature (see page 150). If the mount takes this action, Grimborn gains +4 to damage rolls until the end of his turn.

**Mounted.** Grimborn has a Courser as a mount (see page 150).

**Reckless.** Grimborn may choose to gain Advantage on all attacks he makes in a round, but all attacks on him gain Advantage until the start of his next turn.
Sturdy. Grimborn's Courser has the Sturdy feature (see page 152) and regains 1d10+4 hit points on a short rest.

#### Actions

**Great Spear.** Melee Weapon Attack: +7 to hit, reach 10 ft, one target. Hit: 11 (1d12+5) piercing damage.

### Éofara, Horse-herder of the Westemnet

Modest herders like Éofara are the source of the Westfold's prosperity. The tradition of horse-husbandry in his family reaches back to the Éothéod of the Vales of Anduin, and some tales tell how his ancestors helped Eorl the Young in tracking Felaróf, first of the Mearas. Éofara and his children tend their own horse-herd as well as larger herds belonging to the Lord of Fowlmere, Elfthain. When Éofara wanders on the Westemnet, he lives in tents under the stars as he and his men follow the horses. Travellers crossing the Westemnet may encounter Éofara driving a herd; a weathered, ruddy man, grey-haired in a thick cloak, riding tall and watching all with keen eyes.

**Motivation:** I prefer to deal with horse-folk instead of Men-folk, they are more honest.

**Expectations:** +**2** if the heroes approach Éofara with respect and are willing to pay his fees; -**4** if they show any cruelty towards their mounts or other animals.

### Léofold and Merwyn, Farmers of the Deeping-Comb

Léofold, his wife Merwyn, and their children keep a little farmstead in the Westfold Vale, near the road that leads into the Deeping-coomb. Travellers journeying to Helm's Deep late in the day may find Léofold's house a comforting resting-place. The family welcomes strangers, and Léofold offers simple but hearty meals and songs. But they are moved by more than hospitality. Léofold and Merwyn secretly serve Saruman the White. They came into his service years ago when he passed on the road disguised as an old wanderer. When he revealed hints of his true identity, the farmers were amazed; it barely took the lulling power of his voice to win their allegiance. Léofold and Merwyn have always told themselves that Saruman is a friend to Rohan, but now they welcome visitors of any kind and gather all the news they can, important or small.

From time to time one of those visitors is one of Saruman's people, or sometimes the Wizard himself, come to learn the rumours of the land that circulate outside the Golden Hall. If they are ever found out, they will realise the extent of their betrayal, and will find themselves fleeing for Isengard with a swiftness that proves their loyalties shifted entirely long ago.

**Motivation:** To welcome visitors and exchange news, but secretly we serve the White Wizard and we will do as he instructs.

**Expectations:** +**1** if the heroes boast of their deeds; +**3** if they reveal the nature of their mission to the couple; -**2** if they speak ill of Saruman

## NOTABLE PLACES

### Grimslade

In the days of King Fréaláf, when Rohan was recovering from the Long Winter two hundred years ago, a man of Rohan named Grim established his household. He was not rich, but he was a tireless enemy of the Dunlendings and Easterlings that overran Rohan, and when the invaders were driven out, the king granted Grim a new holding and the wealth to build it. Grim's new house would stand watch over the road south of the Gap of Rohan.

The house that Grim constructed is a sturdy longhouse built over a broad, sloping valley 2-miles long, 5 leagues due south of the Fords of Isen. The house overlooks the valley from an easily-defended steep bluff. A thick wooden palisade encircles the other side; a well keeps the house watered. A trail leads out of the palisade down into the valley, where the village of Grimslade stands on a stream. The trail goes on past little farms and fields where horses graze. Just outside the valley the trail meets an older road that runs north to the Fords of Isen and west into the troubled West-march of Rohan.

The folk of Grimslade watch the road for enemies and keep sounding-horns ready to call the alarm. The land is too wide and rugged for them to catch every Dunlending who trespasses into Westfold, but they always watch, and their guard has saved many lives and many horses.

Grim's descendant, Grimborn, is the current Lord of Grimslade. Merchants and other visitors known in the Mark frequently stay there after passing through the Gap of Rohan, as Grimborn welcomes news from afar. Many éored muster near the longhouse before journeying into the West-march and much of the news worth hearing in the Westfold can be learned here.

## Thrihyrne

Northernmost of the White Mountains, the three peaks of Thrihyrne jut out of the mountain range as black spears, marking the southern end of the Gap of Rohan. The Glittering Caves of Aglarond are set about their rocky roots and Helm's Deep lies within a deep gorge between them. Many stories are told about the Thrihyrne, as its shadow has fallen over the lives of countless wariors of the Mark, but most of them tell of the wisdom of the crows haunting the steep cliffs, for the black birds that dwell there are said by many to speak with the voices of the dead.

Few among the Rohirrim brave the heights of the Thrihyrne, but those who do go to seek answers from their ancestors. Amidst the harsh peaks, the world is thin and quiet; quiet enough, the Eorlingas believe, to clearly distinguish the voices of those who have gone before among the birds' cawing, if one's need for council is truly great. Some that climb the peaks of Thrihyrne return with nothing, others do not return at all, but once every few years, someone returns with fire in their eyes and, though they never speak of what they learned on the heights, they are invariably filled with a new sense of purpose.

### New Fellowship Phase Undertaking: Climb the White Mountains

Not all slopes and summits of the White Mountains are as forbidding as the Thrihyrne peaks. Even if winter becomes impossibly snowy in any year's end, a companion spending a mid-year Fellowship phase in Helm's Deep, Edoras, or Aldburg might be tempted to climb the slopes in search of rare game or rarer flowers. The queenblossom — a double star of long woolly white petals around golden florets — is especially valued for medicine and as a token of dedication, and is found only high on the mountainsides. Big mountain-goats in the unsteady heights are prized for their sweeping horns; the smaller ones on the lower slopes for the supple leather of their hides.

Make a DC 15 Strength (Athletics) check. If you succeed, roll on the following table with Advantage. If you fail, roll with Disadvantage.

1 *Frostbite.* You pushed yourself too hard for too long, or you climbed too high, suffering grievously from the cold grip of the mountain. You begin the next Adventuring phase with a level of Exhaustion that cannot be removed until you take the Recovery undertaking (see page 200 of the *Player's Guide*).

2-7 *Lost in the Mountains!* You have spent your time losing your way in the mountains and finding it again. You gain nothing useful, but at least you enjoyed a wonderful sight! If you are a Rider of Rohan, your fellow Rohirrim find your deed a tale worth retelling: you have Disadvantage during any Audiences with Rohirrim.

8-14 *Firgengát.* You return with enough mountain-goat hides to gain a number of gold pieces equal to your Strength modifier.

15-17 *Stánbucca.* The majestic horn of the stone-goat may be carved for blowing or for drinking, or sold to gain gold pieces equal to your Proficiency Bonus.

18-19 *Idesbléd.* You collect enough queenblossom to allow you to make a salve that restores 2d6+3 hit points and reduce your temporary Shadow score by 1 when applied. You can only benefit from one application of queenblossom per Adventuring phase.

20 *Púkel-stone.* You have found a strangely shaped stone, the size of your closed fist. You have discovered that keeping the stone with you seems to make you acutely aware of the presence of Orcs! When searching for signs of Orc-kind, you have Advantage on Investigation, Perception, and Shadow-lore checks.

## Helm's Deep

Storied in song, Helm's Deep is the name of the greatest refuge of the Rohirrim, although it has borne many names in its time. It is a cleft cut into the northern spur of the White Mountains, at the eastern end of the Deeping-coomb, a green dale opening to the northwest of the Westfold Vale. A watercourse, the Deeping-stream, runs along the Coomb, pouring down from out of the heights behind the cleft. At the far end of the gorge dark caves open beneath the ground, where the high, crow-haunted cliffs of three-pronged Thrihyrne rise steep. A mighty fortress lies at the mouth of the deep, where the Deeping-coomb narrows and a long spur of rock thrusts outward from the northern wall of the mountain. It was built of old by the Men of the West, and all in the Riddermark say that they built it with the help of giants, so high are its walls of stone. Few know that its name was of old Aglarond, and that it was built as a twin to Angrenost, now called Isengard, to the north, so that the two fortresses could guard the approaches to the Fords of Isen.

Its main keep is called the Hornburg, but the Rohirrim first called it Súthburg, the southern fortress, where troops were ever kept in readiness, guarding the Gap of Rohan. When Helm Hammerhand took refuge in Súthburg during the Long Winter, he blew his great horn from its heights to warn the Dunlendings of his coming, and the sounding echoed from the cliffs and drove the enemies of the Mark mad with fear. The Rohirrim renamed the fortress the Hornburg to honour their doomed king, and even now, when a trumpet sounds atop the tower, it echoes in the cleft behind, as if the host of Helm was rushing to the onset of battle from the caves beneath the hills. The Men of the West also built a wall joining the Hornburg to the southern cliff of the Coomb, barring the entrance to the deep behind. It is called the Deeping Wall, and the Deeping-stream passes beneath it through a cunningly-wrought tunnel.

In the Hornburg dwells Éogar, Lord of the Deeping-coomb and Second Marshal of the Riddermark. Helm's Deep is his ward, and here in times of war takes place the Muster of the Westfold. From the gates of the fortress the éored of Éogar rides forth regularly, led by the steel-eyed Mildryd Shielding.

**1. Deeping-coomb:** The fertile valley called the Coomb is the personal demesne of Éogar, a green dale with grassy slopes slowly rising to meet the foothills of the mountains. Homesteads and little villages are scattered along the course of the Deeping-stream.

**2. Deeping-stream:** The watercourse flows down from the mountains through Helm's Deep, past the Hornburg, below the Deeping Wall, and around the Hornrock. It passes beneath the Hornburg's wide causeway, and then eventually out into the Westfold Vale.

**3. Helm's Dike:** Approximately two hundred yards before Helm's Gate, a mile-long ditch and rampart runs across the Coomb from cliff to cliff. Built in a time long beyond the memory of the Rohirrim, the Dike has long been breached in several places. The Deeping-stream crosses it where the largest opening gapes along the earthen rampart, and the ditch is now too shallow for much of its length to be an effective defence and should be dug anew. But the current Lord of Deeping-coomb considers it unlikely that his enemies will push him to the defensive and he is not interested in mending the ancient defensive works.

**4. Helm's Gate**: Here the Deeping-coomb narrows before Helm's Deep proper cuts into the mountains. To the north stands the Hornrock, the heel of stone upon which stands the tower of the Hornburg and its walls. The Deeping Wall stretches from the Hornrock to reach the southern cliff of the gorge.

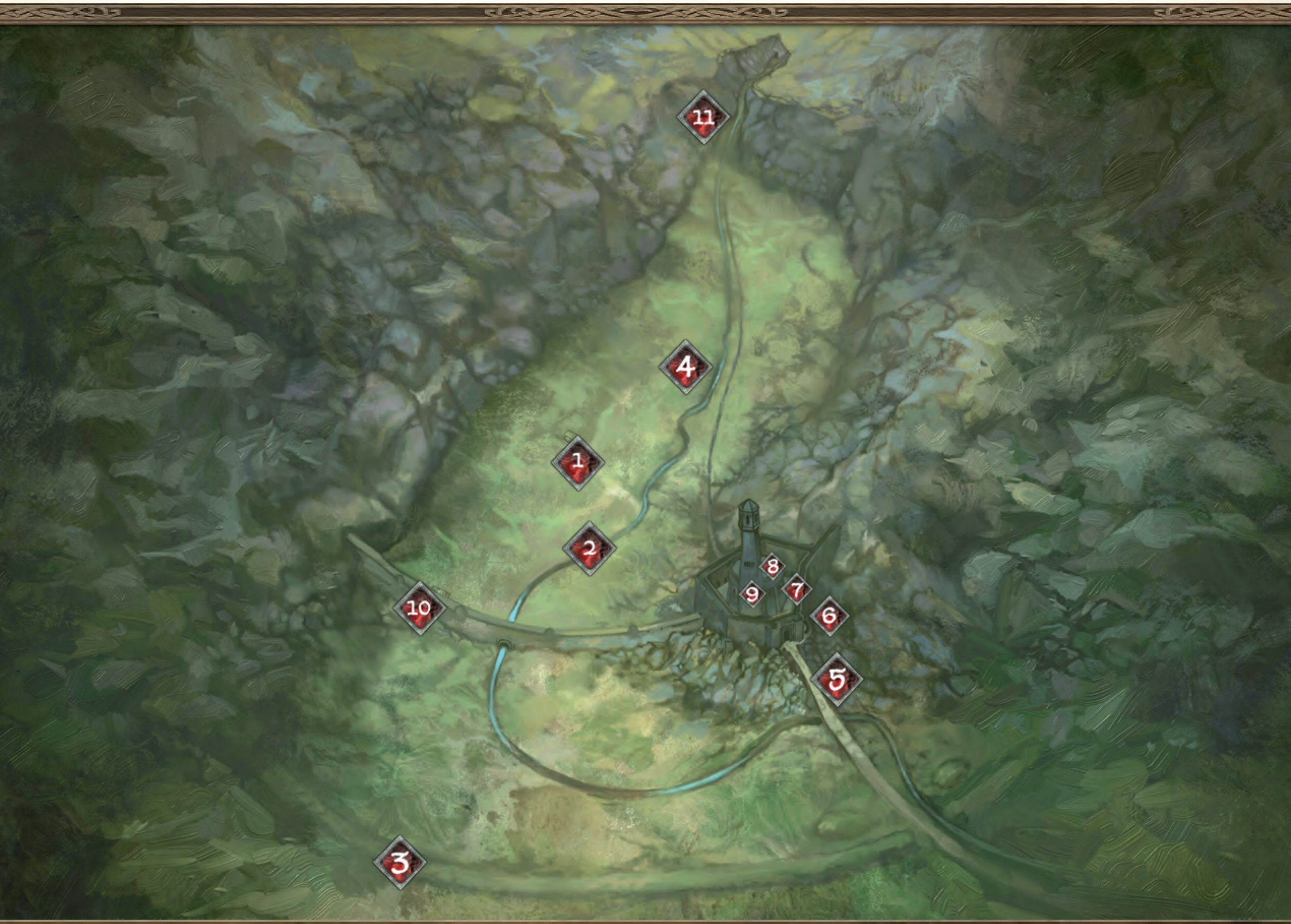
**5. Causeway:** A wide ramp leads from the dale onto the Hornrock. It crosses the Deeping-stream where it winds around the base of the Rock. While not unduly wide, the ramp is broad enough for many riders to ride upon it without dismounting.

**6. Great Gates:** The causeway leading upon the Rock narrows as it approaches the great gates of the Hornburg, and determined defenders can keep many attackers at bay from the battlements above. The gates themselves are built using stout timbers from the forests of the mountains, reinforced with iron bars and mounted on great hinges.

**7. Outer Court:** Beyond the main gates of the fortress lies the outer court, defended by thick walls, tall and sheer, encircling it near the edges of the Hornrock. Battlements run along its length, with clefts through which defenders can target their foes with bows or thrown rocks. A rear-gate leads to a broad stairway descending into the Deep behind the Hornburg, and a postern-door opens on a corner of the wall, close to the cliff beyond it. On the other side of the small iron gate a hidden path leads to the causeway arching over the Deeping-stream, too narrow for more than one horse or rider to advance along it at a time.

**8. Inner Court:** The wall of the inner court, the court itself, and the tower inside it are also known as the citadel of the fortress. The wall is not as thick as the outer wall, but it rises above it for several yards. Inside its circle stand several outbuildings, including an armoury and stables, and room for many soldiers, their war gear, and provisions.

**9. The Burg:** It is said that the tower of the Hornburg, known also as the King's Tower, has never fallen to assault, and it is not a difficult claim to believe. The Burg rises as a lofty pillar of stone, like a tooth thrusting upward from the northern cliff of the mountain, looking upon the vale at its feet. Inside are many rooms, including a hall for the soldiers to eat and feast, even if it is not as wide or fair as the noblest halls of Edoras or Aldburg. It is an abode suited to a warlike chieftain or lord, and it suits well the current Second Marshal of the Mark. In a high chamber rests the horn of Helm Hammerhand, waiting



to sound again against the walls of the Coomb and down into the Deep.

**10. Deeping Wall:** A barrier twenty feet high and nearly as thick, the Deeping Wall is built with great stones set so cunningly that its outer face is smooth as if polished. Moreover, the crenelated top of the wall hangs over its bottom as if it was a cliff worn by the tide. It runs from the Hornrock across the mouth of the Deep to the opposite mountain side. A stair runs up to the outer court of the Hornburg, and three flights of steps lead down to the Deep.

**11. The Deep:** Beyond the fortress, the Deeping-stream flows through the narrows of the gorge, where its walls become so steep and tall that all the light is shut out. Beyond the narrows lie wide natural caves, where in times of strife a great many folk can find refuge with great stores of food and with access to the waters of the Deeping stream.

From the caves issue many secret paths, leading out into the northern dales of the White Mountains by hidden ways, though the journey can be long and frightful, if one does not the know the way or fears the dark beneath the mountains.

### The Horn of Helm

Helm's legendary war-horn is a massive instrument, twisting in a long smooth curve and carved from the tusk of a very large beast, probably an oliphaunt from Harad. Helm most likely received it as a gift from Gondor, as its engravings are clearly not the work of artisans from Rohan. It is kept under lock and key in the Burg atop the Hornrock, as the Rohirrim believe that it would bring the illest of luck to sound the Horn of the Hammerhand without Helm's Deep being threatened by enemies. The most superstitious among the Helmingas believe that such a deed would indeed attract the ire of the wraith of Helm himself. Saruman the White has shown interest in the story of Helm and his war-horn, but to this day Éogar has never invited him to enter the Hornburg and see the precious heirloom. Maybe some sly emissary of Orthanc will succeed where the lord of Isengard failed?

### Life in Helm's Deep

The grim and imposing ancient fortress of Helm's Deep is a suitable abode for the Second Marshal of the Riddermark, for his thoughts are a safely guarded treasure even to those who love him dearly. To be always by his side, Éogar's wife, Esfled, has long accepted a secluded life in a remote fastness, surrounded only by stern and taciturn warriors, the most loyal retainers of her wary husband. For days on end, the only female voice that is heard raised in the courts of the Hornburg is that of Mildryd Shielding, uttering orders to the Lord of the Westfold's first éored and the grim captain's speech is no gentle sound.

In recent years, though, there have been changes. While Éogar is still reluctant to trust others too far, he has begun to cautiously welcome foreigners under the cold roofs of the Hornburg, if only to appease his loving wife and young child. Éogar sets a relatively lean table, but despite pretensions otherwise, there are many folk within the Hornburg eager to hear new tales and songs.

### Opening Helm's Deep as a Sanctuary

Companions who have entered the Hornburg for the first time during an Adventuring phase may gain permission to spend a single Fellowship phase as guests of the Second Marshal of the Mark. If they wish to return in the future, possibly to broach a longer term alliance with Éogar, they need to win his trust. They will have their work cut out for them, though, as the lord of Deeping-coomb is not easily impressed.

In game terms, if the companions are interested in opening Helm's Deep as a sanctuary they may become involved in a number of tasks that will take years to complete. The companions will need to dedicate at least a Fellowship phase (or even an Adventuring phase) to each of the following activities in order to gain the confidence of Éogar, if not his friendship:

- **Make Peace with the Locals:** The Lord of Fowlmere, Elfthain (see page 45), is considered an enemy by Éogar and the feeling is mutual. However, Éogar respects Grimborn, the Lord of Grimslade (see page 46), who is lifelong friends with Elfthain. If the companions can somehow forge a bond between these three men, or at least get them all to a respectful tolerance, the safety and strength of Westfold will be vastly improved, and with it the consideration of Éogar towards the companions. (A way to bring the two proud lords to peace might lie in proving to Elfthain that Éogar is not the sly schemer he appears to be, but that he felt he had to engage in political plots to safeguard his people against the misrule of old Fengel King).

- **Help Esfled Restore the Keep:** Despite being a mighty fortress, Helm's Deep cannot really be considered comfortable, much to the displeasure of Esfled, wife to Éogar. In the past decades much that wasn't immediately practical has been allowed to deteriorate, and that was no accident. At the time of his rule, Fengel subtly encouraged Éogar to not care about such things, for two reasons: he did not want anyone to possess a grander fortress than his halls in Edoras, and it freed up more of Éogar's money for gifts. Convincing Éogar to renovate it will take some doing, though. The only suitable stone quarry is dangerous – creatures come down from the White Mountains and must be dealt with, not to mention finding stonemasons up to the task. But the gratitude of the wife of the marshal will definitely reinforce the companions' stature in the eyes of Éogar.

- **Encourage Trade:** While Westfold does produce rich crops, the land of Eastfold is far more famed as a source of produce and trade goods, whereas others look to the west as a source of treasures seized from the Dunlendings. Encouraging traders to regularly come to Helm's Deep will take time and effort.

A Company that has succeeded in gaining the respect of Éogar and improving the lot of the folk of Westfold will be allowed to choose the Open Sanctuary Fellowship phase undertaking, gaining them access to such exclusive undertakings like Enter the Hornburg and Gaze upon the Glittering Caves.

Additionally, heroes who succeeded especially well, putting their own resources to work for Éogar, brokering real alliances between the various factions within Westfold, setting up a successful trading post, and so on may be publicly acknowledged for their efforts by the Second Marshal:

- If the Loremaster is using the rules for Holdings in their campaign (found on page 9 of the *Mirkwood Campaign*), worthy companions will be granted a small farm in Westfold (starting rating +1). Neighbouring farmers from the vale will happily assist the heroes with their new land if they lack the appropriate skills (many that can swing a sword with deadly accuracy know little of the plough).

### New Fellowship Phase Undertaking: Enter the Hornburg (Rohirrim Only)

Many among the Eorlingas, especially those that have taken on a difficult task, find strength in the grim tale of Helm. Before setting off on what is likely to be a dangerous or even fatal quest, they visit the ancient fortress of the Helmingas, to behold with their own eyes the abode of the Hammerhand, the fiercest Lord of the Mark that ever was. They pace the cracked stones of the Deeping all, see the Hornrock rise in the shadows of the mountains, and when they feel their spirit is attuned to the place, climb to the top of the Hornburg to sound their own horn and hear it echo across the cliffs of the Deep. For the length of the Adventuring phase following such a pilgrimage, when the hero must make a Corruption check (any Wisdom saving throw that risks 1 or more Shadow points for failure), you can spend Inspiration to succeed automatically, as if you had rolled exactly what you needed. If no result on the die would cause you to succeed, then you cannot use this benefit.

## The Glittering Caves

Deep under the roots of the Thrihyrne whence the Deeping-stream flows lies the secret refuge of the Men of Westfold. The caverns of Helm's Deep they call them, but they once went by the name of Aglarond, the Glittering Cavern, and they are more than mere underground hollows.

The Men of the West found them first and dug passages and stairs to connect the immeasurable natural halls and chambers in one great underground realm. When the Rohirrim discovered them they kept their location a secret, using the caverns for the storage of provisions and to provide a safe sanctuary for their folk and livestock in time of war. But their history and usage does not reveal the real secret of the caves of Aglarond: for they are vast and beautiful, unlike anything crafted by Men, Elves, or Dwarves. They open up, one after the other, great caves where torchlight glitters and reflects spectacularly from crystals, gems, and veins of precious metal, and the sound of water dripping in meres and pools untouched by wind or breeze becomes a music that would enrapture the greatest minstrels among the Fair Folk.

That the Rohirrim have left such beauty and treasure unmolested to this day says much of their wisdom and generosity. Even a greedy man like Fengel King did not dare to loot the caverns to enrich the Golden Hall, and was content to enjoy the caves as a matchless treasure in their own right. But the Rohirrim do not trust others as well as they trust themselves, and they say little of the glories of Aglarond to outsiders.

### New Fellowship Phase Undertaking: Gaze upon the Glittering Caves

**A companion who spends a Fellowship phase in Helm's Deep and who has heard the rumours talking of the 'true jewels' lying hidden beneath the earth in Aglarond may wish to journey there to witness the Glittering Caves. The great beauty of the caves is such that hearts are raised and sorrows vanquished by gazing at the stars that shine within the earth. When a hero sees Aglarond for the first time, they reduce their temporary Shadow score by 2 points.**

## The Great River

Coming down from the north, the Anduin passes the Field of Celebrant, where the Limlight adds its waters to those of the Great River, among forests of great reeds. Beyond their confluence, it flows along the eastern boundaries of the Wold of Rohan and becomes wide and shallow between stony banks. Here the river turns east, making a wide meandering loop: the North Undeep. Then, it doubles back and runs again westward, only to curve again to the south and east at the South Undeep, again shallow enough to ford. Always to the east the treeless slopes of the Brown Lands rise and fall, withered and empty.

Beyond the Undeeps, the Great River resumes its southbound course along the borders of the Eastemnet and towards the White Mountains. Its waters quicken gradually, so gradually that even a veteran traveller may not notice it. Eventually, Anduin enters a hilly land, tangled with thorny thickets, and its banks rise and become rocky. Boating becomes more difficult, as there are rocks and stony eyots emerging from the stream. Then, quite suddenly, Anduin comes upon the rapids of Sarn Gebir, where stone shoals and sharp rocks rise up and the water drives over them fast and dangerous. Wise boaters paddle hurriedly to the bushes and trees of the western shore, for no boat survives Sarn Gebir.

On the west bank, not far from the point where the river becomes impossible to navigate, is an old portage-way. Travellers may draw their boats out of the water and carry them across it, traversing an unhappy stretch of limestone dells and boulders, thick weeds, and brambles. The track ends by a little pool under the lee of a rock-wall less than 2 miles away. From here, boating can be resumed on gentler waters.

South of the rapids the river rolls swiftly. Its banks narrow and rise to sheer grey cliffs. Only a lane of sky and occasional struggling trees can be seen overhead. The ravine grows darker and more foreboding as it gets closer to the hills of Emyn Muil, until at last the waters of Anduin flow between the pedestals of two great statues of stone, rising as pinnacles on either side of the river.

These are the Argonath, the sentinels of Númenor, wrought in the shape of two kings bearing an axe in one hand and holding the other up in warning to the North. Once they marked the northern border of Gondor, and still they stand, worn but unbroken, provoking awe and fear in those who behold them. The waters become narrow and more turbulent between the statues, and the wind rushes noisily between the rock faces of the gorge.

Beyond the Argonath, the river emerges into the light of Nen Hithoel, a long oval lake measuring many miles across. Wooded hills rise steep from its shores. At the southern end of the lake three peaks rise, one on each shore and the third in the lake itself, casting the waters to either side. Beyond the centre peak, Tol Brandir, the Great River, crashes over the Falls of Rauros, whose thunder can be heard from afar.

Boats can be beached on the shores before Rauros. Trails on the east shore lead to Amon Lhaw, the Hill of Hearing, while other paths on the west bank lead up to Amon Hen, the Hill of Seeing. Another trail leads down from Amon Hen to the great North Stair, a portage-way where boats can be carried safely down to the water below the falls.

Out of the thunder of Rauros the Great River rolls wide and slow through boundless swamps. The Mouths of the Entwash empty from the west and the Nindalf, which the Rohirrim call *Wetwang*, sprawls in the east. Slowly the Great River rolls on, out of sight of Rohan, through Gondor and at long last to the Sea.

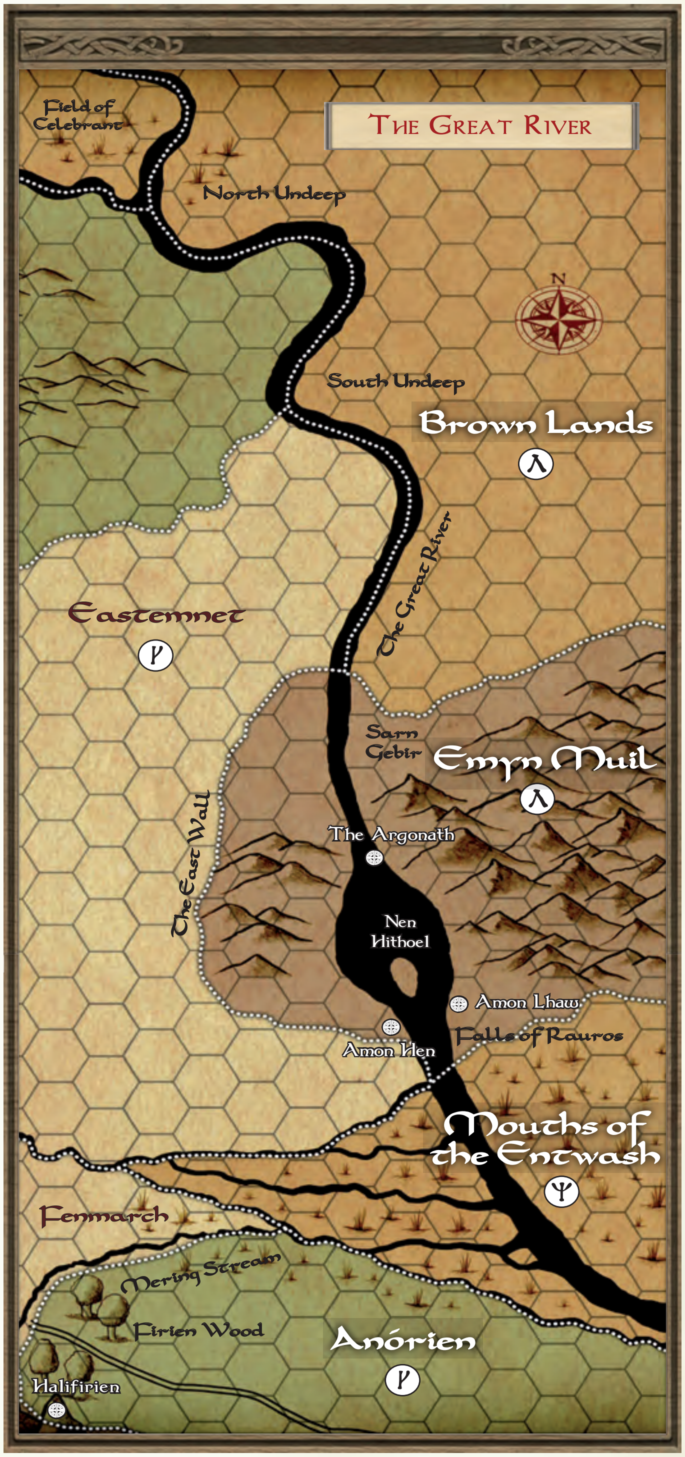
**Combat Scenery:** briar patch, cliffs, crags, hedges of tree limbs, old walls, roar of water, rock pillars, statues, thick fog, varied slopes

## WILDLIFE

The Great River passes fens and mires along the Field of Celebrant, at the mouth of the Limlight, and between the North and South Undeeps. In the fens, tall reeds grow from the water, willows cling to the banks, and weeds sway in the murk. Animals are rarely seen or heard except for small birds whistling and piping unseen among the reeds. At times, great flights of black swans can be seen crossing the sky looking up from the river course. Between the fens, meadows of grass stretch away to the west into the Wold and the Eastemnet, which have their own wildlife and ways. To the east are only the Brown Lands, blasted and dead.

South of the Undeeps, the ground grows firmer and woods grow thicker among the grassy meadows. Deer, boars, and small bears roam the woods with rabbits and squirrels, wary and stealthy as they come to the river to drink. Likewise wooded and green are the hills of the Emyn Muil around Nen Hithoel.

Beyond the Falls of Rauros the Great River runs through the wetlands of the Nindalf and the Mouths of the Entwash. Many fish swim in those marshes: catfish and carps and poisonous barbels. Grebes and ducks and geese dive for fish from above, and herons and white storks with black wingtips. Frogs and snakes slither in and out of sight, and marsh warblers sing in the nettles and willows sway in the deep morning fog.


THE GREAT RIVER
Field of Celebrant
North Undeep
N
South Undeep
Brown Lands
The Great River
Eastemnet
Sarn Gebir
Emyn Muil
The Argonath
The East Wall
Nen Hithoel
Amon Lhaw
Falls of Rauros
Amon Hen
Mouths of the Entwash
Fenmarch
Mering Stream
Firien Wood
Anórien
Halifirien

## Inhabitants

There are no permanent settlements along the Anduin between Rhovanion and Gondor, for the region is too isolated from the homelands of the Rohirrim. Old ruins adorn the heights overlooking the South Undeep, watchtowers of Gondor where guards protected the fords; they are long abandoned, worn by time, or wrecked by war, no one can say for certain. Only travellers and wanderers can be encountered along the Great River where it passes between Rohan and the Brown Lands, and only rarely.

## Notable Characters

### Aegif, Wife of the River

There are lore-masters in Rohan and a rare few in the north, including Elrond of Rivendell, who have heard whispers of the Wife of the River. The tale goes that there is a woman who left behind her people – indeed, all people – long ago, to hear only the voice of the Anduin and learn its songs. The River Wife is real. Her name is Aegif and she concerns herself with little save listening to the ever-changing song of her 'husband' and singing back to 'him' in turn. What caused her to choose such a life is unknown and though she has passed on ancient stories to those she has met over the years, she keeps her own tale close, if she even remembers it at all.

### Encountering Aegif

If the companions catch a hint of the presence of Aegif, they may try to find her: a DC 20 Wisdom (Survival) check is required. If they succeed in finding her, Aegif shows no fear. She might even speak to them if they approach her courteously, or if the Company includes an Elf. Aegif is withered and thrawn and wild, but her voice is soft and rich. Has she not sung to the river all these long years? An Elf with the Elven-lore trait recognises something in her songs: an echo of the voice of Ulmo, the Lord of Waters, one of the great powers of the world. That is a name that Aegif has never heard nor imagined. She knows only the River, and the hope that comes from seeing it wash clean whatever may befall; and the sense that far away the River joins the Sea whence all hopes spring.

### Aegif

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 8 (-1) | 16 (+3) | 17 (+3) | 15 (+2) | 20 (+5) | 18 (+4) |

**Armour Class** 13

**Hit Points** 45 (6d8+18)

**Speed** 30 ft

**Skills** Insight +9, Nature +4, Perception +9, Performance +6, Survival +7

**Senses** passive Perception 19

**Languages** Rohan, Westron

**Challenge** 3 (700 XP)

***Art of Disappearing.*** Aegif can Hide with perfect success. She is considered to have rolled a 20 on any **Dexterity (Stealth)** checks.

***Expert.*** Aegif doubles her Proficiency Bonus for her Insight and Perception skills.

***Song of the River.*** Aegif cannot be Surprised and has Advantage on initiative rolls within sight or sound of the Anduin.

***Wicked Cunning (1/day).*** Aegif can use a bonus action to activate this ability. For the remainder of the combat, she has +5 to her AC.

**Actions**

***Dagger.*** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d4+3) piercing damage.

**Reactions**

***Uncanny Dodge.*** If Aegif can see an attacker that has struck her, she may halve that attack's damage.

The Anduin has taught her many things, many wondrous, secret things. Aegif's lore encompasses things she couldn't possibly know; if the Enemy knew of some of Aegif's songs concerning a ring that fell in the Great River long ago, he would never stop hunting her…

Companions passing swiftly through the lands of the Great River might never meet Aegif, save only if they are in trouble, for she may leave a fish or a snare-caught squirrel for the starving. Those seeking her lore have a difficult task before them as she roams over hundreds of miles of the river, never lingering long in any one place, and only a master tracker could pursue her in the land she knows better than any other. Still, sometimes the Anduin tells her to wait for folk whose need is truly great.

Aegif appears to be an ancient woman, with silvery hair and eyes of a blue so deep they are almost black. Whatever her age, she is remarkably spry for it.

### Herulf, Outlaw Chief

Along the riverbanks of the Anduin roam a band of outlaws that style themselves like the heroic rebels of old tales, fugitives from hated tyranny. Their chief, Herulf, is the most enthusiastic teller of this tale, and may actually believe it himself. To his victims, he apologises for his noble banditry, reciting a litany of grievances levelled against Fengel King, who, he says, drove Herulf's family out of the Riddermark long ago.

Most of Herulf's followers think that posture is an amusing lark. They are brigands and robbers, a gang usually thirty or forty strong. Their numbers change, because they often disband and regroup, lose members, or gain desperate new ones. They sometimes camp in the ruins that overlook the South Undeep, sometimes near the portage-way at Sarn Gebir, and sometimes near the North Stair at Rauros; when escaping, they retreat into the Emyn Muil.

Herulf's bandits like to prey on those horse-herds of Eastemnet that camp too near to the river. Sometimes they venture north and attack a homestead of the Wold. But the bandits always flee quickly, lest vengeful riders pursue them. As commerce between Rhovanion and the South grows, the trade on the river itself has caught the outlaws' attention.

Herulf is sturdily built, in his late thirties. He wears his fair hair in long plaits and plays at being a wronged noble Rohirrim lord, but his intimidating true nature comes to the fore if he's defied in any way.

**Motivation:** I was robbed of my lands, my wealth, and my rightful position. Now I rob from others whatever paltry things I can.

**Expectations:** **+1** if the Company readily surrenders their coin and other valuables to Herulf; **+3** if they flatter him as a lord; **-4** if they defy him or question his ancestry.

#### HERULF

*Medium Human (Evil Man)*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 16 (+3) | 13 (+1) | 16 (+3) | 12 (+1) | 14 (+2) | 18 (+4) |

**Armour Class** 15 (Leather Corslet, Shield)
**Hit Points** 45 (6d8+18)
**Speed** 30 ft

**Skills** Deception +6, Lore +3, Perception +4, Persuasion +6, Survival +4
**Senses** passive Perception 14
**Languages** Rohan, Westron
**Challenge** 2 (450 XP)

**Ambush**. During his first turn, Herulf has Advantage on attack rolls against any creature that hasn't taken a turn. If he scores a melee critical hit on a target in this turn, that target is knocked Prone.
**Cruel Stroke (Recharge 5-6).** If Herulf makes a successful attack, he may use a bonus action to make the attack a critical hit.

**Actions**

**Long Sword.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d8+3) slashing damage or 8 (1d10+3) slashing damage if wielded with two hands.

**Reactions**

**Parry.** Herulf adds 2 to his AC against one melee attack that would hit him. To do so, he must see the attacker and be wielding a melee weapon.

### Odovacar and Mathilda, Traders from the Toft

Odovacar and his wife are the elders and leaders of a clan of traders from the Toft, the largest town of southern Rhovanion (see *Rhovanion Region Guide,* page 68). They spend at least half of each year making a long trading journey to the South and back again with a dozen of their kin. They row on the Anduin in three sturdy boats laden with supplies and trading-goods: woven blankets, carved, wooden tools, and statues, the pelts of black foxes, bears, and wolves that are exotic in the South, and herbs found only in the eaves of Mirkwood. Trade with the South was scarce in the long years when the Necromancer ruled Dol Guldur; Odovacar has been the earliest and most successful to open the old trading-ways again.

Their expedition usually includes fifteen men and women, all kin to Odovacar and Mathilda. They wear no armour, but are heavily armed with bows, shields, spears, and axes, and they are rarely troubled by robbers. Odovacar's journey towards Gondor typically begins in April and takes about a month. They spend thirty days or so trading in Osgiliath, then they temporarily leave their boats to travel overland, first stopping in Minas Tirith, and thence through Anórien and into Rohan. From Edoras it takes another month to cross the plains and ford the North Undeep; then thirty days more to journey from the North Undeep home to the Toft. If things go well, Odovacar and Mathilda return home at the beginning of autumn. They trade the goods and gold of Gondor and Rohan with their own people and rest in preparation for the next spring's adventure.

But there is a dark side to these peaceful traders from the Toft. Odovacar, but especially Mathilda, the matriarch who really organises and directs things, follow the old ways of the East Nether Vales of Anduin, whose inhabitants in the past often worshipped the Necromancer of Dol Guldur. While they are north of the Argonath Mathilda performs certain propitiatory rites in the night of each new moon, rites involving the bloody killing of a black swan. Since it is their tradition that the realm of the Necromancer ends at the Argonath, Mathilda stops performing her rites when they go beyond the sentinels of Gondor. But, when their boats pass the Argonath, none of the family can bear to cast eyes upward to behold the faces of the ancient kings.

Odovacar is a well-built man in his fifties, with deep brown eyes and grey hair. He speaks in short sentences, using just enough words to make a deal. Mathilda is also in her fifties, but easily looks to be in her late thirties. Her hair is a vibrant chestnut brown, with green eyes. She is taciturn with outsiders. Both count as Merchants but many of their companions are Warriors (see pages 69-72 in the *Loremaster's Guide*).

### Travelling with Odovacar

Companions journeying south from Rhovanion in the spring, or travelling north again from Rohan as summer ends, may encounter the traders from the Toft and join them for a while. Since they are expert journeymen, travelling with Odovacar's caravan grants Advantage on any Journey Events. What the companions may discover along the way is another story...

## Notable Places

### The Undeeps

At the eastern border of the Wold and northeast of the plains of Eastemnet, the Anduin loops to the east and west several times before resuming its southward course. The two westward bulges created by the river loops are called the Undeeps, North and South. Here the river broadens and its waters are shallower, over gravel shoals and stony beaches suitable for fording.

The Undeeps were abandoned for long centuries, but that is changing of late. Traders and other travellers from Wilderland passing south have begun to use the Undeeps to cross into Rohan, as others did of old, and the Eorlingas have begun to patrol the crossings far more regularly. They are wise in their caution, for the increase in traffic has already been noted by other, less savoury sorts as well...

A bow shot from the fords of the South Undeep the land rises. There, two ancient hill-forts emerge from the uneven ground. About their naked summits lie large blocks of stone, as if scattered by a careless giant. Some say that the Men of the West quarried the stones in the White Mountains, though the truth is that no one truly knows how they came to be here, as the forts were naught but empty ruins long before the Eorlingas arrived. They have never been rebuilt, but regardless, they are now in use.

A band of brigands led by the self-styled 'Lord among Outlaws', Herulf (see page 56), have established a concealed camp within the ruins. They are careful to come and go by unseen paths so that their makeshift fortress is not discovered by a patrol of the Eorlingas, but too many targets have identified them and several éored already have orders to keep an eye out for them, to remove the menace they represent to the burgeoning trade in the area.

## The Emyn Muil

A great range of jagged, hard hills separate the plains of the North from the lowlands of the South. These are the highlands of the Emyn Muil, the 'dreary hills', and they stand on either side of the Great River as the Anduin cuts through them.

West of the river the hills rise up, stony and bleak. Some 30 miles west of the Nen Hithoel, the hills end in a sheer falloff, with the green plains of the Eastemnet over a hundred feet below. This cliff is the East Wall of Rohan, the eastern boundary of the Mark, visible on the horizon from nearly 40 miles away.

The jagged hills of the Emyn Muil have long hidden desperate bandits from pursuit and other, darker, creatures as well. Trolls have been known to abide here, preying on whatever outlaws they can find. Some very daring, or desperate, folk travel here in search of ancient treasures long lost, for a few ancient tales hold that some of the warriors who fought in a great battle to the east of the Emyn Muil fled here to die at the end of the Second Age.

## Amon Hen and Amon Lhaw

The lake of Nen Hithoel is about 20-miles long and 10-miles wide. East and west the shores rise into the steep hillsides of the Emyn Muil, while in the south the lake narrows

### New Fellowship Phase Undertaking: Guard the Crossings

Riders of Rohan patrol the western shores of the Undeeps from time to time, watching for signs of bandits or Orcs marauding from the North. A companion spending a Fellowship phase in Edoras or Aldburg may join them and meet travellers attempting to resume a trade between Wilderland and the southern lands, help horse-herds in trouble, or encounter dangerous outlaws.

You may choose to make a DC 15 Wisdom (Perception) check. If you succeed, roll on the following table with Advantage. If you fail, roll with Disadvantage. If you choose not to attempt the check, roll 1d20 and consult the table below:

1 *Ill-tidings.* The crossings are attacked by Outlaws, Orcs, or some other menace. You help in repelling the threat, but sustain lingering injuries. You begin the next Adventuring phase with 1 level of Exhaustion.

2-6 *Nothing useful.* Long days of little activity are your only reward this time.

7-10 *Fruitful activity.* The long hours sharpen your senses. You receive 2 Patrol dice. A Patrol die is a d4 and can be added to any roll during a journey in which the hero is serving as a Look-out or Scout.

11-14 *Very fruitful activity.* As above, but you receive 3 Patrol dice.

15-17 *Valuable practice.* You can use your experience on the frontier during the next Adventuring phase. When you roll for initiative, if you spend inspiration you gain a Preparation die. Preparation dice represent special advantages that heroes can gain in a complex battles. Each Preparation die is a d6 and during the battle any Player-hero can take and roll a Preparation die and add the result to any one attack roll, damage roll, saving throw, ability check, or add the result to their AC as a reaction to an attack. Each Preparation die can only be used once.

18-19 *News from afar.* You have heard all sorts of news and gossip. In the next Adventuring phase, you may make an Introduction check for an audience with Advantage.

20 *Chance meeting.* You encounter a potential patron (such as Thengel King touring his kingdom, or Saruman or Gandalf on a journey to or from Wilderland). You may elect to engage them in an Audience. If you're successful, then you may later undertake to gain them as a Patron.

again amid three peaks, one rising on either shore and one rising sheer from the water itself.

The central peak is Tol Brandir, the Tindrock. It emerges out of the waters like a gigantic spire, its walls inaccessible to any who would dare attempt to climb it. High overhead, trees can be seen on its slopes, and many birds nest there, but its summit is as sheer as its base. The waters flow on each side of Tol Brandir and beyond over the Falls of Rauros.

The western peak is Amon Hen, the Hill of Seeing. Its base at the water is a broad greensward, Parth Galen, where boats can land easily and travellers camp in comfort. Trees and hills rise all around on gentle slopes that only slowly become rugged in the western reaches of the Emyn Muil. The remains of an ancient road, now but a broken, bramble-covered stone path, lead up to the broad summit of Amon Hen. In some steep places stairs were cut into the hill, but they too are ruined or buried in the earth of centuries. Rowan trees grow about the hill, but not upon its broad, flat summit. There large stones pave a rounded courtyard within an encircling ruined battlement. At its centre an ancient stone chair sits atop four carven pillars and a stair of many steps: the Seat of Seeing, built by the Men of the West. Whatever power it once held seems lost today; sitting in it one merely stares into the West across the great plains to the shadow of the distant mountains.

The eastern peak is Amon Lhaw, the Hill of Hearing. The slopes descend to a shelving shore where boats can set safely down. Beyond, the slopes rise and end at cliffs over the unhappy Brown Lands of the East. As a twin to Amon Hen, atop the hill sits the ancient Seat of Hearing, built the same as the Seat of Seeing but facing east. In days long past the lords of Gondor would sit here and listen for the voices from the wide world; now it is merely a cold throne of stone.

## New Fellowship Phase Undertaking: The Hills of Seeing and Hearing

To most wanderers Amon Hen and Amon Lhaw are still and silent ruins, relics of powers long forgotten. But should a Player-hero visit the twin hills during a Fellowship phase spent in Edoras or Aldburg, undistracted by companions and the demands of adventures and errands, they might see or hear more.

The visitor must choose which seat to study for a time, the Hill of Seeing or the Hill of Hearing, and then make a DC 20 Wisdom (Insight or Perception) check. If the hero is a Dúnadan, a Barding with the Woeful Foresight virtue, a High Elf of Rivendell, or a Wood-elf with the Elvish Dreams virtue, they roll with Advantage. If the check fails, nothing is learned and no special insights are experienced.

If the check succeeds, the companion witnesses some important event occurring in a faraway place or hears important words uttered somewhere at a great distance. The hero making the roll may choose roughly where to look or listen before determining the result, naming a city or region but cannot specify anything more precise than that. The details of the witnessed event are up to the Loremaster.

A result of 20 on the die conveys a clearer vision and leaves the Player-hero's spirit uplifted, at peace if the vision was good or firm of resolve if it was painful; the companion gains Inspiration.

A result of 1 on the die, however, attracts the attention of dark powers in distant shadows. If servants of Shadow are actively seeking the companions, they gain a sudden instinct where to seek. If you are using the Eye of Mordor rules to track the Enemy's awareness of the Company, add 3 to the Hunt score.

It is worth noting that the Hill of Seeing allows a momentary vision of an event as it happens, but does not convey any sound. The Hill of Hearing allows the hero to hear the speech of a person taking an important decision, or perhaps even thoughts that are so fully formed as to be nearly spoken aloud.

### The Falls of Rauros

Where the cliffs of the Emyn Muil loom over the swamps of the Nindalf, the Anduin tumbles down thunderously from the Nen Hithoel as the mighty Falls of Rauros. The crashing waters cannot be passed by boat, though there is a path — a portage way called the North Stair — carved in ancient times by Gondor, when travel between North and South was frequent. The wide switchbacks of the North Stair readily allow travellers to carry their boats and other burdens along them.

At the foot of the North Stair, beyond the turbulence of the falls, shelves of rock stand in the mist over the river. Boats can be lowered safely again to the water and rowed south past the Mouths of the Entwash. The vast mists caused by the falls conceal much of the area surrounding them and Gondor was said to have secreted refuges here of old, carved into the rockface behind the falls.

### The Mouths of the Entwash

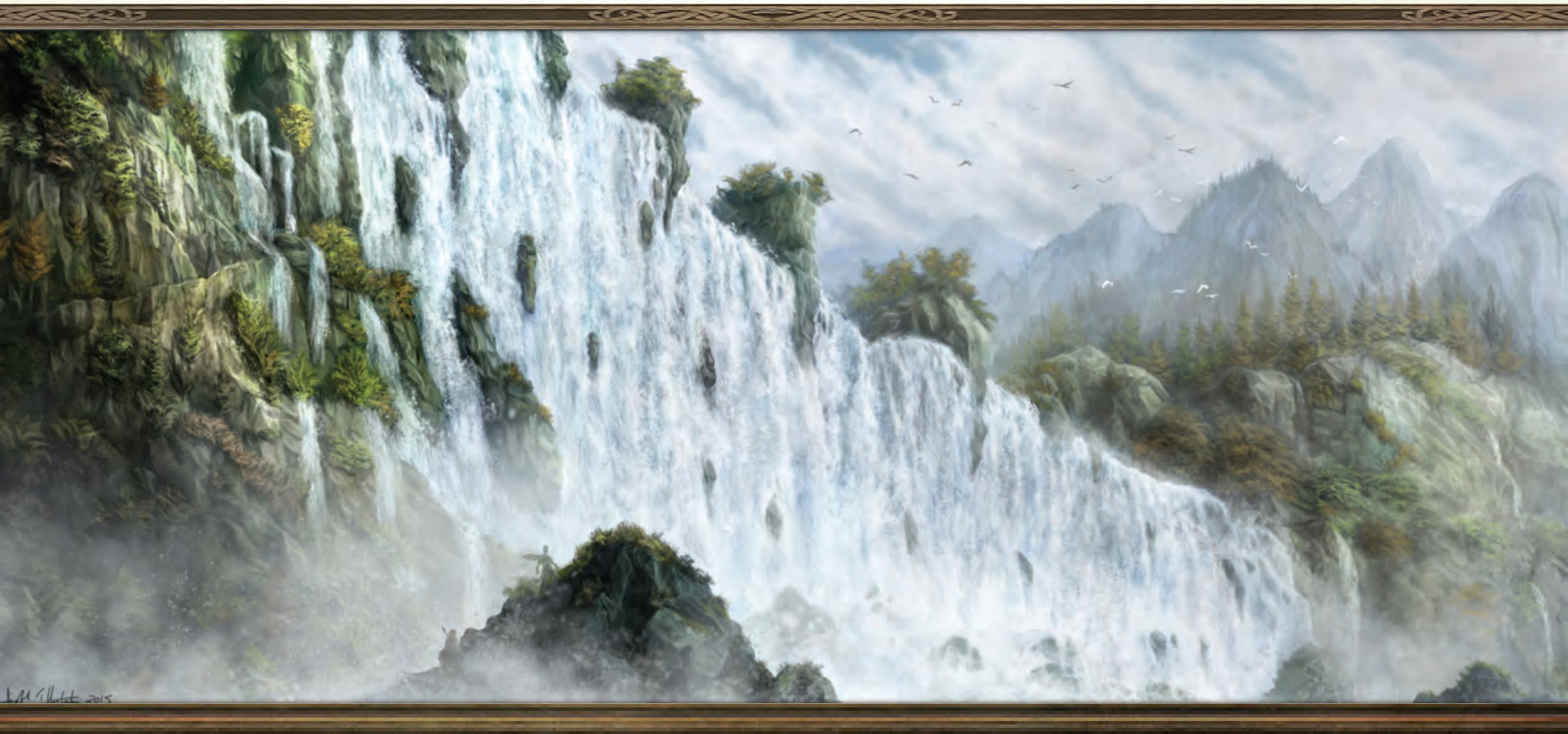
South of the Falls of Rauros the Anduin sprawls wide amid great swamplands: the Nindalf to the east, which the Rohirrim call the Wetwang, and the Mouths of the Entwash to the west. Both wetlands lie within Gondor, beyond the traditional borders of Rohan, though few venture here. A traveller on the river must row many leagues before the swamps give way to the gentle woods of Ithilien and Anórien. The Mouths of the Entwash flow east through countless vales, obscured in mists. Travel is never undertaken lightly here, for the fog conceals safe paths, and the weed-choked marshy waters easily foul passing boats.

There are said to be plants of great medicinal value deep in the swamp, which aid in swiftly staunching blood loss and curing great fevers, but retrieving them can be a fool's errand. Many Eorlingas of the Eastemnet believe that Orcs linger here, eking out a foul existence preying on the many creatures of the swamp, but no rider is willing to seek them out, for horses cannot travel over the boggy ground.

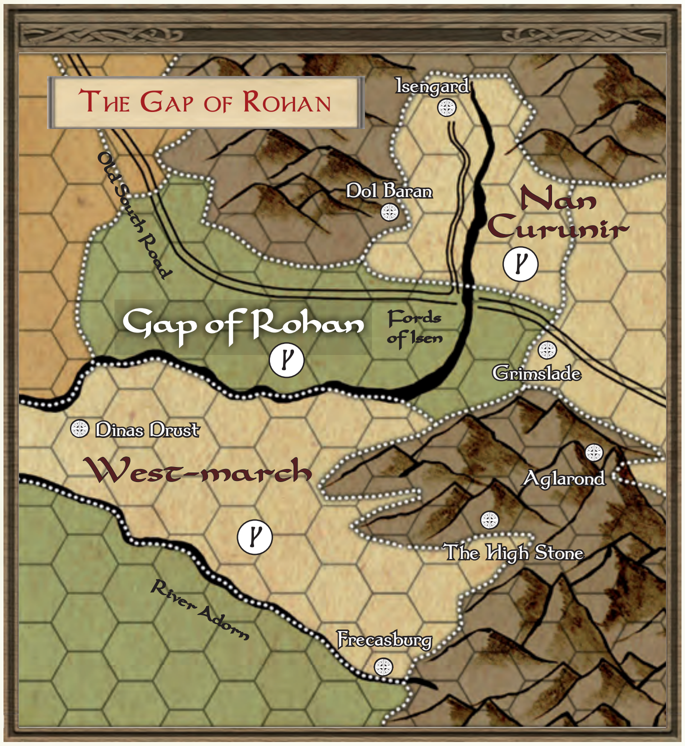
The Wetwang to the west is equally perilous, for the constant fog and wide surface of the water merge the river with the swamp. Boats are easily mired in sucking mud and attempting any journey by foot is utterly futile. The only way through is to strive to keep to the deepest waters, till the marsh at last gives way to the true river again.

## THE GAP OF ROHAN

The rolling grassland of the Westemnet and the rising hills of Westfold meet upon a narrow plain lying between the White Mountains and the Misty Mountains. Through the flat land of the Gap of Rohan, the river Isen descends from the north and becomes slow, chattering over stones at the ancient fords. From there, the river turns west into Enedwaith, taking up speed and depth as it runs across



a sloping country towards the low-lying coastlands of southwestern Gondor many miles beyond.



At the Fords of Isen several roads meet. The great West Road from Edoras and Helm's Deep crosses the river to turn north, towards the hills, woods, and rocky slopes of Dunland. West of the fords, another road leads north along the river to Isengard, in the shadow of the mountains. Many easterly tracks disappear into the wild plains of the Westemnet, while a smaller, muddier road turns south at the fords toward the Dunlendish 'West-march'. By this name the Rohirrim refer to the wide angle of river-land caught between the Isen and the Adorn to the southwest of the Gap. In this country, Hillmen from Dunland resisted in their holds long after they were driven out of the rest of the Riddermark.

In time, Rohirrim and Dunlendings mingled and intermarried, giving birth to a mixed folk often ill considered in Rohan, and quick to reciprocate the sentiment.

The Gap of Rohan marks the troubled western frontier of Rohan. The Hillmen of Dunland regard the Rohirrim as invaders and cross the river to harry the herds and homesteads of Westfold. The folk of the West-march look at the king in Edoras as a far-off tyrant. As an answer, the Second Marshal of the Mark sends his men across the river to burn villages and discourage further violent actions. Sometimes, the bloodshed attracts Orcs who descend at night from the northern mountains seeking pillage, or emerge from their hiding places in the mountains to the south.

**Combat Scenery:** ancient dykes, bogs, crags, mud, shallow slopes, river shallows, roar of water, rock edges, thickets

## WILDLIFE

The region is less settled than the other lands of the Mark to the East. The herd-folk of Westfold try to stay at a safe distance from the Isen, and few farmers till the land. The result is an untamed area, where foxes and boars are easily spotted, and eagles, falcons, and buzzards often fly overhead, preying on fish in the river and small creatures on the plains.

The folk of the West-march hunt for deer and boar in their lands up to the Gap, and their traps and snares can be found anywhere in the woods and fens between the Isen and Adorn.

## INHABITANTS

The Gap of Rohan is guarded at all times by the men of the Second Marshal of the Mark, and riders in full harness are often seen going to and fro along the road leading to the Fords of Isen. In times of war, the marshal orders warriors to man the defences guarding the Fords, but no one lives in the Gap itself—oo many enemies threaten it.

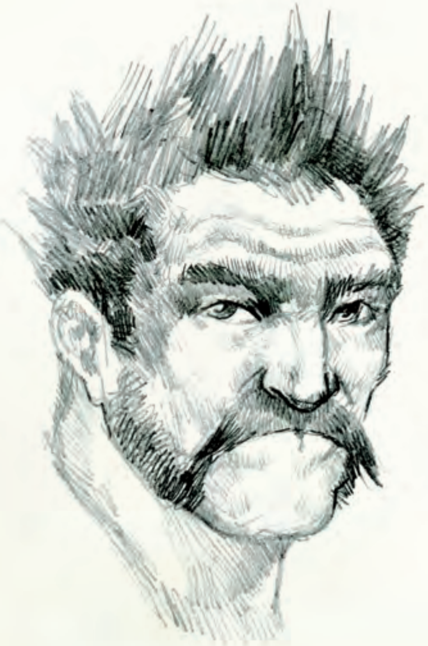
To the southwest of the Gap live the Wulfings of the West-march, a folk of mixed Rohirrim and Dunlendish lineage taking their name from Wulf, son of Freca. Freca was a local lord remembered in the old songs of the Wulfings as a great warrior murdered treacherously by Helm Hammerhand, King of Rohan. His son, Wulf, brought war to the Mark seeking revenge, and seized Edoras and sat upon its throne at the time of the Long Winter. But Wulf was betrayed by his allies, southerners and Easterlings that he let into the Mark to crush his enemies and that failed in their promise. Wulf was murdered like his father, and his folk forced to retreat to their old land. From that day, strife has never ceased to trouble the West-march, and the region has seen the Riders of Rohan taking control of it, only to lose it yet again. Today, the West-march is officially subject to the crown of Edoras, but the Horse-lords leave its rule to its clansmen and chieftains.

Many Dunlendings never left or moved back in years past to live in the land south of the river Isen. They dwell mainly to the west of the region, in a land that they call by its older name, *Gáetír*, 'spear-country'. They call themselves the *Gáesela*, the 'spear-folk', and dwell mostly in little rugged farms and fishing-villages along the countless streams that feed the Isen and the Adorn.

## NOTABLE CHARACTERS

### Frána, Lord of the Wulfings

Frána, the stocky, dark-bearded, ill-tempered heir of Wulf is the Lord of the Wulfings, and rules over the country around the source of the Adorn River from the ancient fort of Frecasburg, in the shadows of the White Mountains. His riders roam the West-march, collecting tribute from farmers and herders, pursuing Orcs and brigands, and sometimes raiding stealthily into Rohan for horses and cattle. Frána rewards such raiding well, giving rings of gold and silver to the raiders and keeping only a modest portion of their plunder. The lords of Rohan know Frána very well; Éogar of Westfold would love to see him dead or in chains.



Frána's folk, the Wulfings, descend from the Dunlendings and the Riders of Rohan alike. They live obeying many Dunlendish traditions, and indeed Frána himself married into a great clan of the Gáesela to extend his power and influence over Gáetír. But the speech of the Wulfings and their names are alike to those of the Riddermark, their homeland that they yearn to someday seize again. But he lacks the strength to claim it. For the moment, the lord of the Wulfings attempts to enrich his treasury encouraging trade with the lands to the north and west, hoping to see it flourish, but merchants out of Eriador have grown scarce since Tharbad fell to flooding more than fifty years ago.

Frána knows that the Wizard Saruman has taken many Hillmen of Dunland into his service. He does not trust the sorcerous lord of Orthanc, who seems to entertain good relations with the usurper Thengel of Rohan, but he always seeks news and rumours concerning Isengard. Frána hopes that Saruman will give the Rohirrim more trouble than friendship.

**Motivation:** My forebear, Wulf, son of Freca, sat on the throne of Edoras as king, and Meduseld itself is my inheritance.

**Expectations:** +**2** if the heroes bring ill tidings about Saruman or Éogar; +**3** if they present a plan to enrich or strengthen Frecasburg; -**3** if they accuse Frána (rightfully or wrongly) as behind a raid into Rohan or another such scheme

### Rynelda Fast-rider

Rynelda's family hails from the West-march, but she is a niece to Grimborn of Grimslade. She is a frequent sight in the Gap of Rohan; young and slender, she is eager to wield a sword and is trying to persuade Grimborn to ask the king to recognise her as a shieldmaiden of Rohan. But she has already earned fame as the most tireless and sure-seated errand-rider of the West-march.

Rynelda frequently brings tidings and orders to and from Grimslade to the Fords of Isen or to Helm's Deep. The Second Marshal Éogar sometimes mocks her eagerness, calling her 'little weed' because she's always underfoot, but he often relies on her to take urgent messages swiftly.

### Frána

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 19 (+4) | 10 (+0) | 14 (+2) | 11 (+0) | 17 (+3) | 13 (+1) |

**Armour Class** 18 (Scale Hauberk, Great Shield)
**Hit Points** 58 (9d8+18)
**Speed** 30 ft, 60 ft if mounted

**Skills** Animal Handling +5, Persuasion +3, Riddle +2, Traditions +2
**Senses** passive Perception 13
**Languages** Rohan, Dunlending, Westron
**Challenge** 3 (700 XP)

**Charge.** Frána's Courser has the **Charge** feature (see page 150). If the mount takes this action, Frána gains +4 to damage rolls until the end of his turn.
**Mounted.** Frána has a Courser as a mount (see page 150).
**Proud.** Frána's Courser has the Proud feature (see page 152). He has Advantage on all **Persuasion** and **Traditions** checks made while mounted.
**Savage Assault.** When Frána rolls an 18 or 19 on an attack roll, he may use his bonus action to make a single additional melee attack against the same opponent.

#### Actions

**Multiattack.** Frána makes two attacks with his axe.
Axe. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d8+4) slashing damage or 9 (1d10+4) slashing damage if wielded with two hands.

### Rynelda

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 13 (+1) | 18 (+4) | 14 (+2) | 12 (+1) | 15 (+2) | 12 (+1) |

**Armour Class** 18 (Leather Corslet, Shield)
**Hit Points** 32 (5d8+10)
**Speed** 30 ft, 60 ft when mounted

**Skills** Animal Handling +4, Lore +3, Survival +4, Traditions +3
**Senses** passive Perception 12
**Languages** Rohan, Westron, Dunlending
**Challenge** 1 (200 XP)

**Mounted.** Rynelda has a Rouncy as a mount (see page 151).
**Tireless.** Rynelda's Rouncy has the **Tireless** feature (see page 153). Her mount's speed is unaffected by its exhaustion level.

#### Actions

**Broadsword.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d8+4) slashing damage.
**Short Bow.** *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, range 80/320 ft, one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d6+4) piercing damage.

## Glenys, Princess of the Gáesela

Raven-haired and willowy, Glenys is the wife of Frána, the lord of the Wulfings, but she is also a princess of the Dunlendish tribes of the Gáesela. She is the daughter of Drust, the most powerful chieftain of Gáetír, the ruler of much land in that region. Frána wedded Glenys to forge an alliance between the Wulfings and the Gáesela, an allegiance that suits the ambitious dreams of the lord of Frecasburg.

Even though Glenys has borne three Wulfing children to Frána, she still feels foreign in Frecasburg. She loves her people and their ancient ways, and some Wulfings — those who think of themselves as exiled Rohirrim — resent her as a savage who diminishes their lord's glory. It does not help that Glenys has little affection for her suspicious husband. She surrounds herself with a handful of cousins and nieces as companions and handmaidens, and keeps several young female Dunlendish servants.

Even more than Frána, Glenys hungers for news from abroad. She takes a sharp interest in any visitor from other lands. Adventurers who visit Frecasburg may find themselves summoned to private audiences with its lady — and may find themselves the targets of the wrath of suspicious Frána.

**Motivation:** Above all, I fear a cage made of wrath and lies. I will make my own way in this world.

**Expectations:** **+1** if the Company agrees to meet secretly with Glenys, **+3** if they count one or more Dunlendings among them; **-4** if they lecture Glenys on loyalty to her husband or father.

## Drust, Chieftain of the Gáesela

Drust is a great chieftain of the Gáesela. He rules over most of the Dunlendish tribes of Gáetír from his hold at

Dinas Drust. His is a rich land, not in treasure or gold, but for its yield in crops and fishing; a return that lets Drust surround himself with well-equipped horsemen and spearmen. This is the result of trading with the Wulfings, which allowed him to buy himself a powerful ally: Frána, lord of the Wulfings, who married fair Glenys, Drust's daughter.

Together, Drust and Frána dominate the West-march. The remaining Dunlendish tribes of Gáetír pay tribute to them in goods and food, and in slaves when they can afford nothing else.

Dinas Drust is a fort overlooking a prosperous fishing village at the heart of fertile Gáetír. Visitors can find hospitality if they show respect for the Gáesela and their chief. Arrogant strangers will not survive meeting the chieftain, but even the courteous should be cautious: Drust uses all about him to his own ends. Drust is a muscular warrior in his early-forties, with long dark hair and elegant features. He stares directly into the eyes of visitors without blinking, giving most the distinct impression that he may regard them as prey.

### DRUST

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 19 (+4) | 12 (+1) | 20 (+5) | 17 (+3) | 14 (+2) | 15 (+2) |

**Armour Class** 19 (Scale Hauberk, Great Shield)
**Hit Points** 67 (11d8+55)
**Speed** 30 ft

**Skills** Athletics +7, Deception +5, History +6, Intimidation +5, Persuasion +5
**Senses** passive Perception 12
**Languages** Dunlending, Rohan, Westron
**Challenge** 5 (1,800 XP)

**Hard Eyed.** Drust is a killer. He scores critical hits on an 18, 19, or 20 on an attack roll.

**Horrible Strength.** If Drust makes a successful melee attack, he may use his bonus action to cause his Strength modifier (4) in additional damage to the target.

#### Actions

**Multiattack.** Drust makes three attacks with his spear.

**Spear.** *Melee* or *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft or range 20/60 ft, one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d6+4) piercing damage or 8 (1d8+4) piercing damage if used with two hands to make a melee attack.

#### Reactions

**Counterattack (Recharge 5-6).** If an attack roll misses Drust, he can make an attack roll with Advantage. He must be wielding a melee weapon and able to see his attacker.

### Drustan, Brother of Drust

The *Mirkwood Campaign* introduces Drustan, the Dunlendish messenger of Saruman the White on page 46. He makes his first appearance in the year 2956, already a grown man. Games set in a compatible timeframe can have Drustan make an appearance in the West-march, revealing him to be the brother of the chieftain Drust of Gáetír, and opening plot twists featuring the meddling of Wizards...

## Edelyn of Stanshelf, Daughter of Trumbold

Trumbold was a Wulfing warrior of renown who dreamed of taking a place among the Riders of the Mark. But his home and kin were all in the West-march, and the Rohirrim rarely looked south of the Gap for anything else than to raid. Towards the end of his life, Trumbold approached his lord Frána for help, offering his daughter, Edelyn, to Frána in marriage. But Frána chose a Dunlendish girl instead and Trumbold died scorned. To his daughter he left his homestead in the valley of Stanshelf, the leadership of his clan, and his ancient dream. Edelyn inherited his bitterness too.

Spurned by Frána, Edelyn has come to see most of the Wulfings as no different from the Dunlendings she despises. She considers herself to be a shieldmaiden of Rohan, denied of her birthright only by short distance and an unwilling king.

In the years since the death of Trumbold, she has proven as able a chieftain as her father. Stanshelf is her steading, and rises atop a sheer rocky cliff protected by a high wooden wall on the other side, overlooking the valley where her folk toil in rocky soil, cold streams, and a few wide pastures. The people of Stanshelf raise horses in the Rohirrim fashion and train to fight on horseback with spear and shield.

In recent years Edelyn has been beset by many foes; warriors from Frecasburg regularly harass her people though they deny it, claiming it to be the work of Orcs — a difficult claim to refute, as the Orc raiders of the sadistic chieftain Gazhúr Three-Deaths have attacked Stanshelf many times. Edelyn has pressed Thengel to send riders to join her along with other loyal West-marchers in the hopes of rooting out the Orcs and overthrowing Frána, but so far the silence of the king has burned her deeply.

Thengel King is torn. Éogar, the Second Marshal, says Edelyn is merely another Wulfing herself, bound to betray the Mark at the first opportunity. Thengel believes the Second Marshal's judgement is wrong, yet he has no wish to start war with Frána or the Wulflings, though certainly the Orcs must be dealt with...

### EDELYN

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 16 (+3) | 15 (+2) | 17 (+3) | 10 (+0) | 11 (+0) | 8 (-1) |

**Armour Class** 18 (Scale Hauberk, Shield)
**Hit Points** 60 (8d8+24)
**Speed** 30 ft, 60 ft if mounted

**Skills** Animal Handling +3, Athletics +6, History +3, Traditions +3
**Senses** passive Perception 10
**Languages** Dunlending, Rohan, Westron
**Challenge** 5 (1, 800 XP)

**Charge.** Edelyn's Courser has the **Charge** feature (see page 150). If the mount takes this action, Edelyn gains +4 to damage rolls until the end of her turn.
**Fiery.** Edelyn's Courser has the **Fiery** feature (see page 152). She has Disadvantage on Riding checks for her mount but gains Advantage on her attack rolls when she uses the **Charge** feature.
**Mounted.** Edelyn has a Courser as a mount (see page 150).

**Actions**

**Multiattack.** Edelyn makes three attacks with her spear.
**Spear.** *Melee* or *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft or range 20/60 ft, one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d6+3) piercing damage or 7 (1d8+3) piercing damage if used with two hands to make a melee attack.

In truth, the king values Edelyn far more than she knows. The daughter of Trumbold is greatly respected in the West-march by many Wulflings, the Gáesela, and the Dunlendings alike. Thengel believes she may be in the best possible position to be a peacemaker between the three peoples and the Rohirrim. Unfortunately, in her present loathing for the Dunlendings, she is more likely to incite a feud or open war out of sheer spite.

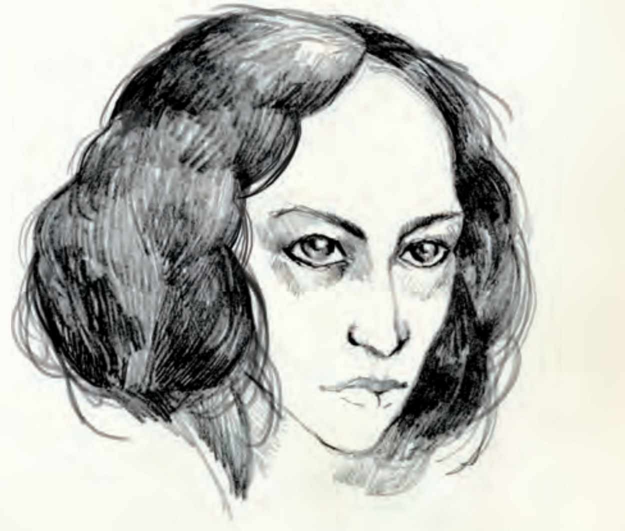
Trumbold's daughter is strong and scarred, nearing her middle age, with fierce blue eyes in a weather-worn face. When she rides across the trails and fields of the West-march, she wears the shining armour and helm of a Rohirrim warrior.

## Dera, Dunlendish Warrior

Dera is a wanderer, a thin, young woman of the Gáesela, with wild dark hair and haunted eyes. She has no home in Gáetír, though when she was a child her family lived on the Isen as fishers. What happened to them is a story that has spread from village to village. Even Dera remembers little of the truth, for she was very small at the time.

The folk of Dera's family, it is said, one day welcomed an old wanderer to stay with them for the winter. Somehow they offended their visitor and he cursed them in return. The man laid various dooms upon the villagers, which each of them could avoid only by following scrupulously some impossible rule or another, and then he strode away into a storm and vanished.

One-by-one, Dera's people broke their obligations, and one-by-one they died to accident, murder, or illness.



Dera is the last of her folk. The curse that the old wanderer laid on her requires her to make peace between the Gáesela and outsiders in their land: she will be released from her obligation only when she averts a war that otherwise would have been certain.

Dera roams the borders of the West-march, offering to guide any wanderer who has lost their way. It's a dangerous calling, for not every traveller journeys in peace; more than once her offer has been met with a volley of arrows that forced her to flee.

She knows much about the Gáesela and the Wulfings, but the inhabitants of the West-march consider her to be a troublemaker, always meddling in affairs she was not meant to be dealing with.

### DERA

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 14 (+2) | 17 (+3) | 15 (+2) | 10 (+0) | 12 (+1) | 11 (+0) |

**Armour Class** 17 (Leather Corslet, Shield)
**Hit Points** 32 (5d8+10)
**Speed** 30 ft

**Skills** **Insight** +3, Perception +3, Persuasion +2, Stealth +5, Survival +3
**Senses passive** Perception 13
**Languages** Dunlending, Rohan, Westron
**Challenge** 2 (700 XP)

**Region-lore (West-march).** If Dera is with the Company for a journey that begins or ends in the West-march, the Guide rolls 1d8+4 for the Embarkation Roll.

**Wild Onset.** Dera can use her bonus action to impose Disadvantage on her attack roll. If she hits, add 6 to her damage.

**Stealthy.** Dera may use her bonus action each round to Hide.

**Actions**

**Short Sword.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d6+3) piercing damage.

**Reactions**

**Snake-like Speed (Recharge 5-6).** Dera is adept at avoiding injury and can use her reaction to halve the attack damage on an attack that she is aware of.

### Gazhúr Three-Deaths

The Orcs of the White Mountains often trouble the West-march (see box) and none among them is more trouble than the Great Orc chieftain, Gazhúr. He is a huge monster, made even greater for he is straight-backed, unlike others of his kind. He wears furs from mountain-goats over a suit of metal armour, loot from a lucky raid on merchants from Gondor, of which he is greatly proud. He owes his name to a dream that visited him three times in which he escaped from certain death in battle.

Gazhúr musters his band of marauders in a high mountain cleft he calls the 'High Stone', a place some miles north of Frecasburg and shunned by the people of the West-march who call the place the *Gramberg*, the 'hill of fury'.

Someday, Gazhúr will meet agents of the power from the East that has been guiding and aiding him from afar for many years already. If Gazhúr is there to be roused for the coming war, it will be a disaster for the Riddermark. See page 133 for a description of Gazhúr.

## NOTABLE PLACES

### The Fords of Isen

The great West Road crosses the river Isen at the Fords, where the watercourse turns wide and shallow, splitting in two arms around a small island. The island, a large eyot made of stones and pebbles brought down from the north by the rushing waters, rises to a low knoll at its centre.

The banks of the river at this point are high, and the road reaches the fords cutting its way down through grassy terraces. From the shore, three lines of larger flat rocks serve as stepping-stones across the stream. Between them, the riverbed is shallow enough for horses to ford. The stepping-stones and channels lead to the eyot in the middle of the river where travellers can rest if necessary, making the crossing even easier in hard weather.

To the west of the crossings, the road climbs the banks on the other side and passes between two ancient earth-forts guarding the approaches to the Fords. These fortifications, each one not more than a mud-banked enclosure at the top of a low hill, were not built by the Horse-lords and are manned by men from Westfold only when the Second Marshal of the Mark deems it necessary. Beyond them, the road soon turns north, heading into Dunland. Another road reaches the Fords on its western bank. It is the road that leads to Isengard, going north from the Fords along the river. It runs on level ground and bends with the river until it enters Nan Curunír, the Wizard's Vale. There the road leaves the river and leads for 16 miles straight to the gates of Isengard.

East of the Fords, the great West Road runs towards Helm's Deep and Edoras and past them, then it enters Eastfold. No road goes north from the Fords on the east bank, as there the land is rocky and rough, and rises quickly towards a long line of low hills, running east from the river.

To the south, a muddy road passes Grimslade and runs through the narrows between the Isen and the White Mountains into the West-march.

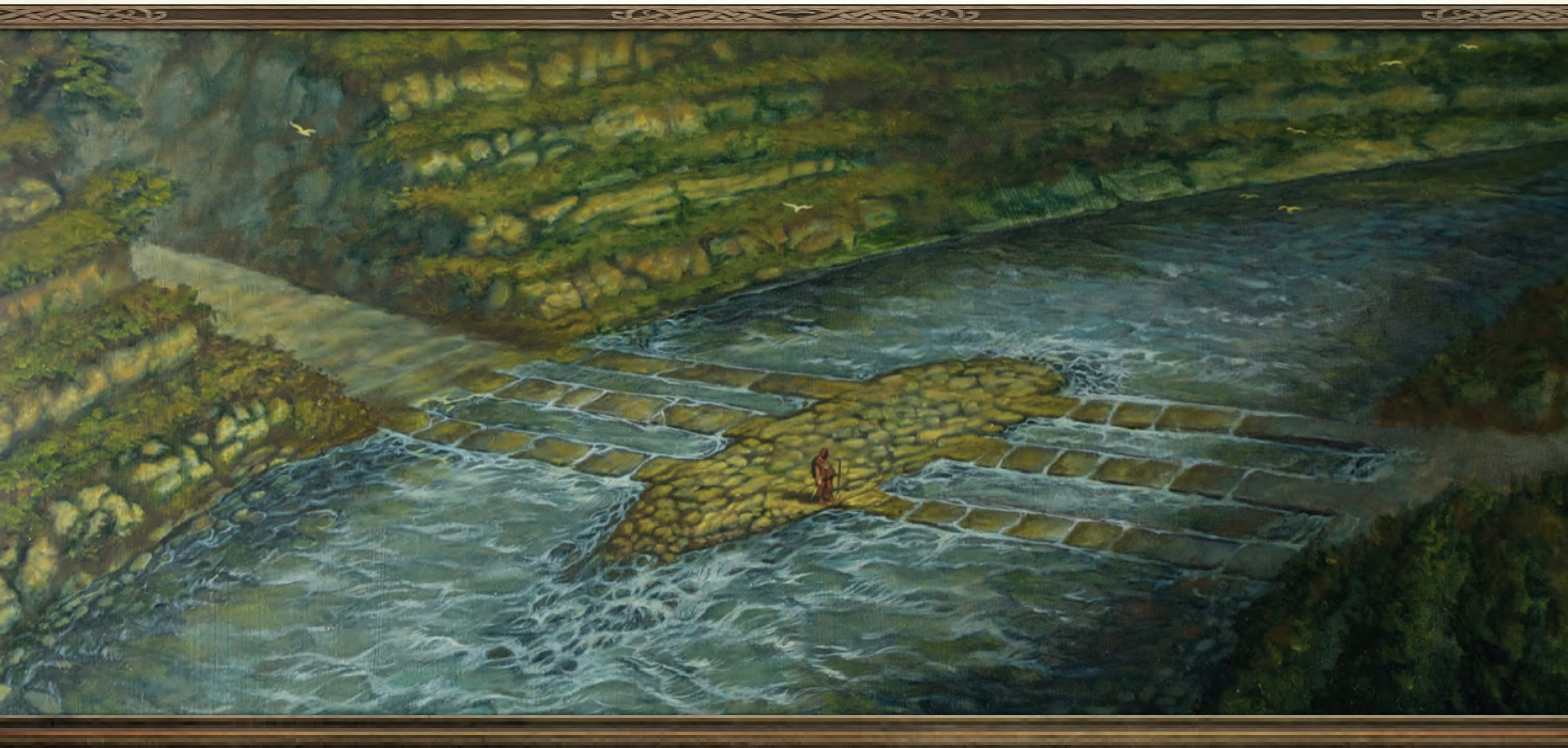
### Frecasburg

Wulf's heir, Frána, sits in Frecasburg as Lord of the Wulfings. The fortress was built by Freca more than two hundred years ago, where the river Adorn roils out from the mouth of a high, narrow valley and down to green foothills. At the floor of the valley, a tall artificial hill rises where the river makes a loop rushing in its deep bed. A palisade made of sturdy trees encircles the lower perimeter of the hill, and a great hall stands halfway to its top. Beyond the hall, on the summit of the hill, sits a squat, sturdy tower of stone, the work of giants and the birthright of the heirs of Freca.

To the people of the West-march, Frecasburg is a work of cunning and power. A visitor who has seen the stonework of Gondor in Helm's Deep, or the work of Dwarves and Bardings in Rhovanion, would find the tower primitive, and the great hall drafty and leaky — but would be wise to keep those observations to themselves.

Warriors stand guard on the gates of Frecasburg and in a little house high above on the valley's heights, atop a winding and difficult trail, where they can sound a horn in alarm should they spot enemies approaching. Guards open the gate each morning when day breaks over the hills outside the valley; visitors who come in the night must wait. Strangers are greeted first by the wary guards, who call Frána's steward from the castle.

The steward questions them suspiciously. If the visitors seem hostile or look like they may pose a threat, he refuses them entry unless they can persuade him of their good intentions. If they seem safe and honest, or at least important, he brings them to the castle's great hall. There, eventually, they'll be questioned by Frána, or else by his wife Glenys, if Frána is away.



The Rohirrim have tried to capture Frecasburg before, but they never succeeded. The fortress stands as a symbol of the Wulfings' defiance, never fully victorious yet never fully defeated.

Those that would have dealings with the Wulflings must travel to Frecasburg, for Fréna will only treat with foreigners here.

### The High Stone

A long slope of tumbled rocks and boulders along the grey foothills of the western White Mountains leads to a foreboding cleft. Black mosses cling to the rock where foul-smelling streams trickle down towards the West-march. A traveller within the cleft would swiftly see Orc runes marked in blood covering its inner walls, though none but the hardiest could venture so far, for this is the 'High Stone' – the stronghold of Gazhúr Three-Deaths, who intends to crush all of the West-march under his iron-shod boots. Rare intruders are allowed to travel into the cleft before the Orcs close in, dozens on all sides, leaning out of cunning murder holes to shoot poisoned arrows. The Orcs prey on the West-march, slipping down to attack the Wulflings, looting villages for food, treasure, and short-lived slaves. Gazhúr is not ready to confront Fréna's troops, so his raiders avoid Frecasburg. The Orcs are cunning and hide their numbers, while the stony ground of their fortress makes them difficult to track. Edelyn of Stanshelf is determined to find the Orcs' hiding place and destroy it, but she will need warriors with stout hearts to help her.

# the forest of -fangorn-

'Elrond says that [this is one of] the last strongholds of the mighty woods of the Elder Days, in which the Firstborn roamed while Men still slept. Yet Fangorn holds some secret of its own.'

At the dawning of the world, there was a vast forest that stretched from the Mountains of Lune in the distant west to the foothills east of the Misty Mountains, covering all of what is now called Eriador and parts of Rhovanion. The forest was spared the majority of the destruction at the end of the First Age, but dwindled greatly throughout the Second, retreating across the continent as its trees were used by the Númenóreans for their tall ships and elaborate settlements, or were ravaged by Orcs for naught but malice.

In the twilight years of the Third Age, all that remains of the once-vast forest is a wooded realm measuring barely a hundred miles from both east to west and north to south, draped across the southern foothills east of the Misty Mountains, north of Rohan. An ancient wood steeped in legend and myth, rumours of which have travelled far beyond its greatly reduced boundaries.

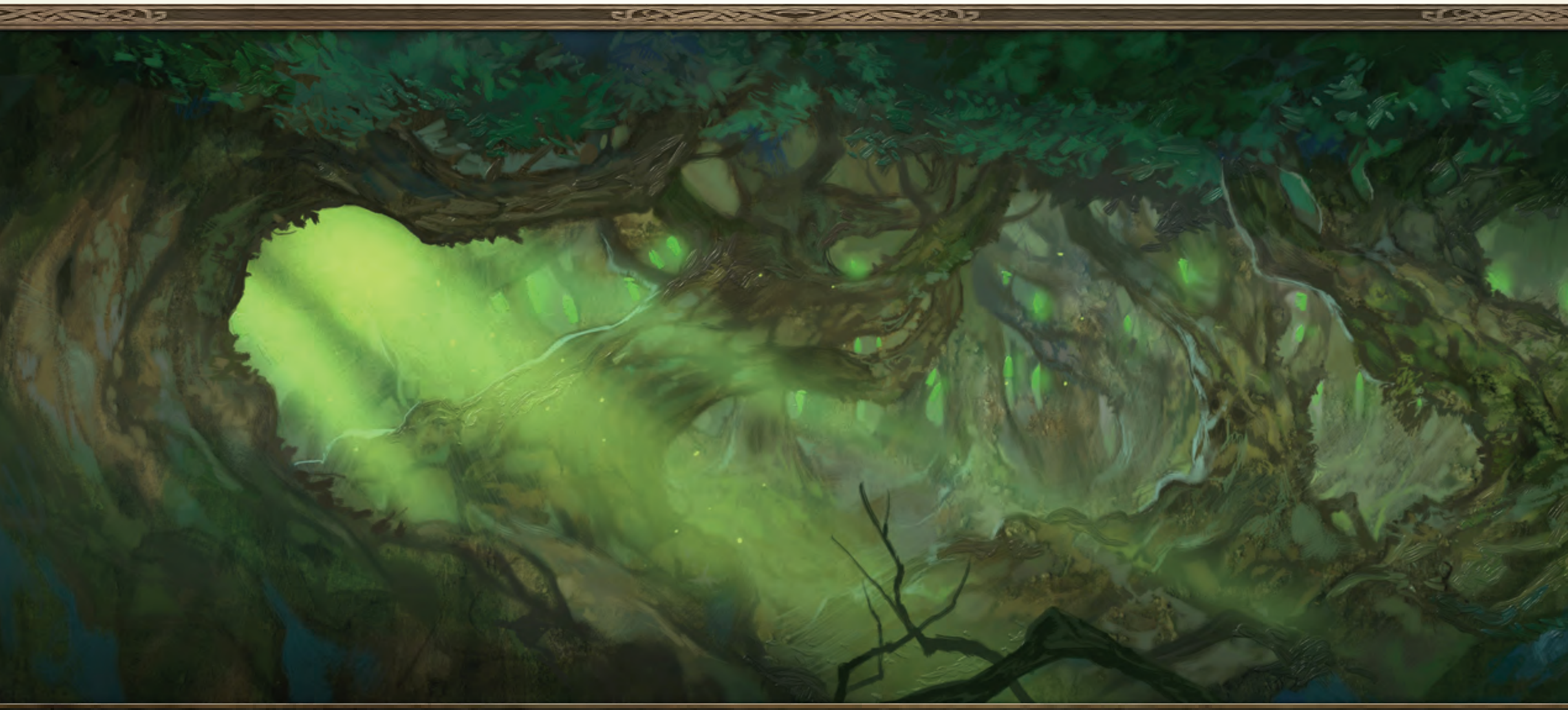
*Ambarona, Tauremorna, Aldalómë, Tauremornalómë,* it bears all these names and many more that have been forgotten, lost to time and memory by all, save perhaps one. The last dwelling place of the Shepherds of the Trees; the land of the Onodrim, home of the Ents. Fangorn Forest.

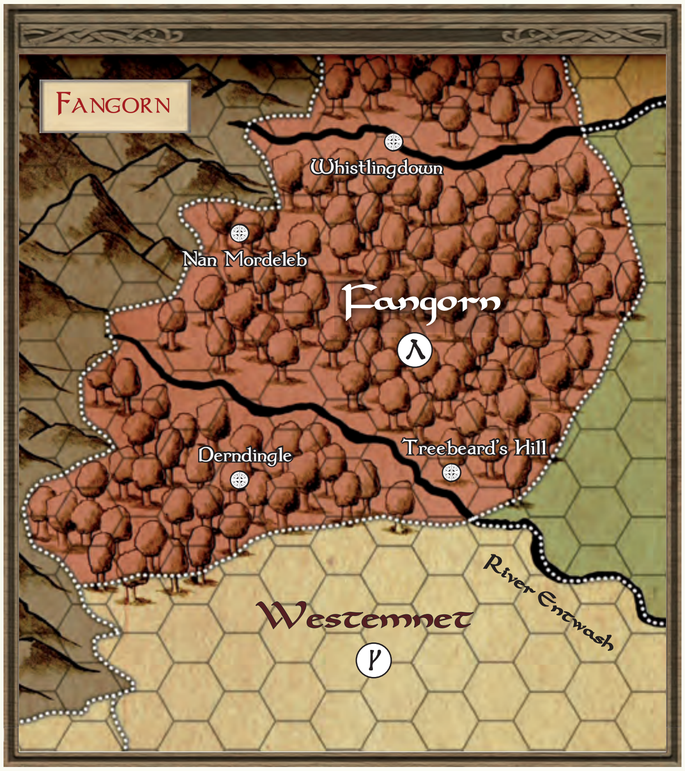
## History of Fangorn Forest

Fangorn's roots are planted deep in the First Age, when the Elves first awoke and walked through the forests of the world before the coming of the Great Enemy Morgoth, of whom Sauron of Mordor was merely a servant. The Elves wished to converse with all living things and gave voice to the trees, teaching some of them to speak. Yet they had no hand in the creation of the Ents, who are the children of a greater power, but upon encountering them, the Elves did give them songs and words with which to express themselves, a great gift that the *Onodrim* (the name of their race in Sindarin) have not forgotten.

### The First Age

In the Elder Days, the tree-like Ents and their mates, the Entwives, travelled throughout the world, visiting many lands and wandering through their varied woods. The Ents always preferred the grand forests, where the trees grew as they willed, whereas the Entwives were more inclined towards other, smaller plants, and creating their own gardens, where they could order things as they chose.





The Ents never truly settled, preferring to wander freely, but as time wore on, the forest that would one day be known as Fangorn they came to call their own. In part this was because of the many great and differing trees that grew throughout the vast forest, but also because the Entwives had approved of some of the vales not far from the forest's eaves where they could grow plants more to their own liking. Numerous folk knew of the Entwives and learned many of the secrets of agriculture from them, but the Ents in their deep woods remained a wonder and a legend to most of the Free Peoples.

When the Great Enemy stretched forth from his terrible fortress in the north, the Entwives moved east of the river Anduin to till their gardens anew. The wars that the Elves and their allies among the Edain fought against Morgoth seldom affected the Ents directly, save for the Darkness that descended over parts of their forest. Indeed, even the mighty Ents had to walk warily at times, avoiding some valleys within their woods entirely, a fact that remains true even in present times.

But the catastrophe that drowned Beleriand at the end of the War of Wrath could not be escaped. Much of the lands to the west were lost beneath the waves, including many of the woods that the Ents had loved and protected. The world was greatly diminished, but still there was peace for many years after, and the gardens of the Entwives became wonders to behold.

## The Second Age

The Second Age saw the Men of the West rise in power, and the return of the Shadow. The sails of the Númenóreans appeared off the western coast of Eriador in the year 600. They came to the shores of Middle-earth looking for resources, especially timber for the building of their great fleets. At first the sea-kings were careful, taking only moderately from the forest along the coast and thus they didn't attract the attention of the Onodrim, nor did they come into contact with them.

In the eighth century, a group of Noldorin Elves beseeched the Ents to let them found a realm in the woods west of the Misty Mountains. They were great craftsmen, workers of metal and gems, led by Celebrimbor, the greatest smith of his age. They had learned that the nearby Dwarves of Khazad-dûm had discovered large caches of the fabled silvery metal called mithril. The Onodrim agreed, hoping that the presence of the Elves would restrain the Dwarves from cutting down too many trees for their forges. Thus, Eregion was founded, known also as Hollin for the many holly trees growing throughout that land.

For over eight hundred years there was peace, and the folk of Eriador prospered. But then the Elves of Eregion entered into conflict with Sauron and war returned to Middle-earth. By the end of the 17th century of the Second Age, the forces of Sauron had overrun Eregion and set the forests ablaze, forcing the survivors to hide in the secret sanctuary of Imladris. But the war was not over and the Orcs continued to lay Eriador to waste, until the Men of the West intervened.

In the year 1700, the King of Númenor sent a great fleet and the Númenóreans utterly routed the forces of darkness and humbled Sauron. Peace was restored, but, in the aftermath of their victory, the sea-kings extended their dominion over the shores of Middle-earth and continued to exact a heavy price from the forests of Eriador. Their felling of the trees continued unabated, and the Ents witnessed the rapid diminishment of their realm, as spars of lumber beyond count passed down the rivers of Eriador to the sea.

Eventually, enough of their forest had been felled that it no longer offered such a ready prize to distant Númenor. As the age passed, the Númenóreans eventually made war upon and demanded tribute from the folk of the continent, but the Ents and their mates were left in peace for over fifteen hundred years to tend their charges as they willed.

After many long years, rumours came to the Ents of the slow fall into darkness of the Men of the West until, at last, they felt a great change in the world, but knew not what it portended till news finally reached them of the Downfall of Númenor. Of the great glory of Westernesse only the smallest trace endured: a handful of survivors led by Elendil the Tall came to Middle-earth and founded the kingdom of Arnor in the North and Gondor in the South. The following centuries of the Second Age saw the rise of the two kingdoms of the Dúnedain, and the continuation of their strife against Sauron and his servants.

It was at the time of the Last Alliance of Elves and Men that the Onodrim suffered the most grievous hurt of their long, sorrowful history. While the conflict ended with a victory for the Free Peoples, in the course of the war the gardens of the Entwives were burned and their trees and plants uprooted. When the Ents finally went looking for them, the Entwives were nowhere to be found in the desert that came to be known as the Brown Lands. They have never been seen since.

## The Third Age

The Third Age has been a long tale of waning for the Ents. Without the Entwives, there have been no 'Entings', no children, and they are a failing people, slowly fading from the world. With fewer of them to roam the forests, they became especially intolerant of any outsider showing the slightest intention of putting an axe to their trees. Tales of the wrath of Fangorn spread far and wide throughout many lands.

Around the year 1000 of the Third Age, the Wizards first appeared in the West. The Ents came to know several of them in turn, finding Gandalf and Radagast more to their liking than Saruman, but they afforded all of them a fair amount of respect. Not long after, the eldest Ents began to sense something 'wrong' on the winds from the North. They were hard pressed to place it exactly for many years, but at last realised that something seemed amiss with the vast forest of Greenwood the Great, which lies directly northeast of Fangorn. After several centuries of careful deliberation, Treebeard, the eldest among the Ents of Fangorn, spoke of his concerns to Gandalf, reinforcing the Grey Pilgrim's suspicions about the shadows gathering upon Mirkwood.

When the world was halfway through the second millennium of the age, the Horse-lords descended from the North and settled in the lands to the south and east of the Forest of Fangorn. Many among the Eorlingas caught sight of the Onodrim, especially along the southern edge of the forest where it borders the River *Onodló* (Entwash), and rumours of the giants of the forest started spreading. They gave them an ancient name, passed down from long before, calling them 'Ents' in their northern tongue. Very old songs of the Rohirrim tell of an oath sworn by Eorl, who promised that, if the Ents minded the Mark's border to the north where it touched Fangorn, his folk would forever leave their trees in peace. No one believes now that the words of those songs might relate a true story, but the riders sing them to their children to teach them that crossing the borders of Fangorn is prohibited and no one in the Mark goes there but under the most dire of circumstances.

Two hundred years ago the Long Winter came. The devastating frost did not leave the Onodrim untouched, and so bitter was the cold that many trees were lost. Countless folk died throughout Eriador and Rohan. When the winter relented, Saruman the White settled in Isengard, welcomed by both Gondor and Rohan. Over the following decades, the Wizard would occasionally wander the paths of the forest, questioning the Ents about events that only they could recall, though he seldom offered much in return.

At present, times are troubling for the Shepherds of the Trees. Of late, Orcs have begun wandering through the forest with far more regularity than in previous centuries, causing the Onodrim and their charges no end of grief. This has provided a great deal of consternation throughout the forest, though few of the Ents can claim to find it entirely surprising, since Sauron has openly declared himself in Mordor. Few today know of the existence of the Ents and yet even less dare enter their realm. Thengel, the King of the Mark, superstitiously considers Fangorn a land best left alone, as every King of Rohan has since the time of Eorl. Saruman keeps to his own counsel, as always, seemingly preoccupied with other, loftier matters.

The Ents feel that a great change might be coming, but they think there is naught the Ents may do to alter the course of the events. As with all storms, the trees must weather the wind, or break.

## The Ents

In the earliest days, of which written records do not exist, the Elves awoke and found the Shepherds of the Trees already tending their charges. Though they could not speak to the Elves at first, the Onodrim were clearly aware. Soon enough, they learned speech and song from the Elves, in return teaching them much of the natural world. Those among the Wise that know of the Onodrim as more than a mere legend hold them to be some of the sagest and most ancient of all living beings on Middle-earth.

### The Earthborn

The Onodrim are extremely long-lived creatures, almost immortal by the reckoning of Men. Man-shaped and seemingly fashioned directly from trees, they are very tall: even the shortest among them is at least 10 feet high, whereas the tallest might stand over 16 feet. Their bodies and heads are tall and elongated, with bushy hair or beards resembling twigs or leaves, moss, or sometimes trailing roots. The skin of their trunks commonly resembles patches of green or grey bark, while most have smooth brown arms that end in a variable number of digits, anywhere from three to nine. Their legs look like extensions of their torso, and bend at the knee only slightly when they walk. The toes on their great feet also vary greatly in number though all are long and somewhat root-like.

Indeed, it isn't just their fingers and toes that are wildly variable; while all Ents share many similarities, no two are exactly alike. They may be as different as trees of the same kind are made different by the way they grew, or as different as a beech is from a rowan, or a fir from an oak. In fact, each Ent shares several characteristics with a specific type of tree, generally the kind he loves best and spends more time tending. So, an Ent favouring willows may be permanently bent over, with long leafy limbs sweeping the ground, whereas an Ent who looks after oaks may be a great, wide, hulking being, with vast shoulders and a thick torso. Whether this likeness was there from the time when the Ents first appeared, or was something that they developed over time, not even the Onodrim know.

The Ents are not a particularly sprightly race, unless roused (something that happens only rarely). While their

### Ent-draughts

'Strange songs have been sung of the draughts of Fangorn.'

The draughts of the Ents affect others in strange and powerful ways, forever changing those that have partaken of them. To drink the draughts of Fangorn is to be filled with the vibrancy of the forest. Ent-draughts have caused some to grow taller, beyond the point at which their race stops growing, or even to become wider, their shoulders perceptibly broadening; others have had lost eyes or limbs regenerate. Many experience their hair lengthening, while their nails and teeth begin to grow faster.

A companion drinking from an Ent-draught for the first time has their hit point maximum raised by 4. Additionally, so long as they continue to consume at least one Ent-draught a year (which will only be possible if they have an Ent patron – *see page* 83) they get the following benefit: once during each Adventuring phase they receive Advantage on a Strength or Constitution ability check or saving throw.

arms are quite supple, they do not bend at the 'waist' very readily, unless an Ent is young, or very slender. On the other hand, their toes are wonderfully dexterous and strong, gripping the ground before them as they open their legs in great long strides.

The one feature that all Ents appear to share is the quality of their eyes. Their colour is invariably a rich brown, and they give the few others that have looked into them the impression that they are gazing into deep wells of memory, mixed with simple delight for the joys of the present. The deep shade of their eyes is shot through with a green light that seems to flicker when they survey someone.

The senses of the Ents are not those of the other Free Peoples. Much of the natural world speaks to them in ways that they only can understand and they would be hard pressed to convey. They can hear rumours in the earth, changes on the wind, perceive the shaping of events far beyond Fangorn in the shift of sunlight, the kiss of rain, and the ripples of water. They recognise with precision everything that grows from the earth, trees, flowers, blades of grass, seed, and acorn, but they find it somewhat difficult to tell apart those living beings that run, walk, slither, or burrow. One small furry creature looks quite a bit like another small furry creature to an Ent. Indeed, this even extends to those beings who walk on two legs like them, Men, Elves, Dwarves, and even Orcs. The Onodrim have ancient Rhymes of Lore of their own to help out with classifying others, long lists that name the various creatures and one or two (hopefully) identifying characteristics to help out in recognising them should they happen upon one.

Ents have deep voices that carry far, and their control over them is great. They can curl their hands in such a way as to form a 'trumpet' of sorts, which allows their booming calls to travel many leagues. This helps them both to communicate with their fellow Ents, but also to better direct their charges amidst their tree-herds.

The Onodrim seem to sustain themselves on sunlight and on liquids that they prepare or extract from somewhere in the forest and preserve in stone jars and bowls. They drink these Ent-draughts, and lave their feet in them. Those lucky enough to have drunk it describe it as tasting like water from a distant forest stream. Indeed, something of the life of the forest itself must be within those draughts, making some of them as nourishing as a tree laden with walnuts, others merely refreshing, as the shade one can enjoy under the boughs of a willow (see Ent-draughts opposite for more details).

Ents are capable of great stillness, standing motionless for days, weeks, even months at a time if it suits them and become from the outside hardly distinguishable from

## What actually happened to the Entwives?

'...what about these Tree-men, these giants, as you might call them? They do say that one bigger than a tree was seen up away beyond the North Moors not long back.'

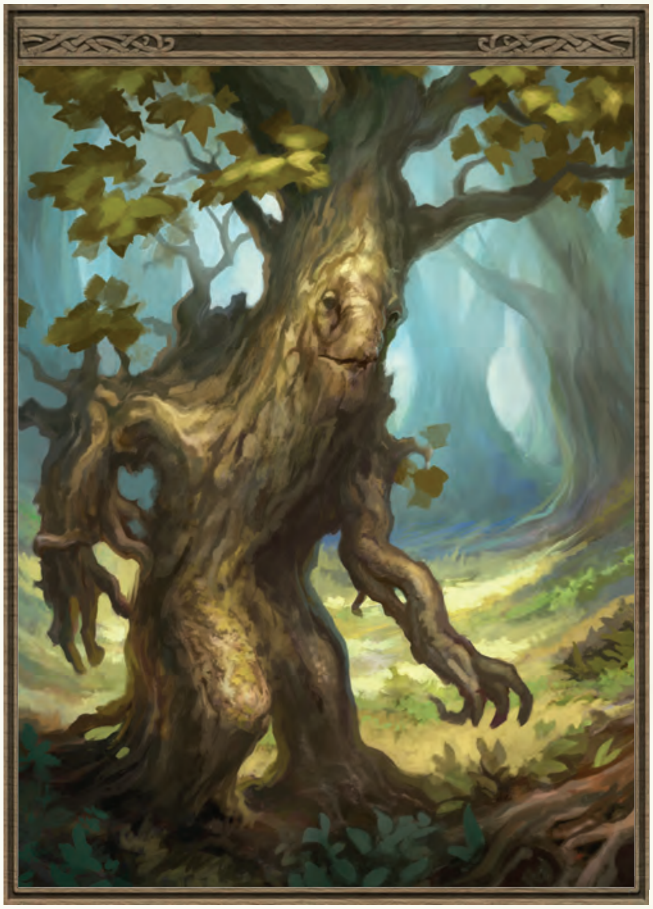
A campaign that involves Fangorn and the Ents could certainly touch upon the fate of the missing Entwives. While the sad truth may indeed be that they have passed from Middle-earth, it does not have to be so. Nothing certain is said in the books about what happened to the Entwives, though what is there seems to indicate they perished at the hands of Sauron during the Second Age.

But this is merely a likely speculation; Loremasters willing to seize the reins of canon and ride for the horizon may well decide that the Entwives passed far into the North, West, or East on a great journey. They might yet be found, hiding in distant lands, waiting for the turning of the age to reveal themselves. Perhaps the Old Forest east of the Shire or the moors to its north hold at least one truly wondrous secret still...

ordinary trees. Sometimes they do this to contemplate a particular scene before them. At other times, they are merely lost in thought or memory.

The older an Ent grows, the longer these 'pauses' can take and the younger among them fear what this stillness might mean for their elders, as this sleepiness might indicate that an Ent is growing more and more tree-ish: less lively, sleepy and prone to setting down with roots, to one day finally cease to be conscious and become a true tree.

Ents are some of the strongest beings there are, surpassed only by the Great Worms of the North. Their strength exceeds that of Trolls, who many Ents believe are the Enemy's imperfect imitation of themselves. A strike by an Ent may crumple an armoured man as easily as if he were mailed in paper. Should they latch their root-like fingers or toes onto earth and stone they would cause damage equivalent to centuries of erosion in mere minutes. Huge boulders crumble away before the might of the Onodrim as if they were made of wet clay. Like trees they are vulnerable to the hacking of axes though, and fire is their bane, as they can be burnt and scorched, or even set completely afire.



All Ents of Fangorn are male, and even the youngest among them is several millennia old. The Entwives, their female counterparts, disappeared during the Second Age and have not been seen since, directly leading to the slow, but steady, decline of their people.

## The Shepherds of the Trees

The preservation of the Forest of Fangorn is a charge that the Ents have received from the day of their appearance on Middle-earth, a responsibility they have kept since the earlier years of the First Age of the world. Though many long millennia have passed, they show no sign of relinquishing their burden, or even the thought that they should consider doing so.

The Onodrim love each tree in their herds, naming even those without voices of their own, singing them songs, setting their limbs straight, shooing away pests, and so on. To an Ent, the forest is alive in a way that no other race, not even the Elves in the fading twilight years of the Third Age, can truly appreciate.

The eldest among each folk of the Ents once had the duty to pass on to the younger Ents of his people the lore concerning the shepherding of their tree-herds. This training, like so many things Entish, was a long, involved process that could take several centuries and that is why the chief of an Ent-folk could be often seen striding the forest along with a younger companion.

The elder taught the younger how to care for each plant, how to identify the signs of different maladies in trees, how to read the weather, and so forth. The younger Ent provided the elder with a 'child's' perspective on life, which was encouraged by the ancient beings themselves, as a change of viewpoint can be refreshing when your memory stretches back to the First Age.

Sadly, the training of a young Ent is something that hasn't been seen in Fangorn for a long time now; even the youngest Ent is more than three thousand years old and there are few secrets left of the shepherding of trees they have not already learnt.

Still, it happens from time to time that, during his wanderings in the forest, an Ent encounters something new to be learned: a puzzle presents itself, a rare creature appears, some unidentifiable rot sets into a tree, and so forth. On these rare occasions news of the event is passed on throughout the forest, so that the tiding reaches the elders for them to consider. They will then mull over the correct course of action for a few days or up to a decade, depending on the situation, before proposing a solution. If the event is considered of significant import, then the Entmoot may be called (see page 78).

### Ent-folks

While an individual Ent may be held responsible for a specific grove of trees, areas of the forest that are far greater than a single copse are given to the protection of an Ent-folk, a group of Ents led by an elder. Each one of these 'countries' within the larger confines of the Forest of Fangorn contain several tree-herds and a number of herders. For example, the foothills of the mountains west of Isengard are the land of the people of Skinbark, one of the oldest Ents of Fangorn (see page 82). Its tree-herds comprise many rowan and birch trees.

The boundaries of each country are not so clearly set, though, and the Onodrim of each folk continually wander over the forest's many paths, checking in on the more communicative trees in their herds, clearing undergrowth that could too readily be set ablaze during a fire, studying the passage of streams to make certain they are not washing away too much soil, and occasionally talking with their fellows.

Ents call out to one another as they travel through portions of the forest they know to be tended by members of other folks. Strangers to Fangorn are occasionally frightened by deep booming sounds echoing through the woods, without knowing their source or purpose. Some Ents follow a specific circuit through their woods, one that could take them a decade or more to complete. Others wander far and free, as they will, meandering across their appointed land in no particular set pattern.

Whatever their itinerary, each Ent regularly returns to one of his Ent-houses, favoured dwelling-places where they can rest and drink. Ent-houses differ as much as their owners: some are just simple glades, others only feature a mossy stone to distinguish them from the woods around them, others, like Wellinghall, the house of Treebeard (see page 81) are complete with stone tables and arches, and a leafy roof. What is never missing from an Ent-house is a source of running water, be it a babbling brook, a spring, or a fast-flowing mountain stream. Seats are never an option.

### Old Entish

Entish is a long-winded tonal language that the Ents developed for themselves not long after the Elves 'cured them of their dumbness'. An impossible language for a non-Onodrim to speak, Entish consists of a series of run-on sentences and repetitive adjectives flowing together in a constant stream of syllables that can continually rise and fall for hours, days, even weeks, on end. In the oldest versions of Entish, the real name of a creature or thing consisted, in part, of its entire history up to the point a speaker was speaking of it. Extended conversations could theoretically last for years and still never truly be finished because the subjects being discussed would continue to change while they were being talked about.

While the Onodrim still speak Entish amongst themselves when significant matters are to be discussed, they are aware that theirs is a slow language. In everyday speech between themselves, and always when dealing with folk from the other Free Peoples, Ents will typically speak Quenya, Sindarin, or the various tongues of Men, using Entish words only with their fellow Ents. The verbal structures of Entish follow their speech into other languages, causing the Onodrim to be somewhat long winded and given to the habit of using flowing descriptions with multiple adjectives spoken in slow succession.

## OLD AS MOUNTAINS

The Ents find it difficult to conceptualise how their fellow peoples perceive the passage of time. The other Free Peoples all share in the general notion that time moves by days, months, and years, though they all have their own way of relating to this. For example, the Dwarves frequently think in terms of great projects accomplished and the reigns of their kings. The Elves pass through time as if in a dream, one moment smoothly flowing into the next, the centuries rolling by uncounted. Humans and Hobbits both cherish occasions, celebrations, their birthdays and those of their children. Ents, though, think in seasons and the long slow cycles of the forest. They regard the coming of Spring as both a joyous and solemn time, festive because of the burst of new growth throughout the forest, but grave as well, for the spring melt reveals which of their trees did not survive the winter's cold.

In most situations, the Onodrim naturally take the long view; after all, there are very few problems that an Ent cannot simply outlive and in time even the greatest of events pass into obscurity and are forgotten. Conversely, they are also highly aware of the fact that the smallest of seeds can grow into the most colossal of trees. This dual perspective on the impermanence of many things, combined with the potential of others gives, the Onodrim a cautious outlook. They often refuse to act until they've considered all of the ramifications of their deeds, which can take a good, long while. Additionally, they have also become far more conservative than they once were when it comes to risk, for while they do not like to dwell upon it, theirs is a race in decline. Every Ent that falls will never be replaced, and this certainty weighs heavily upon them.

### Ents and the Great Wars

The Onodrim are not vicious creatures, regarding violence as something to be employed reluctantly and then only as a last resort. It takes something exceptional to make an Ent angry enough to fight, as a threat menacing to put their land and their trees in deadly danger, for example. In recent centuries, nothing has stirred the wrath of the Onodrim and they have mostly kept themselves out of what they call the 'Great Wars', the ongoing struggle between the Free Peoples and the Shadow.

The Ents refer to their wrath as being 'roused' and it is, fortunately, a rare condition for them, for as calm as they normally are, their anger seems all the more frightening when unleashed. The Onodrim dislike being roused without very good reasons, mainly because they find it difficult to stop until whatever angered them has been permanently removed. No Ent ever likes to act without thought, which is something they are all susceptible to do when roused.

## Ent Customs

While the Onodrim deeply value stories, there is no written version of Entish. Even the greatest lore-masters of the Elves never even attempted to capture the many nuances of their speech in written form. Fortunately, the Onodrim have both a rich oral tradition that dates back to the First Age and the prodigious memories to recall large portions of it. Their stories range from simple tales of the doings of animals to tragic retellings of the burning of woods and the evils of Orcs. The few other folk that have had the honour of getting to know the Onodrim are invariably surprised at how many of their legends feature events concerning other Free Folk. Indeed, the Ents remember tales that the rest of the world has all but forgotten.

Along with stories, the Onodrim love songs and know many that even the Elves have never heard. Ents will sing or hum to themselves as they wander over the forest paths. Songs sung in Entish sound like long rumbling murmurs, difficult to discern either a beginning or an end. Many Ents can easily render the songs they know into Sindarin, Quenya, or one of the speeches of Men. The voices of the Onodrim raised in song are deep and sonorous, resonating throughout the woods.

The Onodrim express themselves also through something others could only define as art. They sometimes indulge in the placement of natural objects into pleasing patterns that appear to be natural to all but a practised eye. Their more complex pieces can take years to come to fruition, as they are designed in such a way that one or more of their components must grow into place, sometimes for decades, such as a tree slowly reaching maturity, gently tugging at nearby branches, forming a graceful fret amidst the leaves. Some of their art can only be viewed during the correct season; a stone outcropping precisely chipped so that the icicles that form on it in winter create an intricate downward curving spiral. Ents are always careful to ensure that their alterations can be removed as needed, making art pieces that can be decades in the making strangely ephemeral.

## Teaching

While the Ents are beholden to their own people and their forest first, there was a time, long ago now by the reckoning of Men, when they also regularly passed their secrets on to other worthy beings. The Onodrim know much of the hidden ways of the world and more about the secret properties of trees and plants. Nature is very much an open book to the Ents and even the Wise bow to their wisdom in such matters. The Ents still keep an eye out for proper pupils, even in the waning days of the Third Age, but worthy candidates are rare and few dare to cross the boundaries of Fangorn looking for herb-lore.

Part of their desire to teach is sadly practical; the Onodrim know that a time is coming when they will be no more. Their numbers dwindle as the centuries roll on. The day will inevitably come when there are no more Ents to walk the paths of the forest and keep the trees safe. What then of their charges? If they have not yet taught at least a few among the younger races to love their trees, what chance will Fangorn have without them? The Elves are departing into the West and they were the only ones of the others that ever loved the trees half so much as the Ents. It is these thoughts that bother any Ent given to introspection, and there are few among them who aren't.

## Weeding

Of all the Onodrim's many duties, the one that they loathe the most, but will not shirk, they grimly refer to as 'weeding'. While the health of the forest is of paramount concern to the Ents, few trees are ever bothered by weeds. In fact, the Onodrim rather like a number of different plant species that others may refer to as weeds. When the Ents mention weeding, they are generally referring to the practice of 'pruning back an undesirable element in a forest or garden' – most of the time, they mean Orcs.

The Onodrim greatly value life and take no pleasure in killing, but if there is anything that can set a white-hot rage ablaze within the predominantly kindly hearts of the Ents, it is the wanton destruction that Orcs engage in as a matter of course. Wherever Orcs travel, they despoil their natural surroundings, corrupting the very ground with their unclean presence. An Ent can often perceive the passage of Orcs through his woods at a glance, simply by studying the filth they discard along the forest's paths.

Additionally, Orcs delight in cutting down healthy trees for their fires, disregarding easily taken fallen wood if it is more than a few dozen steps from where they have set their camp.

The Ents actively hunt Orcs within Fangorn whenever they notice their presence and are never inclined to let any escape when they catch them. While the Onodrim do not enjoy killing, they take a great deal of satisfaction in weeding out Orcs.

## Keeping off Strangers and the Foolhardy

There are places in the Forest of Fangorn where the trees are so old that the light has never penetrated their canopy in thousands of years. There the darkness has lain undisturbed since the Dark Years, and in some hollow dale, its shadow has spread to the trees themselves, tainting their hearts and making it very dangerous for outsiders to enter. The Ents set up guards and watch over these blacker patches of Fangorn, as while their location is obvious to the Onodrim, other folk cannot know what lurks within the more shadowed valleys of their realm.

To prevent travellers from trespassing into excessively dangerous areas, the Ents regularly spend time placing natural barriers, sometimes rocks, at other times whole groves of trees, which can serve to prevent easy passage and encourage travellers to go elsewhere.

A few places are so perilous that one or more Ents always remain nearby, actively standing vigil over the passages that lead to them.

What other dangers lurk in the darker parts of Fangorn, hiding in the mist-filled vales and hidden lairs where the sun cannot reach? Stone and Cave-trolls maybe, clever enough to have learned the ways of the forest proper and so avoid the wrath of the Ents; a rare Spider or two, directly descended from Ungoliant herself; Wargs smart enough to smell the Onodrim and swift enough to outpace them. Darker things too may have slipped down from the North, through long-forgotten roads beneath the Misty Mountains, or risen from the deeper roots of the mountains themselves.

## Entmoot

When the Onodrim decide that important matters need to be discussed among their people, they will call for an Entmoot. An Entmoot is a gathering of Ents, a conclave of both social and political import, to which all Ents that can be reached are invited to attend. Participating is not mandatory, and the number of Ents that will respond to the call is directly proportional to the respect owed to the caller for the Moot, something which is almost invariably tied to age. Every Entmoot follows a long-established format and every Ent knows it; the chosen location has always been the hedged dale known as Derndingle (see page 80) and the appointed time to start has always been before noon. Then, the meeting is articulated along a number of stages.

The first stage is when introductions are made. The caller of the Moot makes certain that everyone present is acquainted with everyone else and accounted for. This might seem unnecessary, as every Ent presently alive in Middle-earth already knows every other Ent, but the Onodrim regard themselves as being constantly altered by their experiences, and their names in Entish develop as a consequence of these changes. If others than Ents are present, then the introduction needs a further step, as the guests must be first introduced and then recognised for what they are by every Ent at the Moot.

When the first stage is finished, the caller of the Moot proceeds to explain why he has summoned his fellows, doing his best to give a detailed explanation of the issue at hand. This presentation of evidence can take a very long time indeed, for the Ents need to know every detail about the facts and events that they have to make up their minds about and everyone speaks in Entish. This second stage of the conclave has never lasted less than four days, and most take weeks.

Finally, when all present agree that they understand all that is pertinent to the issue at hand, the Entmoot enters its final stage, when Ents decide what to do about it. This is typically a far faster process than the presentation of facts, from a few hours to a few days. Whatever the Entmoot decides, the Onodrim as a whole are expected to enact. The Entmoot may very well decide to do nothing about an issue, or all present may agree to watch out for all things regarding some troubling concern and agree to meet to discuss it again in a decade or two and see if anything has changed. Ents who disagree with the decision of the conclave will never go directly against it, that being far too reckless for such a conservative and introspective people, but they may seek to gather evidence in order to change minds for the next Entmoot.

### Attending an Entmoot

It is possible that a Company that has met Ents may one day be called upon to attend an Entmoot. While a great honour, it can also be fairly tedious for many Free Folk, unless they wish to influence the course of the conclave. If that happens, the following modifications to the Audience rules can be used to determine if the companions succeed.

**Introduction**

Members of a Company who wish to speak at an Entmoot must be formally introduced during the first stage. They are not allowed to do it themselves: they must have a sponsor Ent who agrees to help them. If they wish to do so, they may tell their sponsor exactly how they are to be presented: this requires a **DC 10 Intelligence (Tradition**s) check.

Success indicates the sponsor spends several hours translating the information into Entish, but the guest is now properly presented to the council. Failure means the hero was too 'hasty' in the summary of their life and leads to the conclave failing to place them in the old lists. For example, the assembled Ents might now be persuaded that a Dwarf or a Hobbit is just a sort of a small Man, or, in the case of a 1 on the roll, they might even begin to suspect that a disguised Orc is among them, a turn of events that might have very unpleasant consequences...

### Cultural Attitude

The Onodrim are not on anyone's side and consider no one to be on their side either. Their remoteness and timeless approach to the other races means that the best result a hero can win is the Unknown attitude, but a speaker who fails the introduction will be regarded with Mistrust instead.

### Interaction

During the second stage of an Entmoot, heroes who were properly introduced may now speak. This is a task that can test the mettle of the most eloquent orator, as it is a trying undertaking for a non-Ent to render each specific bit of knowledge they wish to impart to the conclave in a way that the Ents will find exhaustive.

In game terms, each relevant piece of information that a companion wishes to relate requires a full day, a **DC 10 Wisdom** saving throw and two ability checks (with the DC set by the Introduction check). The saving throw is needed to remain focused long enough to tell the Ents what the hero wishes them to consider. The two ability checks must be made using two different abilities, to reflect the multiple angles that the inquisitive Ents ask to be considered for the evaluation of the matter at hand. The following skills are the most likely to apply: **History, Lore, Medicine, Nature, Persuasion, Riddle, Shadow-lore,** and **Traditions.** Heroes might propose other skills as relevant: **Performance** to repeat rhymes of lore, **Animal Handling** to describe the strange actions of livestock, **Survival** to report how the forest itself has changed in recent years, etc.

### Evaluating the Company's Effect on the Entmoot

The Onodrim are given to introspection and will not be rushed. No matter how important the Free Folk think a given situation is, the Ents have likely seen something like it before (and will again). It is very difficult to get them to hurry to carry out any particular course of action. For each day's testimony that was completely successful, the Company has nudged the Onodrim slightly towards their proposed solution. If the heroes succeeded on at least 3 days, they will begin to plan an action. If the heroes succeeded at presenting 5 days or more of testimony, then the Ents will begin to act very soon, within days or weeks of the Entmoot.

## THE ENTWOOD

*'I have heard nothing of this in my own land, save only songs that tell how the Onodrim, that Men call Ents, dwelt there long ago; for Fangorn is old, old even as the Elves would reckon it.'*

Ancient beyond the reckoning of any who dwell on Middle-earth, the great age of Fangorn is evident in every aspect of the forest: trailing beards of lichen hang to the ground from numerous trees, innumerable unfallen leaves line every deciduous branch between the fresh green sprouts, causing a brief rain of crunching brown whenever a rare wind manages to slip beneath the thick forest canopy,

and the shadowy eaves are filled with the slowly settling dust of centuries uncounted. The very air of the Entwood is thick with a scent of loam so dense a traveller through the ever-shifting shadows can nearly taste the woods about them.

Dim and close though Fangorn may be, it is not the unwholesome blackness that pervades Mirkwood. Still, the darkness that lingers beneath a few of Fangorn's leaves, especially about some of the oldest dales, comes down from the eldest times and it is perilous to tarry near it.

## Describing Fangorn

A legend even to the Elves, Fangorn is one of the great mysteries of Middle-earth at the closing years of the Third Age. Even one of the greatest travellers of his time, Aragorn, had never been there and knew of it only by odd stories passed down from old. While the oldest among the Eldar are aware of the presence of the Ents, it is a secret they mostly keep to themselves, lest other beings seek out the Shepherds of the Trees. Besides, the Elves are all too aware of the dangers that untrammelled nature can pose to the unwary and make no mistake, Fangorn is perilous.

A Loremaster setting adventures within Fangorn should consider the following elements when describing the forest.

### Old as the Hills

Everything in Fangorn shows the signs of great age. Even Elves feel young again when looking upon the ancient trees throughout the forest. Motes of slowly falling pollen are kicked up with every step. Large boulders standing in glades open to the sky have pock marks where raindrops have worn them down over the millennia. The actual soil of the forest floor takes real effort to dig down to, for it is buried under layers of fallen wood, fungal growths, and thick moss.

### Trackless Wilderness

There are no easy paths through Fangorn. No trails to follow between the trees. Many other lands, parts of Rhovanion, and much of Eriador, show the former presence of Free Folk: ruins, old statues, the broken remains of roads. There is none of that in Fangorn and never has been. It is a dark and frequently mist-filled forest, seemingly cut off from the rest of the world. At all times, travellers from elsewhere feel out of place there and totally isolated, the weight of the shadowy forest presses in without respite.

### So Very Strangely Alive

For all its age, Fangorn bustles with abundant life, but none of it conforms to expectations a travelling Company may have formed in other forests. Birds, squirrels, and other creatures will be busily going about their lives, then stop what they are doing to silently watch heroes pass them by, before erupting back into motion and sound. Camping in any given spot for more than a day will cause invasive tendrils to start wrapping about one's equipment. A backpack left too long in the wet will sprout a few small mushrooms with uncanny speed.

## The Lay of the Land

The forest of Fangorn both rests against and covers the rocky foothills of the southern Misty Mountains. The clear waters of the river Limlight run through the northern portion of the forest, wending their way through a series of steep-sided gorges before heading east to the Great River Anduin. *Methedras*, literally 'Last Horn' in Sindarin and often translated as 'Last Peak' in the tongues of Men, is the last great mountain (or the first depending on which way you look at it) of the Misty Mountains, and the southernmost of the grand peaks of the range. The lower slopes of Methedras form the western portion of Fangorn's southern border. Its steep sides give birth to two powerful rivers: the Isen, which flows directly south from the mountain, and the *Onodló* or 'Entwash'.

In Fangorn, travelling west invariably means heading up slope as the forest floor rises continually to gradually form the foothills of the Misty Mountains. East, then, is downwards and usually wet, as many rivulets travel down from the mountains and through the forest, then out onto the grassland of the Wold.

The Entwood is home to a myriad different tree varieties, a diversity unparalleled by any forest in Middle-earth. There are both evergreens and deciduous trees throughout, the evergreens tending to dominate as one draws nearer to the Misty Mountains. Silver-barked birches fill the heights, alongside endless waves of pines. Willows line the banks of the Onodló, slowly dripping their leaves into the river's flow. The eastern forest is filled with ancient and twisted linden trees, some of which have seen thousands of years pass. Their bark is covered with strange nodules, almost giving them distorted features. They are frequently touched by lichen in a wide variety of multi-coloured hues that cause some of the pathways of the forest to resemble hidden gardens. Massive fir and ash trees tower over the forest canopy. The reddish bark of the Entwood's fir trees make it popular for wood-working in both Rohan and Gondor, but few indeed dare to take even fallen trees from Fangorn Forest. Finally, there are wide chestnut trees, heavily laden with their unpicked fruits.

An explorer travelling through Fangorn may well soon discern that the forest has a superficially 'naturally' impossible differentiation of trees. Solitary oaks sprout up in spots they have no business being, rowans line the edges of picturesque glades, each placed with seemingly precise care. These and countless other touches are the work of the Ents, but theirs are subtle hands when it comes to anything resembling 'gardening'.

**Combat Scenery:** black toadstools (in Nan Mordeleb), bracken, briar patches, impenetrable hedges, low boughs, paths, thick-trunked trees, unsettling atmosphere, varied slopes

## WILDLIFE

The Entwood teems with life, countless birds flit between the trees, filling the air with their songs — and yet, they can fall into eerie silence without warning, unnerving those rare travellers who pass near the forest. The undergrowth teems with small creatures, many of which seem to have little fear, if any, of members of the Free Folk. There are few hunters to fear, other than predatory beasts, and those are rare within the Entwood.

Flocks of large birds can be seen wheeling over the western regions, where the land approaches the foothills of the Misty Mountains. They are the crebain, crows of unusual cunning, natives of Dunland and Fangorn. The Ents do not mind them, but the birds seem to naturally avoid the areas where the tree-herders pass more frequently.

There are packs of wolves within Fangorn proper, but they are peaceful creatures that the Onodrim have known for countless generations, very different from their wild kin from the mountains.

## INHABITANTS

The diminished remains of Fangorn have never been the abode of Men, nor even Elves for that matter. While the Elves did wander beneath Fangorn's boughs once, it has been millennia since any of the Firstborn made their homes in the Entwood. There are no ruins of habitations, ancient or otherwise, nor any Elven glade to disturb the unbroken wilderness of the forest. Few have passed beneath the eaves of the trees.

When the forest stretched across the face of Eriador, the Ents were many, but now a mere sixty or so remain to tend to Fangorn. These are younger Ents that do not remember the Elder Days, having been born much later. Much of their days are spent repeating old rituals and tasks that they've been doing for centuries. Anything novel, as long as it doesn't hurt their trees of course, is frequently welcome among them, though they may be somewhat slow to recognise it. Many of the younger Ents have never spoken to any of the Free Folk before and can be quite shy at times. Some are rather brusque, ignoring other people altogether, utterly unconcerned for the doings of anyone or anything that doesn't directly affect their trees.

## NOTABLE CHARACTERS

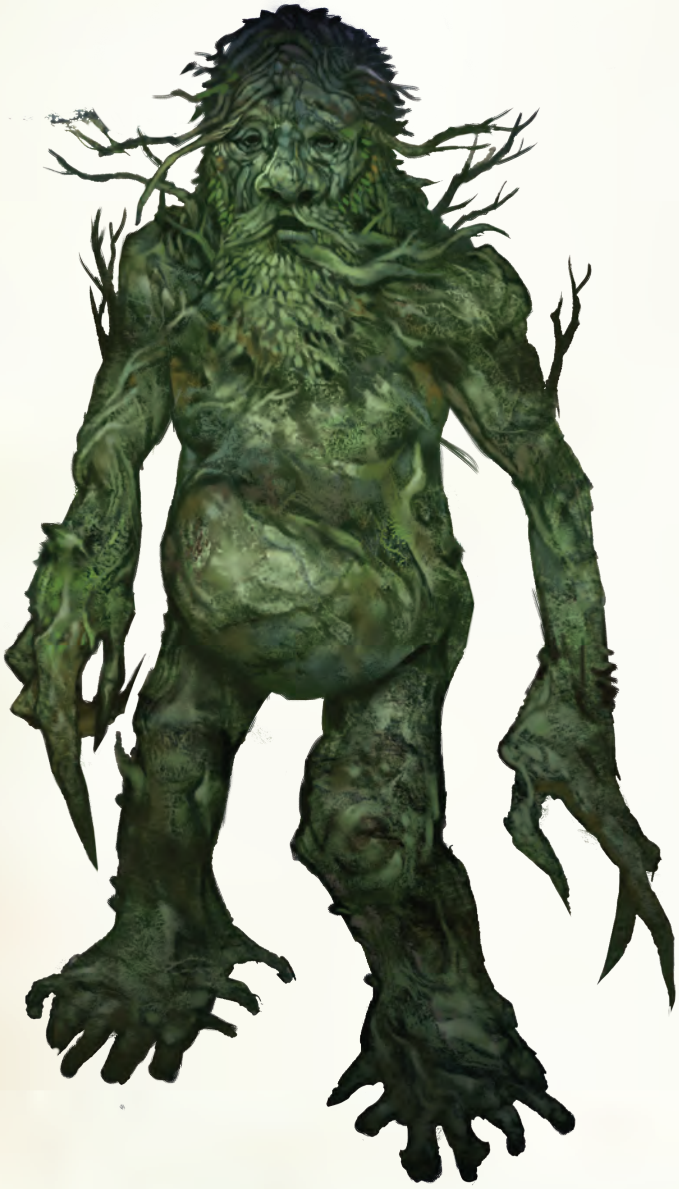
### Treebeard

Treebeard is the eldest among the Onodrim of Fangorn. Indeed, one of his names is Fangorn, Treebeard being a rendering of that name into the common speech. Treebeard would never claim that he ruled the forest; indeed, the concept wouldn't even occur to him, for, by his thinking, it would make him responsible for every living being within Fangorn, but he is the eldest Ent and therefore the most respected by his people. Treebeard's memory stretches all the way back to before the proper dawning of the First Age, and he has weathered many a storm in his days.

As befits a being that has lived so long, Treebeard likes to carefully consider his course, before finally acting with surety, if he chooses to act at all, that is. 'Do not be hasty', is Treebeard's motto. His judgements are deliberate and only made when he has had the time to consider all of the ramifications of his deeds.

Treebeard is not an insular being. He keeps track of the doings of the world as much as he can, and has extensive knowledge of important events happening beyond the borders of Fangorn. More than most of his fellow Ents, he spends a great deal of time considering what his senses tell him of the world beyond the forest. Birds, beasts, and trees all convey to him different types of news which he constantly meditates upon.

He is always interested in news from afar, as his many sources do not always present as clear a picture of events as he would like. Unlike many of his fellow Ents that frequently shy away from other folk, he may very well approach travellers daring to traverse the paths of Fangorn and question them thoroughly about their intentions within the woods. Individuals giving agreeable answers may earn his favour. Others will be pointedly told they'd best get on their way, out of the forest, immediately.



Ultimately, though, Treebeard is a kindly being. He generally prefers Elves to Dwarves, suspecting Durin's Folk of being far too willing to cut down his trees for their forges. But all Free Folk will get the benefit of the doubt from Treebeard; for Orcs alone, there is no mercy in his heart.

Folk that get to know Treebeard may be invited to one of his Ent-houses for a good chat. One of Treebeard's favourite dwelling-places, Wellinghall, sits on the slopes of Methedras, beneath a small stream.

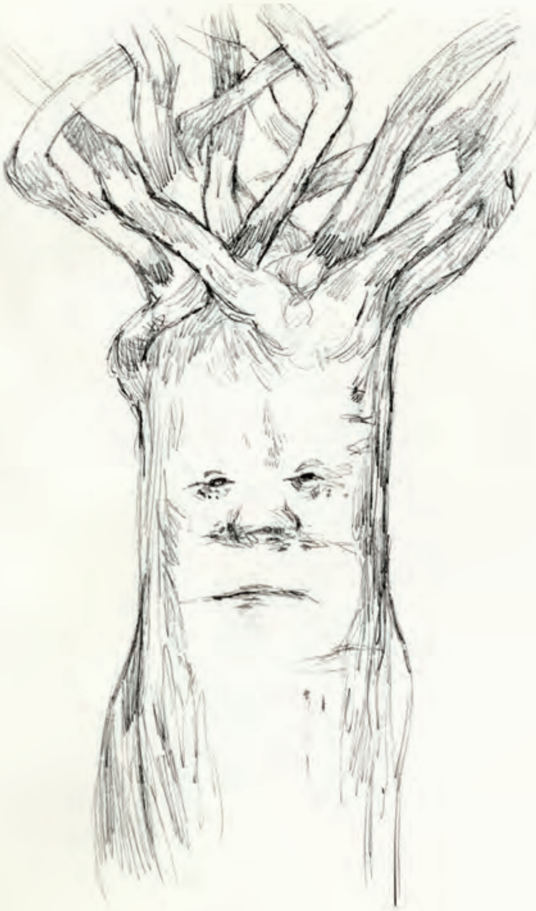
### Skinbark

***'Only three remain of the first Ents that walked in the woods before the Darkness: only myself, Fangorn, and Finglas and Fladrif — to give them their Elvish names; you may call them Leaflock and Skinbark if you like that better.'***

Only a few Ents have both the age and the audacity to openly get away with recruiting a company of Free Folk to their cause. Treebeard is not among them, as he is seldom inclined to worry about the affairs of others, in part because he has seen little consideration his or his forest's way over the millennia. But there are two other Ents that, like him, come from the First Age and walked the world before the coming of Morgoth's Darkness: Leaflock and Skinbark. With the long years, Leaflock has grown sleepy, descending into tree-dreams from which he can no longer be readily roused and the world seems but a distant memory to him. Skinbark, though, is another story entirely.

Called Fladrif in the language of the Elves, Skinbark watches the lofty pinnacle of Orthanc with great unease, for he and his folk live along the mountain slopes west of Isengard. His charges are mostly evergreens, red-berried rowans, and beech trees, but it is the birches that grow in the high places that he loves best. Looking about at his beloved tree-herds, Skinbark is ready to do something hasty...

Skinbark appears as a slender Ent with a smooth, almost white skin, standing close to 17 feet tall. His limbs are long and lithe, ending in wide tapering fingers, five to a hand. His voice is cool and melodious, sounding something like a deep flute.



### An Audience with Skinbark

Skinbark seldom leaves his mountainside or his tree-herds, though he does occasionally come down to 'stretch his legs a bit' in the southern portions of the forest. The chances of any outsiders ever meeting him by accident would be slim indeed, if not for the fact that he has come to the conclusion that he could use some help.

Skinbark has enjoined a number of younger Ents of his folk to keep an eye out for 'useful Free Folk'. Strangers reckless enough to travel about the forest may find themselves first spied upon, and then approached, by one of Skinbark's folk, either a very tall Ent named Beechbone, or an Ent considered to be most hasty named Quickbeam. Either might arrange to introduce a company of adventurers to Skinbark after they have somehow proven themselves worthy.

### Skinbark as a Patron

While the Onodrim seldom trouble with those outside their forest, Skinbark hears and sees much from his mountain home and he has decided to do something about the encroaching darkness. While he would be very careful about how he phrased it in conversation, what Skinbark truly needs are individuals capable of accomplishing tasks that are so dangerous that he would not dare to entrust them to any Ent. He would certainly find it deeply sad and highly regrettable if a hero of the Free Folk he sent forth died in the attempt, but there are too few of his own people left for him to afford to risk their lives.

Missions for Skinbark will usually involve investigating what Saruman is up to and spying on the doings of Orcs (see also *Adventuring in Fangorn*, page 88).

## Quickbeam

*Bregalad*, Quickbeam in the common speech, is one of the youngest among the folk of Skinbark, a tall Ent with ruddy lips and long-fingered hands who can bend like a slender tree in the wind. His fellow Ents consider him to be exceedingly impetuous, to the point of recklessness. By the measure of the Onodrim he is quick in stride, quick to talk, and quick in drinking, and as a result makes for much better company for creatures other than Ents. Skinbark confides much in Bregalad, as far as his goal to find allies outside of the forest is concerned, and often sends him to watch over the eastern and southern boundaries of the forest, hoping that he will succeed in entering in contact with someone.

As all Ents, Quickbeam is utterly in love with the forest. He laughs merrily at the slightest occasion, basking in the simple joy of living, and he enjoys singing at his trees, especially at the rowans that grow thick in the country of his folk, to the west of Isengard.

Unlike his chief, Skinbark, and his fellow, Beechbone, Quickbeam is not worried by the future, as he has often met Saruman among the trees of Fangorn and he has been captivated both by the eloquence of the Wizard and by his profound knowledge and wisdom. Saruman has described how he will one day transform the great circle of Isengard into a magnificent garden, and how he will entrust its keys to Bregalad himself. Saruman has added that many difficulties prevent him from realising his 'dream' for the moment, but one day he will achieve it, especially if, in the meantime, he has the friendship and understanding of the Ents. All he is asking for the moment is to have permission to walk in Fangorn...

### Beechbone

A relatively young Ent of the folk of Skinbark, Beechbone acts as a 'messenger' of sorts for the Ents of the high mountains. He roams up and down the foothills, regularly travelling the forest to keep track of the doings of other Ents as well as studying the many creatures that wander the heights of the mountains and the forest alongside him.

Beechbone shares Skinbark's worries over what the future may hold for Fangorn and the trees he loves. Though it pains him at times to be away, his adventurous spirit sustains him far from his trees as he seeks anything that could help the cause of his folk. The right sort of Company will find Beechbone to be a stalwart ally and a useful friend, for his knowledge of both beasts and plants runs deep.

Beechbone is very tall, and is described by other Ents as handsome, for the many high branches that crown his long head and his smooth, silver-white bark. His voice is a cheerful rumble that gently shakes the bones of Free Folk on the rare occasions that he gets to speak with them.

### Wyrmwood

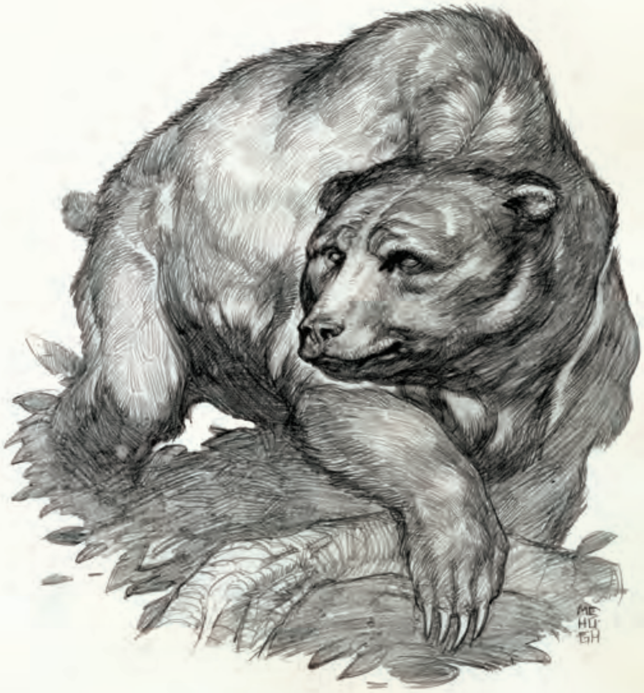
Most Ents tend to accumulate lore of one sort or another over their long lives, but few have sought out the strange and dark tales that fascinate the Ent known as Wyrmwood. A collector of the macabre, Wyrmwood delights in tales of fallen heroes, grand tragedies, and the blackest of curses. His memory stretches back almost to the eldest days and his stories, when he chooses to share them, are not to be missed for those that can appreciate a dark tale, well told.

Wyrmwood knows much of use to those that would hunt the Shadow or delve into old (and possibly cursed!) treasures of the past, but he is seldom inclined to divulge what he knows without learning something new (and hopefully gloomy) in return.

Wyrmwood stands just shy of 16 feet tall. His thick torso splits along the centre of his back into multiple branching limbs, the majority of which either flare outward or, especially around his head, curl upward. Wyrmwood has but one good eye, for his solemn features are marred by heavy burn scars that also cover his torso, for he was seared by Dragon-fire long ago and the wounds have never fully healed. Sometimes, especially when he is telling a particularly grim story, discoloured sap will slowly run from his ruined eye.

### Stoneclaws the Bear

There are few bears of any sort within Fangorn, much less ones as massive as Stoneclaws. The Ents, as a rule, aren't very fond of bears. Their tendency to sharpen their claws and mark their territory by tearing into the trunks of trees has never endeared them to the Onodrim. Still, for every rule there's an exception. Stoneclaws' mother staggered down from the Misty Mountains long years ago, bloody rents scored in her sides. The Ent Beechbone found her, life all but spent, near the Limlight. Perhaps he would have left her, letting nature take its course, if not for the Orcish arrows that guaranteed his sympathy or the new life struggling to escape her, for she was heavy with cub and in labour.



Thus, Beechbone the Ent found himself a midwife and soon after a parent, for the she-bear passed with the birthing of her cub. Beechbone turned to his fellow Ents and explained (for over a week or so) what had occurred. Together, they decided to raise the bear-cub. Fairly early on, the Ents pointedly directed his claw sharpening away from trees and towards stones within the forest, hence his name.

Stoneclaws is now a mighty beast, for he has been raised on the draughts of the Ents and has grown to an impressive size indeed. He wanders through the northern portions of Fangorn foraging, occasionally roaming to the edge of the woods when a tantalising new smell presents itself. He's exceedingly intelligent and fairly friendly, for a colossal bear, but a Company that meets him in the woods may not know that, and attacking him can quickly awaken a terrible wrath. Beornings will find him a cheerful soul who could help facilitate a meeting with the Onodrim if treated well. Killing Stoneclaws would upset all the Ents and certainly rouse the wrath of Beechbone.

Stats for Stoneclaws can be found on page 145.

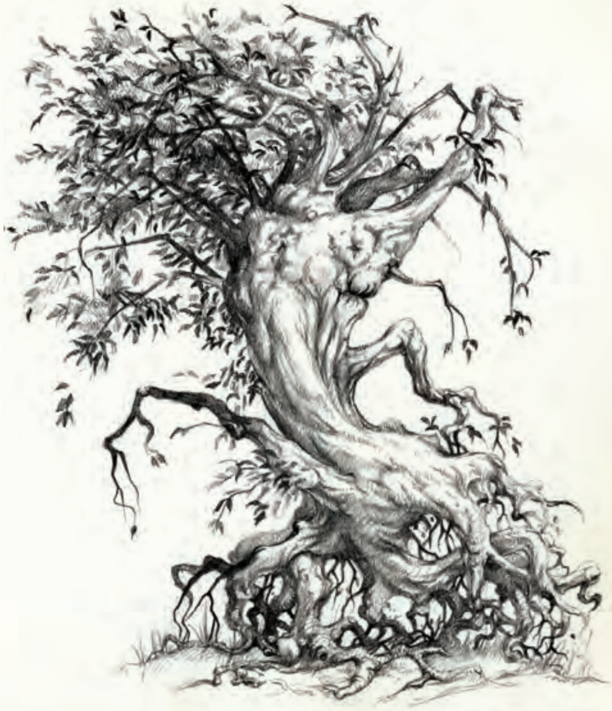
### Huorns

Beings of anger and great malice for all that go upon two legs stand still in the forest of Fangorn or under its eaves, keeping a silent guard over the trees. Some are as ancient as the forest itself, others are younger, but all the more vigorous in their hate. They are not easily encountered in the fringes of the forest, but hundreds, if not thousands of them lurk in the darkest vales. They are the Huorns, limb-lithe trees filled with terrible power and dangerous malevolence.

None outside the eldest Onodrim know exactly what the Huorns are, for they will not speak of it to others. Some believe that they are Ents who have slipped into a more tree-like state, their sentience slowly degenerating into half-remembered dreams of wakefulness, retaining only their great anger at the Orcs and others who would despoil the woods. Others declare that they are trees awakened by the Elves, or by the Ents in turn, who are slowly becoming more Entish. If such is the case, they apparently resent the burden of growing consciousness and use their new-found mobility to punish those who would despoil the forest.

Regardless of what Huorns actually are, the Ents tend to them as best they can, seeing to their few needs, speaking to them to calm them, and soothing them into long periods of sleep for much of the time. A waking Huorn is a queer being, unpredictable, and often irrational, even from an Ent's point of view. The Onodrim do their best to prevent the Huorns from harming others, or being harmed in turn, gently herding them between dales under the shadow of the mountains, far from Fangorn's outer borders. A fair number of Huorns are restless though and some are adept at slipping away from their Ent shepherds to wander throughout Fangorn seemingly at random.

The Huorns carry great power within them (leading credence to the theory that they are, in fact, fallen Ents) and are capable of moving with terrifying speed when roused. They have the ability to wrap themselves in an impenetrable shadow that cloaks their movements and allows them to move unseen or to surround unwary enemies before they realise their peril. They are cunning, moving slowly if that will serve better to keep them quiet, using their dark shrouds to blend into the night, while their foes sleep or are otherwise distracted. Though they are very strong, they lack the thoughtful minds of the Ents. Still, they are exceedingly dangerous foes, and far stronger than any Orc. Few outside of the very wise have ever heard of the Huorns and that, too, is to their advantage, adding to their secrecy.



Standing still, Huorns appear to be oddly shaped trees, with long sweeping limbs that clearly have more than enough reach to touch the ground about them. Their trunks are frequently grey, their leaves a dulled dark green that can appear almost black in certain lights. No matter how big a Huorn gets, their roots never seem to go very deep into the ground. Instead, they lie along the surface, curling in strange patterns. There are often seemingly deep archways leading down between the masses of a Huorn's roots, but such 'passages' lead nowhere or worse, to a terrible death. Huorns leave a distinct trail of disturbed and broken earth behind them when they move, especially if they pass over a grass field or other clearing, but few have the knowledge to identify such trails when they see them.

Stats for Huorns can be found on page pages 142-3.

## NOTABLE PLACES

### Treebeard's Hill

**'...a hasty word for a thing that has stood here ever since this part of the world was shaped.'**

A few miles from the eastern edge of Fangorn, a lone stony hill rises from the earth to stand level with the tips of the tallest trees. The hill is nearly barren, a rocky outcropping that looks like it belongs to the distant Misty Mountains, yet somehow found itself far flung and alone. One of the hill's faces is curiously worn, splintered, and weathered in such a way as to distinctly resemble a large set of uneven stairs, made for a stride far longer than average. Atop the hill there is little; no trees grow there, nor anything else save a scattering of grasses and weeds, yet much of the world can be seen from there, if one has the senses to look.

Fangorn himself claimed the stony shelf ages ago, naming it (well, at least in part): *a-lalla-lalla-rumba-kamanda lind-or-burúmë*. From his hill, Treebeard regularly gazes out at the world beyond the forest, drinking in what his senses tell him and contemplating news from afar. Heroes looking to meet the eldest Ent (if they know of him) could do worse than waiting near his chosen hill on fine days.

Whether it was the long years Treebeard spent in contemplation upon it, or a natural effect that led Treebeard to it in the first place, the ancient hill sharpens the mind and invigorates the spirit of those that spend time meditating upon it. A traveller that spends an hour or more in reflective thought on Treebeard's Hill gains Advantage on their next **Insight** check.

### Derndingle

The dale where the Onodrim have held their Entmoots since time immemorial, Derndingle stands near the southern edge of the forest, hidden within a dense patch of woods and surrounded by a wide hedge of dark evergreens. Derndingle resembles a massive, round hollowed-out bowl that has been smoothed outwards along the rim, forming a natural amphitheatre of sorts. The ground of the hollow is grassy and treeless, save for three tall silver birches at the centre of the depression. There are three entrances through the evergreen hedge, each with ancient paths worn deep into the ground. The Ents took the name for their meeting place from one of the now-ancient tongues of the First Men. It translates as 'hidden hollow'.

Outside of wanting to attend an Entmoot, which are exceedingly rare, there are a few reasons that other Free Folk may have cause to seek out Derndingle. The hidden dale has long been sacred to the Onodrim and the forest knows it; no predators approach within miles of Derndingle, and Orcs, though completely ignorant of exactly what may lurk within that southern portion of Fangorn, never go there, for none of their kind have ever returned from that region of the forest. Derndingle is thus an excellent spot for the weary and the hunted to rest.

Additionally, an Ent or two perpetually watches over the area. While they may not be willing to reveal themselves, depending on the circumstances, this is an excellent place for the Company to find an Ent in a hurry, if they don't care which one they meet.

### Whistlingdown

The river Limlight runs its course from the Misty Mountains down to the Anduin through the northern part of Fangorn. It passes, at times, through deep gorges and over many waterfalls, big and small. Along its way, near the centre of where the Limlight meanders through the forest, there is a massive waterfall that plunges into a naturally deep basin of sorts before continuing to flow east.

About the bottom of the falls is a small glade, hidden by the slick sides of the gorge. The Onodrim call this hidden clearing Whistlingdown and, while it is a place of great natural beauty, there are additional reasons that they sometimes bid others that they trust to seek it out.

Whistlingdown is a place filled with the vibrancy of Fangorn and the strength of the Hithaeglir, and whoever rests here discovers any hurt finds rapid relief. The Ents once brought their injured Entings to this place, ages ago now, when the unexpected hurts of youth needed mending.

### Healing in Whistlingdown

Companions resting for a time in Whistlingdown will find themselves greatly refreshed and recover hit points as if they were taking a long rest within a safe sanctuary. Additionally, a companion can remove a condition during the visit.

## Nan Mordeleb

*'But there are hollow dales in this land where the Darkness has never been lifted, and the trees are older than I am.'*

Deep within Fangorn, a series of cavernous valleys sharply descend deep into the dark earth, down to the very roots of the Misty Mountains. The upper portions of the valleys are heavily wooded, thick with ancient trees covered in curious lichens and strange nodules that look unwholesome to even untrained eyes. As one passes beneath the shadow of the mountains, the trees become progressively stunted, forever swathed in clinging fog, and few of them have ever seen the full face of the sun.

The valleys' sides are steep and treacherous, difficult to climb down, and dangerous to be near. As one descends deeper into the gloom, mushrooms and many other sorts of unpleasant looking fungi soon appear. The trees begin to change, passing beyond recognition into something altogether strange: odd combinations of trees crossed with massive toadstools. Eventually, the gorges pass beneath the mountains, and ominous groves grow in the darkness. There are no maps of what lies beneath the eaves of that shadowed forest, for those few that venture there seldom return and the remnant that manage to leave never wish to speak of what they saw...

Save at the greatest necessity, the Onodrim do not walk within the shadows of the dark vales that they collectively call Nan Mordeleb. The trees about the valleys there have purposefully been planted as thick as possible for thousands of years to create a near impenetrable hedge, walling the dark vales off from the rest of Fangorn as best the Ents can manage. The darkness within Nan Mordeleb comes down from the First Age, and the Onodrim are wary of disturbing that which sleeps in the hollows. Necessity occasionally forces the hand of the Ents, for there are medicinal herbs with bizarre but potent properties that grow only within the gloom of the dark vales and terrible creatures have laired there over the centuries, necessitating quests into the shadows to root them out.

### What Lurks in the Dark?

Nan Mordeleb translates from Sindarin as 'valley of black horror' and it is an apt name for the place. Companions travelling down into the hollow dales can leave a brilliant noon day in Fangorn behind to step into thick, mist-shrouded gloom within moments of passing the ring of 'sentinel groves' the Ents have planted about the upper edges of Nan Mordeleb. So what nameless things live in the black vales of Nan Mordeleb? Whatever the Loremaster wants to be there. But here are a few suggestions:

- Predatory hunting Huorns the size of Oliphaunts.
- Packs of Wargs that are too clever by far.
- A tribe of sickly pale Goblins that use strange poisons on their arrows and can see better than perfectly in the dark.
- A Troll more fungi than flesh.
- A sleeping shadow of darkness and flame...

## ADVENTURING IN FANGORN

Most of the Free Folk of Middle-earth have heard tales of Fangorn, yet next to none know anything about the Ents. The Fangorn of legend is a dark and twisted forest, filled with strange beasts and where the trees move. Those that walk beneath its eaves do not return, or so the common wisdom goes. How, then, does a Loremaster get the Company of heroes to go to such a place?

The following ideas can start many an adventure, but they are all especially suitable for Fangorn:

- Someone or something has been misplaced, deliberately or otherwise. With few places left to search, the Company reluctantly concludes that Fangorn must be considered as the resting place of whoever or whatever is missing.
- Orc raiding parties have struck into Rohan or slaughtered shepherds out on the Wold, before swiftly retreating into the shadows of Fangorn. Setting a trap outside of the forest won't work, for there is far too much ground to cover. If the Company truly wishes to stop the raiders, they will have to find their courage and go in after them (running the risk of being confused with their quarry when the wrath of the Ents finally falls upon every two-legged trespasser...).
- The Company is asked to enter Fangorn to find some rare herbs that are hard to find elsewhere. The plants may be anything from the secret ingredient of a legendary ale to a desperately needed medicine. Adding a limited-time component, such as seeking the cure for a disease running unchecked through the local communities, adds urgency and the necessity to risk journeying into Fangorn.
- Some heroes wish to look upon that which they haven't seen — even better if no one else has seen it either. Scholars and Wanderers are especially susceptible to wanting to walk where few others have travelled before.
- Few but the Wise know of the Ents, but many heroic companies end up knowing one or more of the Wise, don't they? Gandalf, Lord Elrond, or another significant patron sends the Company on a diplomatic mission to Fangorn to seek out Treebeard's counsel. Perhaps a terrible plague or an ancient foe that has not been seen in centuries has returned and they seek the wisdom of the eldest living being in combating it.

## HASTY TASKS FOR HASTY FOLK – ENT PATRONS

The Ents know a great deal about the world beyond their borders, but they are limited in what they can do with their knowledge, for they are unwilling to leave Fangorn, even briefly. Their charges within the forest require their regular care and the less of the Shadow's attention they draw, the better, or so they tell themselves. But occasionally an Ent recognises the higher necessity and feels the need to act, or find someone to act *for* them.

There are Ents within Fangorn willing to approach the right sort of company to form an alliance with those who can act as their hands, occasionally within, but most often without, the forest. Skinbark is the best example (see *Skinbark as a Patron,* page 83), but there may be other Ents whose growing restlessness might push them to extreme measures. Any such Ent would have to be very certain of the heroes' loyalties before they would ever consider such an association, but there are ways to expedite this. While it normally takes an Ent quite a few years to make their mind up about someone, all of them trust both Gandalf and Radagast without question; a recommendation from either Wizard would go a long way towards earning the Ents' trust and respect. Actions, as always, speak louder than words as well. A group that has already assisted the forest or a given Ent through their actions may be considered for a more long term arrangement as well.

So what do the Ents require? A few tasks are as simple as taking seeds and planting them in some distant locale. Others are more dangerous by far. The following are a sample of the sorts of missions an Ent may ask a company to perform.

### Weeding

The Company is tasked to track down and eliminate a band of Orcs, one that hides where the Ent patron cannot follow. The heroes can either manage this on their own, or trick the Orcs into following them into an Ent and Huorn ambush. The Company may soon discover that the Orcs have found quite a few hidden ways through Fangorn: unmarked paths that go readily unnoticed by the Ents and secret tunnels to disguise their movements. Their trails all seem to lead back to the mountains and to the south.

### Distant Retrieval

The Company is sent far from Fangorn to bring back something their Ent patron remembers from long ago. Such a quest could send them roaming far to the north or to the distant west of Eriador, and it is unlikely the area where they are sent looks anything like the Ent remembers. Their mission may involve something as simple as bringing back a live tree or as complex as seeking out a legendary Elven arborist in Rivendell or the Grey Havens and asking them to accompany the companions back to Fangorn.

### Information for an Entmoot

The Company is charged with finding out all they can about a subject related to a decision made at the last Entmoot. To put it another way, their patron wants the characters' help in advancing his agenda, whatever it may be. The heroes may or may not know about the 'political' side of things, only that they've been given what seems like a straightforward task.

### Landscaping

The patron wishes the Company to alter the landscape in an area where the Ents cannot readily go. For example, the heroes are asked to go to follow a spring to its headwaters, high in the Misty Mountains, discover whence it flows and then remove any obstructions that might have altered its original course. Such chores are seldom as straightforward as they seem they should be, especially since the Company will likely have to travel into harrowing places to see it done.

### Seek for the Entwives

This is more of an ongoing charge than a specific task. The Ents have tried on and off for a very long time to find their lost mates; they certainly don't think any companies will 'get lucky' and find them. Rather, this is an injunction to heroes working for the Ents to always keep their ears open for rumours or news concerning 'leafy women' or any other odd thing that sounds like it could be connected to the missing Entwives. If any heroes were ever to find real news of the Entwives' whereabouts, it would certainly

## The Laughing-Folk

Canonically, the Ents do not recognise the existence of Hobbits till the year 3019 of the Third Age, when their existence is finally acknowledged and their names are added to the Long List of all living creatures. This, obviously, can be a bit problematic if a hero from the Shire wanders into Fangorn and chats to an Ent or two. Loremasters can go with any (or none) of the following explanations, should they feel the need:

*What's a burrahobbit?* The Ents never acknowledged the existence of 'Hobbits' because they had no idea the character was one. Many other folk look quite similar to the Ents. Perhaps the heroes in question were thought to be children or some strange sort of beardless Dwarves and the Ents were too polite to ask, knowing that Durin's Folk treasure their beards.

*Never Presented at Entmoot.* Actually, the Ents that the Company deal with are all aware that the Hobbits are some unrecognised sort of creature (and probably very excited to meet something 'new') but they do not consider the matter to be urgent enough to call for an Entmoot. Besides, what if they do so and they are found to be wrong? The embarrassment could last centuries...

*The* Red Book of Westmarch: *it lies.* All a Tookish gambit. Everyone knows about those Brandybucks. The Ents knew all about Hobbits, they'd been introduced centuries ago...

be cause for an Entmoot at the very least. (If the players have played through **The Watch on the Heath** adventure contained in *Wilderland Adventures* and/or **Sleeping Dragons Lie** in *Erebor Adventures,* they may have encountered Witherfinger, a creature any Ent would love to know more about...).

### Into the Darkness

The Ent patron asks the Company to go where no Ent dares to go: into the heart of Nan Mordeleb (see page 87). Perhaps a rot is spreading amidst the trees and the Ents suspect its source is in Nan Mordeleb. Maybe some creature within the hollow dales has figured out a way past the sentinel trees and must be stopped. Whatever the cause, the patron would send only the hardiest of companies to see the task done.

## We Fight for the Trees

So what does a company that works for the Ents get out of the arrangement? The Shepherds of Trees have access to information from a great many unusual sources and often seem to be aware of events that they shouldn't possibly be able to know about. Their memory is long indeed, stretching back to the very beginning of the world, and they know the location of many hidden places, along with other powerful secrets that the world has forgotten.

A company with an Ent patron will also be offered a place at the Ent's table, and to partake with their drink... (see Ent-draughts on page 72.)

# Things to do while in Fangorn

***'We keep off strangers and the foolhardy; and we train and we teach, we walk and we weed.'***

## New Fellowship Phase Undertakings

### Open Fangorn as a Sanctuary

If a company has entered Fangorn during an Adventuring phase and sufficiently impressed the Ents, the heroes may gain permission to spend a first Fellowship phase there. If they wish to return, they must all choose the Open New Sanctuary undertaking and thus be accepted as regular guests by the Ents, albeit in a slightly more limited capacity than other such sanctuaries.

Upon opening Fangorn as a sanctuary, the whole of the forest does not suddenly become a peaceful place for the Company; rather, they will spend their resting season with one or two of the Ents they've become friends with in or near their Ent-homes. While such domiciles are not built to accommodate Free Folk guests, the time the Company spends taking on Fangorn as a sanctuary is understood to include making a place for themselves in the wood with the assistance of the Ents. Such dwellings can be remarkable indeed; snug hollows carved from seemingly impenetrable rock faces, buildings shaped from interwoven bushes, and living treehouses are all possible.

### Study with the Ents

Companions who impress the Ents for their compassion or their love for learning can prompt the Shepherds of the Trees to take one of them as a pupil. Learning even a portion of the lore of the Ents is not a task to be undertaken lightly, for it takes several Fellowship phases to complete a single 'course of study' among the long-lived, and long-winded, Onodrim.

A companion who spends the Fellowship phase in Fangorn Forest and chooses this undertaking can either learn some lore of the *Roots of the World*, or how to listen to the *Song of the Forest.*

**The Roots of the World**

The Ents have spent many centuries studying their forest, while still learning much of the world beyond it and though they claim there is always more to know, the knowledge they already have is vast. A character who studies with the Ents for the entireity of two Fellowship phases in a row can choose to acquire either the Beast-lore (pg. 122 of the *Player's Guide*) or the Herb-lore (pg 134 of the *Player's Guide)* speciality.

A hero that would instead learn many of the tales of old can spend three full Fellowship phases to take the Old Lore speciality. It is permissible to take several 'courses'. Thus, a hero who wishes to learn all the Ents' have to teach one of the Free Folk would have to spend seven Fellowship phases – and a number of years – doing so.

### The Song of the Forest

Heroes who have spent time among the Ents eventually discover that they perceive far more of the world about them than other folk. The Ents attribute this to learning how to 'read the wind' and 'listen to the world'. A character can spend two full Fellowship phases in a row learning to hear and understand what the forest has to tell them.

A hero who learns to understand the Song of the Forest gains Advantage on **Survival** checks made in the woods. Furthermore, they can never be successfully ambushed or surprised in the Wild, save in the most barren or blighted of lands.

## Weeding in Fangorn

A hero who spends the Fellowship phase in Fangorn and who has the trust of the Ents may volunteer to assist them in 'weeding' as an undertaking. While not a particularly restful way to spend a season, the hearts of some heroes burn with a cold fire towards Orcs, a passion that the Onodrim share.

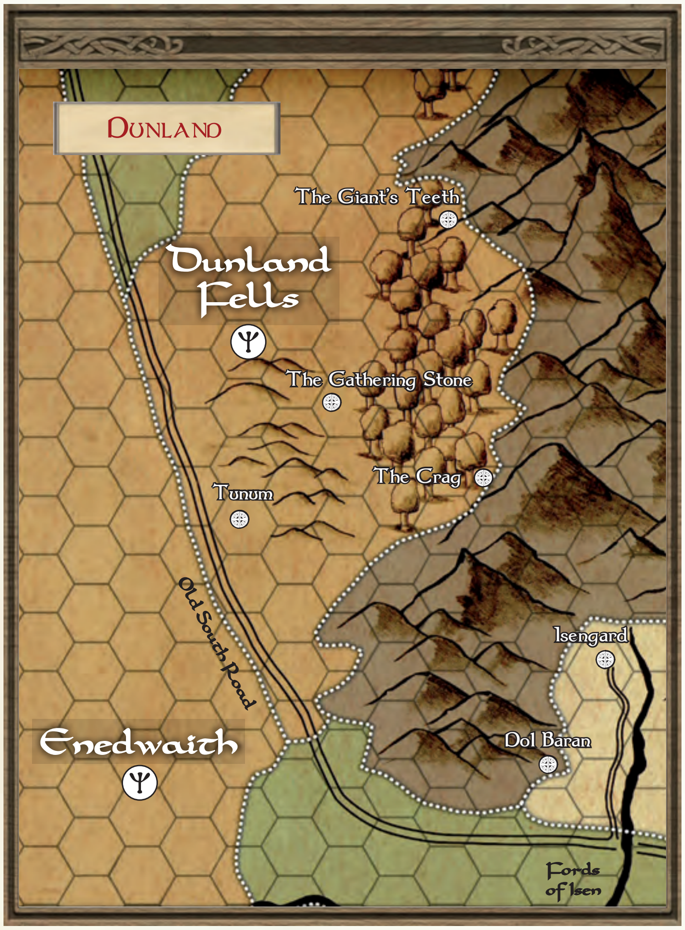
A hero who spends a Fellowship phase 'weeding' in Fangorn adds +3 damage to any hit on Orc-kind using a melee attack. The bonus lasts for the length of the following Adventuring phase.

# a folk with -no kings-

Only in Dunland did Men of this race hold to their old speech and manners: a secret folk, unfriendly to the Dúnedain, hating the Rohirrim.

There are highlands west of the southern Misty Mountains where the sun rarely shows a full face. The foothills there are heavily forested, filled with all manner of cunning beasts. Strange sounds echo through the mists, as if they were haunted by the spirits of the Elves who died in the fall of Eregion, which lies directly to the north.

The lore-masters of Rohan name the area *Dunland* in their tongue, the 'brown land', the easternmost region of Enedwaith, and know that the hills resound not with the cries of ghosts, but with the calls of those they call the Dunlendings.



## HISTORY OF DUNLAND

At the start of the Second Age, the land along the banks of the river *Gwathló*, the 'Greyflood', was still heavily forested. An indigenous folk of wild wood-dwellers roamed the area hunting as they pleased, bowing to no foreign king, nor chieftain of their own blood.

When the Men of the West landed at the estuary of the Greyflood to begin vast lumbering operations for their shipyards, the forest-dwellers hid in the shadows, in awe of the power and splendour of the Númenóreans. Year after year, the felling of trees became more devastating and the nomads of the woods chose to gather their forces and harry the invaders; they started to ambush the Dúnedain, hoping to drive them back to the shores of the sea whence they came.

But the forest-dwellers could not compete with the Men of the West in matters of warfare, and they were greatly outmatched. Many were slaughtered and the rest were forced to abandon their land to save their lives. The fleeing nomads retreated in many directions; those who were living in the woods to the south of the river fled east, towards the foothills of the Misty Mountains or further south, in the northern vales of the White Mountains, where others of their blood dwelt in dark dales and highlands.

### The Mists of Time

The majority of the information contained in this history section is provided for the Loremaster to better understand the background that brought about the current strife between the Dunlendings and the Riders of the Mark.

Thousands of years are too wide a gap for the memory of song. Not even the Rohirrim, who are close to Gondor, are likely to know a thing about the Hillfolk of Calenardhon, for example, apart from more recent memories hinting at older roots, like the fact that the tongue of the Dunlendings 'is an ancient speech of Men, and once was spoken in many western valleys of the Mark.'

## Kingdoms to the North and South

At the end of the Second Age, Elendil the Tall, along with his sons and followers, fled the ruin of Númenor. The last remnants of the Men of Westernesse founded two kingdoms in Middle-earth: Arnor in the north and Gondor in the south.

At their greatest extension, the borders of the twin realms met along the Greyflood, but the Númenóreans of the south had neither the numbers nor the will to enforce their claim over the lands south of the river and soon abandoned any pretence of ruling there, tracing their western boundary along the Isen to the south. The intervening region they called *Enedwaith*, the 'middle-region'. By that time, the region had become a wide, treeless plain, devoid of any town or village, for the Men of the West didn't build any settlement there, content as they were to maintain the bridge passing over the Greyflood and watch over the great North-South Road, which was the chief route of communication between the Two Kingdoms except by sea.

As Arnor and Gondor flourished, those descendants of the forest-dwellers who had sought refuge in the hills west of the Misty Mountains settled permanently among those rocky slopes. They kept to themselves, hiding, for they still considered the Men of the West to be usurpers. For the most part they even ignored that they were nominally subjects of Gondor, and no one from that realm ever attempted to enforce their rule upon them.

## The Hillfolk of Calenardhon

When the Great Plague of the year 1636 of the Third Age swept north and west from out of Mordor, the dead were soon beyond counting. Gondor was greatly depopulated, and, in the following centuries, its people dwindled and were forced to abandon many holdings and fortresses.

The folk of the hills of Enedwaith and the White Mountains were not as hard hit by the plague as others, as they kept to themselves and did not trade much with their neighbours. In time, many among the folk of the White Mountain vales and the hills of Enedwaith were allowed to enter the province known in Gondor as Calenardhon. Whole tribes moved in and out onto its green meadows, where they let their livestock roam freely.

For nearly a thousand years the Hillfolk of Calenardhon prospered. Many tribes continued to live on the western side of the Misty Mountains and in the vales of the White, but many more now wandered over the plains of Calenardhon. Still, all those among the wandering tribes considered themselves as part of a single folk. While their ways varied, they shared the same ancient speech and traditions that marked them apart from the majority of other folk in Middle-earth.

Though they knew it not, these long centuries were the greatest their people were to know.

## The Forgoil

In the year 2510, Gondor was besieged by foes. Cirion, Steward of Gondor, sent forth messages asking for what aid the North could give, but held little hope that there would be any answer. Unlooked for, were the horsemen of the Éotheód, who swept south to destroy the enemies of Gondor on the Field of Celebrant. In gratitude, Cirion ceded Eorl the Young and his people the province of Calenardhon to be their new homeland.

In the following years, the Horse-folk of the North began their migration into the land they now call the Riddermark. Soon afterward they ruthlessly began chasing away the tribesfolk that didn't flee from 'their' new home.

Bitter were the days that followed, as the Eorlingas drove the Hillfolk from the plains and the vales of the White Mountains across the Isen. They escaped west, some stopping in the angle between the Isen and Adorn rivers, others returning north, back to the hills of the Misty Mountains in Enedwaith.

The Sons of Eorl gave a name to the craggy eastern portion of the land that the Hillmen seemed to recognise as their ancestral home: *Dunland* they dubbed it, meaning 'hill land' or 'brown land' and they called its inhabitants the *Dunlendings*, maybe also in jest for their darker skin and hair. As an answer, the Dunlendings started calling the usurpers of their land the *Forgoil*, meaning 'strawheads'.

During the forced migration, many fights between brother and brother erupted among the Hillmen of Dunland, grim affairs with no small amount of bloodletting as kinfolk distant and close fought over limited resources. Eventually, such matters were settled, and eventually the newly reunited folk were able to turn back east. The first raids against the Riddermark began.

## The Brief Glory of Wulf

Over the following two centuries, the Dunlendings made several armed forays into the Riddermark, but most such endeavours were repulsed. A time for retribution finally arrived at the time of Helm, son of Gram, Lord of the Riddermark.

Two hundred years later, many inhabitants of the west march of Rohan still mourn the base treachery of Helm, who murdered their noble kinsman, Freca, outside the halls of Edoras and then proclaimed Freca's son, Wulf, and his near kin to be enemies of the Mark. But they rejoice with all their hearts when they tell the tale of how Wulf defeated the hated Forgoil in battle with the help of powerful allies from the East, and of how he sat on the throne of Meduseld as king.

But brief was the glory of Wulf, and even greater than the first was the second treachery committed by the sons of Eorl: Fréaláf, nephew of Helm, stole into Meduseld under cover of darkness and slew the rightful king, snuffing out all hope for the Hillfolk to reclaim their stolen land.

## The White Wizard

At the time of the coronation of Fréaláf, a feast was held to celebrate the restoration of the lords of the Mark. During that ceremony the Wizard Saruman appeared, having been long away, supposedly in the distant East. He brought many gifts and praised the deeds of the Riders of the Mark and the daring of their new king in his war against the invaders. He then offered his aid to Fréaláf, asking to be allowed to enter and repair the Tower of Orthanc as its new keeper and ward.

This request was held to be fortuitous in both Rohan and Gondor, for it provided a solution to a long-standing problem: since many years the Ring of Isengard had fallen into the hands of the Dunlendings and had been only recently recovered by the Rohirrim. They were unwilling to let the Hillmen occupy it once more, though neither they nor Gondor could spare the forces to man the fortress. The answer to Saruman's request was an easy one: the White Wizard received the keys to Orthanc in the year 2759.

Over the following two centuries, Saruman proved to be an excellent neighbour to the Eorlingas, often assisting the rulers of Rohan with his great lore. Though he was sworn to hold Isengard against any enemy of the Mark, Saruman eventually employed many men from west of the Isen as servants, to do his bidding abroad.

## Dwarves in Exile

In 2770, Smaug the Golden sacked Erebor, smoking the Dwarves of the Lonely Mountain out from their halls and forcing them to flee into the wilderness. King Thrór eventually crossed the Misty Mountains, finding refuge in Dunland with those who chose to follow him. There he was welcomed by the hill clans; though the Dunlendings had certainly no love for any king, the Dwarves' tale of being forced to leave their home by a foe they had little hope of defeating could not help but invoke their sympathy.

The exiles of Erebor came and went, leaving for a time to fight in their great and terrible war against the Orcs. Eventually, Thorin Oakenshield, son of Thráin, grandson of Thrór, led what was left of his people into the North, to the Blue Mountains, and they returned to live in Dunland no more.

### Recent Years

The long strife with the Forgoil has continued, unabated, for a long time indeed. Few are the years that pass without bloodshed between the Dunlendings and the Riders of the Mark. There may be change on the wind though: the Rohirrim have a new lord, Thengel son of Fengel. There are voices among the Hill-tribes who say this king is not like his predecessors; whether this will bode well or not for the Folk of the Dunland Fells has not yet been determined.

News that the Dark Lord has returned means little on the surface to the folk of Dunland; there have always been powerful lords in other lands, far off. Still, there have been far more Orc incursions and other troubles of late.

In 2953, the same year that Thengel took the throne of the Mark, Saruman formally declared himself Lord of Isengard, no longer beholden to the Stewards of Gondor. Many Dunlending tribes approved of this, finding Saruman to be a worthy neighbour, for all that he was originally given charge of Isengard to keep them at bay. Still, other tribes remain suspicious of the White Wizard and his motives.

## The Dunland Fells

The Glanduin river marks the northern border of Dunland, just as the long line of the Misty Mountains sets its eastern boundary. To the south, the land of the Hillmen ends where the Gap of Rohan opens, but a great number of Dunlendish tribes live beyond it, in the West-march of the Riddermark, for example.

Dunland is a land of scrub grass, marshy fens, windswept bushes, and a steady rise as one travels east, eventually climbing swiftly to become the forested foothills west of the Misty Mountains. The Dunland Fells vary from dull browns to dark greens in shade, depending on the time of the year, but this is seldom easy to discern, for they're continually shrouded in thick fogs that roll down off the Hithaeglir.

The eastern forests are dense, but nothing like ancient Fangorn or dreaded Mirkwood on the far side of the mountains. The fells have a peculiar look to them, in that some of them are covered with trees and others are completely bare. This is because the composition of the foothills varies between loamy soil and outcroppings of granite that appear far more fertile than they actually are.

The south is dominated mostly by arid plains, though the land near the banks of the Isen is particularly fertile.

**Combat Scenery:** bogs, crags, mud, nettle patches, old walls, steep slopes (near the Misty Mountains), thickets, torrential downpours

### Wildlife

The beasts of Dunland have grown both swift and cunning, for they regularly contend with greatly skilled hunters who can read signs of their passage at a glance. Small game creatures are ever on the move here, and quick to disappear in an instant. Birds of prey and waterfowl ride the wind off the mountains or hunt along the great rivers.

Most common by far though are the flocks of great black crows, the crebain. Sullen and ill-omened, they fill the skies and descend swiftly to feast on carrion, man or animal alike. Of late, they've grown bolder and have been known to go after the merely wounded as well.

The Dunlendings have never ceased their long struggle with the packs of Wild Wolves that creep down from the mountains to raid their encampments, stealing away stored food or even children, if they can get them. At times, worse beasts will crawl out from under the mountains, and the Dunlendings have long since learned to never let their guard down, no matter how placid a given grassy plain or quiet fell may seem.

## INHABITANTS

The Hillmen of Dunland have always been a nomadic folk composed mainly of herders. A few clans keep meagre farms and villages among the hills near the Old South Road and inside the borders of the Riddermark, in the lands of the Wulfings (see page 94). Most disdain fixed settlements, routinely moving from year to year and season to season as the mood takes them. The life of a shepherd living in the angle between the Isen and the Adorn differs greatly from that of a hunter who stalks along the Glanduin. Even so, all Dunlendings speak close versions of the same unique language, an ancient tongue that has no connection to any other spoken on Middle-earth.

Typically a Dunland clan is led by a chieftain, assisted by a council of elders and warriors. In all clans the chieftain's sworn warriors dominate over the others, demanding exorbitant gifts of the common herdfolk and giving little in return. There's little sense of reciprocity. Dunland warriors feel little obligation to protect commoners, who in turn cooperate because it's better to let warriors have their way in order to keep them loyal.

The Hillmen clans fight and feud, trade and intermarry. Complex ties of blood and oaths and tradition link them, sometimes binding them together and sometimes driving them to war. This season's ally might be next season's victim. Successful chieftains know when to count on alliances, when to honour them with sweat and blood, and when survival demands turning against an old ally to gain a new one.

The villages of the foothills and mountain dales are easiest for strangers to approach and are the most accustomed to travellers from afar. Some of them even hosted families of Dwarves for many years in recent memory. The dwellers of the highland fells are a harder folk, insular, grim, and vicious, vengeful in guarding their kin and their herds. The clans of the eastern heights are the fiercest, only coming down from the mountains to raid others and take what they cannot grow in the high crags.

## NOTABLE CHARACTERS

### Torannen, Chieftain of the Highland Fells

Torannen is in his forties, but his swift grin makes him seem far younger. His lineage is one of the most storied in Dunland, for he claims to descend in direct line from one of the greatest heroines of Dunland: Tora, she who taught her folk the language of the ferocious Wargs of the mountains and saved them from countless Orc raids. Torannen has inherited the gifts of his fabled ancestor, and, thanks to that and his cunning, he has travelled widely in his youth, which is rare in a Dunlending. He saw much of Rhovanion and its varied peoples, some of which he even came to admire.

Torannen's clan moves along the highland fells, though they generally avoid coming close to the Gap of Rohan for he always advises against it, as Torannen is one of the few Dunlendish leaders to doubt Saruman's intentions. He has spent much of his life roaming over the Misty Mountains and knows much that is hidden. Unlike his generally insular people, Torannen enjoys conversing with outsiders, especially if they bring news he hasn't heard.

### TORANNEN

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 16 (+3) | 10 (+0) | 18 (+4) | 12 (+1) | 15 (+2) | 13 (+1) |

**Armour Class** 16 (Scale Hauberk, Shield)
**Hit Points** 76 (9d8+36)
**Speed** 30 ft

**Skills** History +3, Insight +4, Survival +4, Traditions +3
**Senses** passive Perception 12
**Languages** Dunlending, Wargspeech, Rogan, Westron
**Challenge** 3 (700 XP)

**Secret Ways.** If the Company impresses Torannen during an Audience, he might share with them knowledge of hidden paths in Dunland. If they start a journey from his location, they automatically gain Paths Both *Swift and True* for their embarkation result.

**Shield-strike (Recharge 5-6).** If Torannen has just hit with his axe, he can use his bonus action to slam his shield into the same target. The creature takes 4 points of bludgeoning damage and must make a **DC 13 Strength** saving throw or become Prone.

**Actions**

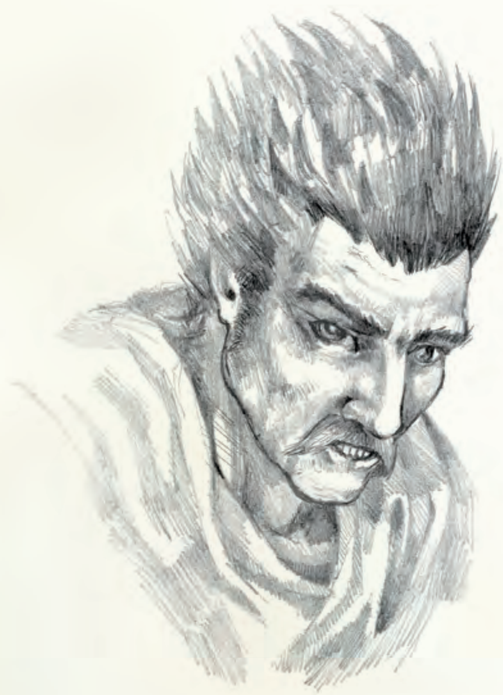
**Multiattack**. Torannen makes two attacks with his axe.

**Great Forest Axe.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 9 (1d12+3) slashing damage. This weapon can be wielded with one hand.

## Casferoch the Cold, Highland Raider

The Dunlending clans of the eastern heights are not like their lowland fellows. They survive in hardship and want, living short lives in a land that gives them little. They cling to their bitter territories fiercely, taking pride in their freedom and reputation. Savage and merciless, they cleave from the old ways, taking what they wish from others, delighting in carnage. Among that vicious folk, wild and reckless behaviour is the standard, with little thought for the morrow. There is one, though, who gives even his fellow raiders pause: Casferoch the Cold.

Casferoch's rage is icy, his raids deliberate and well-planned. Brutal and cruel, Casferoch shows little mercy to Dunlendings who fall into his grasp and less still to outsiders and none to the Orcs that raid his people and other Dunlendings. His folk follow him out of fear of his wrath and admiration for his successes; they are richer with Casferoch than without him. But they are ever wary. He is a survivor who delights in vengeance for slights real and imagined. Casferoch is a heavily built warrior in his thirties, with dark black eyes, set in a heavily scarred face. He only smiles when he kills.



### Casferoch

*Medium Human (Evil Man)*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 19 (+4) | 13 (+1) | 17 (+3) | 15 (+2) | 14 (+2) | 8 (-1) |

**Armour Class** 13 (Hide)
**Hit Points** 75 (10d8+30)
**Speed** 30 ft

**Skills** Athletics +6, Intimidation +1, Perception +4, Survival +4
**Senses** passive Perception 14
**Languages** Dunlending, Westron
**Challenge** 4 (1,100 XP)

**Brutal Assault (Recharge 5-6).** Casferoch gains Disadvantage on all attacks until the start of his next turn, but any successful attacks count as critical hits.

**Horrible Strength.** If Casferoch makes a successful melee attack, he may use his bonus action to cause additional damage equal to his Strength modifier (+4) to the target.

**Actions**

**Multiattack**. Casferoch makes three attacks with his spear.

**Great Spear.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 10 ft, one target. *Hit:* 10 (1d12+4) piercing damage.

**Reactions**

**Deadly Spear-Thrust.** Casferoch may use his reaction to make a single melee attack against a creature that has just attacked him. If Casferoch inflicts a critical hit with this attack, the target is knocked Prone as the blow strikes a knee or other joint.

## Leuwen of Tunum

Nertun Ironhand is the chieftain of the lowland village and clan of Tunum. His prowess as a warrior has few peers, but he has little patience for the daily toil of ruling his people. He leaves that to his ancient mother, Leuwen, a formidable crone who has overseen the trade and prosperity of her clan for many decades.

Leuwen's family grew to prominence in the village a long time ago, when they were the first to welcome a number of Dwarven exiles from Erebor. Now the Dwarves are all but gone, but the gold in the coffers of Leuwen's clan lasted for many decades, buying them influence and power. In her lifetime, Leuwen didn't squander what was left, and she was successful in maintaining ties of trade and alliance that keep Tunum strong. She entertains good relations with most of the clans of the hills, and she trades with many families dwelling in the West-march of the Riddermark. But, as the years grow long, she fears for her home. She knows her only child has little to offer as a leader. She hopes against hope to wed him to a young woman from the Wulfings or the Gáesela, a marriage that would cement her trading relations with the West-march, but no candidate has appeared. Leuwen foresees her people reverting to the old feuding, warlike ways of the hill-clans.

### LEUWEN

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 12 (+1) | 15 (+2) | 14 (+2) | 17 (+3) | 12 (+1) | 18 (+4) |

**Armour Class** 15 (Hide, Shield)
**Hit Points** 39 (6d8+12)
**Speed** 30 ft

**Skills** Intimidation +8, Lore +5, Persuasion +6, Traditions +7
**Senses** passive Perception 11
**Languages** Dunlending, Rohan, Westron
**Challenge** 2 (450 XP)

**Bodyguards.** Leuwen is always accompanied by Nertun (use Outlaw Chief on page 74 of the *Loremaster's Guide*) and several Dunlending Raiders (page 131).
**Expert.** Leuwen doubles her Proficiency Bonus for Intimidation and Traditions (included above).
**Lord of Her Domain.** Leuwen has the respect of all of Tunum and makes sure the Company is aware of her station. She imposes Disadvantage on the Introduction Check for an Audience.

#### Actions

**Multiattack.** Leuwen makes two attacks with her short sword.
**Shortsword.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6+2) piercing damage.

#### Reactions

**Parry.** Leuwen adds 2 to her AC against one melee attack that would hit her. To do so, she must see the attacker and be wielding a melee weapon.

## Gabren the Shepherd

Gabren is the widowed headwoman of a clan of herders in the northern foothills of Methedras. Her people are kin to Chieftain Torannen and look to him as leader in a crisis, but most seasons Gabren looks to her people and their herds. They move from place to place, season to season, within the loose borders of their part of the hills. Some stone huts stand year-round in the hills, stocked for winter when possible, but often they only build simple, rude houses at need.

Gabren maintains quiet, uneasy truces with the Orc-tribes of the mountains and with Casferoch's highland raiders. Her people trade each season with villages such as Tunum, and welcome travellers who can bring news of the lowlands and the hill-clans. And from time to time they pay tribute to the Orcs and to Casferoch, bringing leather, furs, meat, and information: Gabren tells the raiders about the season's easiest pickings, so that the raiders go there and leave her alone. Sometimes it doesn't help. Sometimes a raiding party welcomes her news and

### GABREN

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 10 (+0) | 19 (+4) | 16 (+3) | 12 (+1) | 16 (+3) | 15 (+2) |

**Armour Class** 15 (Hide, Shield)
**Hit Points** 39 (6d8+12)
**Speed** 30 ft

**Skills** History +3, Insight +5, Persuasion +4, Stealth +6
**Senses** passive Perception 13
**Languages** Dunlending, Orcish, Westron
**Challenge** 1 (200 XP)

**A Secret Folk.** When Gabren makes a roll to avoid being seen while outside or to detect an ambush, find a trap, or discover treachery in others, she always has Advantage on the ability check. (This will most commonly be applied to **Stealth, Perception, Investigation, Survival** and **Insight** checks).
**Silver-tongued.** Gabren can use her bonus action to give herself Advantage on Charisma ability checks.

#### Actions

**Short Sword.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d6+4) piercing damage.

then attacks her people anyway. But more often, they leave Gabren's folk alone while they raid the other clans and each other. Until some force draws the raiders away to other lands, that's the best Gabren can do.

### Slugen Crowfoot

Sallow, squinting Slugen is a wanderer. He rarely lives in one place for long but journeys from clan to clan, from village to village, trading gossip for meals. No one knows where he comes from; his story changes every time he tells it. He may claim to be the exiled heir of a chieftain south of the Isen or the last survivor of a hill-clan slaughtered by Orcs in his childhood. His accent shifts easily and gives nothing away. The Hillfolk regard him with suspicion and never offer a warm welcome, but they rarely turn him away. He is friend to none and foe to none. The only place he never goes is the village of Tunum. Years ago the inhabitants drove him out, calling him a half-Orc and a spy, blaming him for the disappearance of a number of women, abducted by Orcs and never seen again. The villagers were half-right, at least. Slugen is a servant of Isengard, tutored by Saruman and sent forth as a secret emissary. Slugen gathers information as he trades it and sows whatever seeds of mistrust and doubt that his master wishes to plant among the Dunlendings and the Orcs. Most often his rumours and reports serve to drive the hill clans together against the lowland villages and especially against the hated Rohirrim. He tells many a tale of Eorling treachery and cruelty to those who wish to hear.

Slugen does his best to appear harmless. His dark hair is unkempt, his clothes dishevelled. He flatters others as easily as he lies. His true heritage and mission are closely held secrets, for he knows to disclose them is invariably death at either the hands of the Dunlendings or his master.

Slugen is a Goblin-man (see page 135).

## NOTABLE PLACES

### Tunum

The largest settlement found between the Isen and the Greyflood stands on a little hill overlooking the Old South Road, not quite a third of the way between the Fords of Isen and the ruins of Tharbad. Wide, sparsely-wooded plains stretch away to the west, planted with many crops; the Misty Mountains loom much nearer to the east.
Tunum stands within walls built up around and into the hillside, the combined work of Dwarves who made their home here centuries ago and Dunlendish masons. The result is a sturdy fortification, an encircling curtain of low, wide walls made with large blocks of stone and large timbers. The walls cannot compare with the works of the Dwarves in the North, but, for most of the raiding parties that descend from the mountains, the stronghold of Tunum is impregnable.

But the village of Tunum profited from the friendship of the Dwarves in many ways. Its best warriors pass on from generation to generation shirts of mail armour, sharp swords, and tall shields crafted by Dwarven smiths, far superior than the axes and spears available to most Dunland clans, and there are houses in Tunum made of wood, brick, and stone that will still stand when the memory of the passing of the Dwarves will be long faded.

Sadly for Tunum, the Dwarves are gone. They all left when they learned that Smaug the Golden, the Dragon that had claimed and despoiled their homeland, was dead. For all their friendship, the Dwarves taught little of their craft to the Dunlendings, and much of the weapons and tools and goods that they made have found their way to other clans in trade or as loot. The folk of Tunum do their best to maintain their stone houses and walls, but it's becoming harder every year to find the necessary means, especially now that Tharbad, Tunum's major source for trade, is ruined, and the Old South Road deserted. For the moment Tunum remains a centre of trade among the lowland clans, but how long this will last?

### The Crag

The highland raiders who follow Casferoch the Cold descend each spring to seize food and goods from other Dunland clans. But in the hard cold of winter they return to the heights, to a refuge in the stones of the Misty Mountains where no enemy can reach them: the Crag. Winding trails and passes lead up the mountains to a stony expanse where rocks tower and only the hardiest trees can thrive. Casferoch's people keep mountain goats penned and live in stone huts, burning just enough wood for comfort. Through the winter they sing their ancient songs, dire and bleakly humorous, and remember their forefathers.

Captives who are seized by Casferoch's raiders might be brought to the Crag as thralls, bound to serve the men, women, and children of the Hillfolk. It's not unknown for the raiders to take a liking to an especially clever and brave thrall and turn them loose when the snows melt as a gift to the spring. But it's just as likely for an irritating thrall to die at the Crag, murdered as a gift to the cruel, nameless powers that raised the mountains in wrath.

### The Giant's Teeth

Among the countless foothills of the Hithaeglir stands a grass-covered hillock that rises steeply to a flat crown. In a ring in the centre of the hilltop stand nine thick stones like teeth, raised so long ago that the intricate symbols engraved in them have weathered away to mere scratches. The hill of the stones stands miles from the Old South Road. A faint trail leads to it through the grass and bracken, the remains of a road not taken in many years. The Dunland clans all around keep their herds well away from the green grass of the Giant's Teeth and tell their children to avoid even glancing at the trail that leads there.

On some nights, in the safety of their camps, the herders might tell tales of the Giant's Teeth. They say a magical people raised it from the earth all around; Elves of a land that faded long ago built it as their home and live inside it still, a tomb where they sing and feast through the endless night.

They say intruders sometimes see glimpses of beautiful things among the stones, sometimes hear echoes of lovely music, sometimes smell the most wonderful foods and wines. But those are only lures by which the wicked Elves trap intruders. To linger amid the Giant's Teeth is to tempt a curse of sleep, ageing, illness, or madness.

What truly lies beneath the Giant's Teeth nobody knows. But it is a blighted place and travellers are indeed wise to avoid it.

### The Gathering Stone

Near the centre of the Dunland Fells there is a massive grove of ancient trees that sits in the hollow between two large foothills. The wood is criss-crossed by many paths, all of which lead to its heart. At the centre of the grove is a large glade that can hold many tents, and at the centre of that is the stone. The Gathering Stone is a solitary spike of rock that points directly to the heavens. No one knows what it is made of; no weapon brought within the glade has ever been capable of marring its surface. The stories about the stone are countless; some say it is the shard of a weapon that fell from the sky, others that it is the pinnacle of a buried city of giants.

Regardless of what the stone may be, it is called the Gathering Stone, for it is here that the tribes of the Dunland Fells assemble under strict rules of neutrality to trade amidst tribes and search for companions. Traders from other folk may be welcome here, though the Dunlendings tell few others of the stone or where it rests. No Dunlending has broken the truce of the Gathering Stone in living memory; to do so would be near unthinkable and the punishment, gruesome.

### The Old South Road

The Men of the West built wonders in their time, engineering marvels that were meant to last, undiminished, for millennia. There is little left now of the road that once stretched all the way from Fornost Erain on the North Downs of Eriador to the gates of Minas Tirith itself. The Dunland portion of the road ran from the great stone bridge at Tharbad through the Gap of Rohan. The once-mighty bridge was destroyed by floods only decades ago, and little visible remains of the causeway. Still, beneath the sod, portions of the road are still intact, and of late, travellers on the road have been seen in greater numbers for the first time in close to fifty years. More information about the ruins of Tharbad can be found in the *Rivendell Region Guide*, on pages 65-8.

## DUNLENDINGS

***...in the hills of Dunland a remnant lingered of an old people...***

The wild folk dwelling in the misty fells of Dunland and to the south of the river Isen have many enemies. Since centuries uncounted they have been hunted, betrayed and despoiled, until the coming of the accursed Strawheads, horsemen from the North who drove them forth from their homes on the plains of Calenardhon some five hundred years ago.

But the passing of the centuries have erased the usurpers' memory of the wrongs the Dunlendings suffered and left no trace of their claims. To everyone, including many among the Wise, the Dunlendings are just a dwindling folk of sullen herders and hunters, hating the Free Peoples of Middle-earth and holding onto long-forgotten grudges. Even so, they endure. Out of respect of their noble forefathers and the sorrow they went through, the Hillmen of Dunland choose not to forget.

For the Hillmen of Dunland are not a lowly folk of poor herders and hunters to be looked down upon, but many diverse clans united by ancient bonds of kinship. Most currently dwell within or close to the western slopes of the Misty Mountains, but their ancestors ruled over a wide land west and east of the mountain range, and many can be still found within the boundaries of the Mark of the Riders.

Saruman, the White Wizard, currently lives in the tower of Orthanc, north of the Gap of Rohan. He is known to welcome those Hillmen who wish to return to live in Isengard, where the Dunlendings long dwelt. Whether he will remain a friend to the Dunlendings or he will prove to be no better than any other lord is a matter yet to be settled...

## DESCRIPTION

The Riders of Rohan call the Hillmen *Dunlendings*, for they are mostly swarthy, with dark hair and eyes. They live a hard life in the empty lands west of the mountains, roaming the Dunland Fells and the land between Isen and Adorn accompanying their herds and shunning other folk.

Men and women alike weave their hair in intricate braids, and wear clothes of dull colours, as the Hillmen favour dyes that allow them to blend easily with their surroundings. The Dunlendings despise subtlety in speech, and they are quick to take offence and slow to give their trust to anyone outside those who speak their own tongue.

## DUNLENDISH NAMES

The Folk of the Dunland Fells use names derived from their own unique tongue.

**Male Names:** Aedin, Aurog, Banoc, Beolain, Cael, Casferoch, Cuglas, Derc, Dumnoval, Emon, Etrer, Finsel, Imhar, Iolun, Lon, Madrach, Malduin, Nynren, Osair, Soroth, Talmach, Truis, Unthas, Veroch, Vron.

**Female Names:** Aeron, Ailsa, Biroth, Brina, Cleona, Coras, Dalva, Dianach, Eisa, Enith, Feidelm, Finathas, Graine, Gwya, Innas, Ivsa, Lakdar, Lewiroth, Maerbrach, Morna, Nynvia, Ralsora, Sinna, Tueren, Unna.

## STANDARD OF LIVING

The Dunlendings are a people of herders and hunters, scraping a meagre living in the shadow of a more powerful folk that exiled or confined them to the emptier corners of their realm. They constantly struggle to maintain their small flocks of sheep and horses along the sides of their foothills and cannot afford to trade, as their enmity with the Forgoil forbids it. Their culture ranks as ***Frugal***.

**Bonus Equipment:** A travelling cloak, travelling gear for the current season, a belt dagger, 1d6 silver pennies, plus choose either a Palfrey or two items from the following list: 1d6 silver pennies, a hunting trap, a bespoke gaming set, or a decorative armband or choker.

## DUNLENDING TRAITS

Your Player-hero has certain traits deriving from your Dunlendish ancestry.

**Ability Score Increase** – Your Wisdom score increases by 1 and you may increase one additional ability score by 1.

**Adventuring Age – 16-30.** Dunlendings often join raiding parties from their 16th year, but sometimes set out for adventure farther afield then instead. It is rare that they adventure beyond their forties, returning instead to life amongst their clan.

**Size** – Dunlendings are shorter than their neighbours, usually around 5 feet or so. Your size is Medium.

**Speed** – Your base walking speed is 30 feet.

**Fierce Folk** – The Hillmen of Dunland have been driven from their rightful lands, hunted like animals, forced into the hills, and all but forgotten. You gain proficiency in the Survival skill.

**Starting Virtue** – You gain one Dunlending Cultural Virtue of your choice.

**Languages** – You speak the ancestral language of Dunland and can make yourself understood in both the language of the Forgoil and heavily accented Westron.

**Strangers to All** – Dunlendings view all strangers Askance, Mistrust the Rohirrim, and consider even other tribes in the Dunland as Neutral. When they chance to visit other lands, they are Mistrusted or Unknown at best.

## Cultural Virtues

### A Secret Folk

***The Dunlendings fled and hid themselves...***

The other Free Folk call you savage and know little of your ways, which is precisely as your people wish it to be. You have embraced the land you have been given, becoming one with the hills and woods, and you have learnt that it is always wise to keep to your own counsel and look, ever, for betrayal from others. When you make a roll to avoid being seen while outside or to detect an ambush, find a trap, or discover treachery in others, you always have Advantage on the ability check. (This will most commonly be applied to **Stealth, Perception, Investigation, Survival** and **Insight** checks).

### Champion of the Hillmen

***Only in Dunland did Men of this race hold to their old speech and manners...***

Adventuring outside the confines of your homeland has given you a different perspective from most members of your kin. You have discovered a world that is indeed dangerous, but where warriors like you are judged by their own merits, not for the deeds of their ancestors. You have shaken off many of the false beliefs and superstitions of your folk and you are ever eager to learn more, as one day you will return to your land and bring back a treasure trove of information for your clan to profit from. You become proficient in your choice of **History**, **Lore** or **Shadow-lore** and double your Proficiency Bonus for that skill.

### Grim of Aspect

***'Most of them were ordinary men, rather tall and dark haired, and grim but not particularly evil looking.'***

The path of your folk through history has been a bitter one, filled with many enemies and many unlikely allies. You have no love whatsoever for Orcs or Evil Men, yet your elders have taught you how to approach them on relatively good terms, as they say that when the world is in shadow, help is found in the darkest places. If you can approach servants of the Shadow before an armed confrontation becomes inevitable, you may interact with them using the normal rules for Audiences. So long as you keep Elves and Dwarves in your Company out of sight (or bound as 'prisoners') most Orcs, Bandits, and other foul folk will not attack you without cause.

Additionally, if you are using the rules for the Eye of Mordor (see *Rivendell Region Guide*, page 110), your Hunt Modifier is -1 (subtract 1 from the Hunt score).

### Ill Omen

***...many of the wild men paused, and looked back over their shoulders to the valley, and some looked up doubtfully at the sky.***

The Forgoil say that the tongue of your folk is more akin to that of wild creatures than the speech of Men. They say so because they have forgotten what it means to be close to the earth, and how to listen to the wind, or the rain. Your folk hasn't forgot, and you can at times receive useful tidings from the sudden shift of the mountain breeze, or from the cries of birds and beasts, or from their silences.

At night, you can make a **DC 15 Intelligence (Riddle)** check to receive a sign, a foreshadowing of things to come the next day. The knowledge you gain comes in the form of a warning that you must interpret. If you succeed, you receive 1 Omen die. If you succeed by 5 or more, you receive 2 Omen dice. If you roll a natural 20, you receive 3 Omen dice. If you roll a natural 1, you receive a grim vision instead: you don't get any bonus dice and you are considered temporarily Miserable for the length of the following day.

A Omen die is a d4 and you can add it to any ability check, saving throw, or attack roll. Unused Omen dice are lost at the end of the day (when you go to sleep or at midnight, whichever comes first). It is up to you to provide the details of the warning you received, but the Loremaster must approve its application before you may proceed to use the Omen die. Generally, you do so when the opportunity to use the Omen die arises (it is not necessary to explain the warning when you make the **Riddle** check).

### Wild Onset

*'...the wild hillmen and herd-folk of Dunland ... he loosed upon us. We were overmastered. The shield wall was broken.'*

You have started to favour the bloody ways of the warlike clans of the highlands, who like to rush their enemies headlong, without much concern for their own defence. You can use your bonus action to impose Disadvantage on your attack rolls until the end of your turn. If you succeed on an attack roll during this time, add twice your Proficiency Bonus to your damage rolls.

## CULTURAL HEIRLOOMS

### Great Forest Axe (Great Axe)

The secret to make these great axes is so ancient that it has been lost forever. Some among your elders say that the wood used to make them came from a forest that once covered all your land, from the Misty Mountains to the distant sea. A Great Forest Axe is so well-balanced that it can be wielded by you with one hand, allowing you to use a shield as well. You cannot use a Great Shield, however.

### Heart-seeker (Spear)

These spears are said to have been the prized possession of the first chieftains of the hillfolk, when terrible foes from beyond the Sea hunted the ancestors of the Dunlendings. Their staves are carven with ancient runes of vengeance, and their broad heads are still encrusted with the heart's blood of slain great warriors. When you attack a living Man with a Heart-seeker, a natural 1 counts as a critical hit instead of a failure.

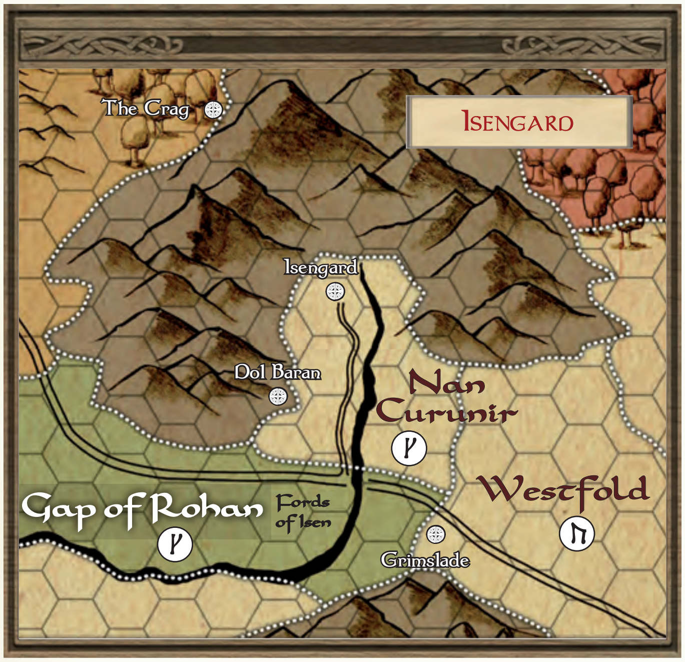
### Spiral Armour (Leather Jerkin or Leather Corslet)

Engraved with the most sacred of all the ancient symbols of the Dunlendings, this armour is said to give the greatest protection only to those worthy of it. You add both your Dexterity modifier and your Wisdom modifier (to a maximum of +2) to your Armour Class.

# -Isengard-

> A strong and wonderful place was Isengard, and long it had been beautiful; and there great lords had dwelt, the wardens of Gondor upon the West, and wise men that watched the stars.

Should a wanderer turn north upon the Fords of Isen and make their way across the rolling hills and scattered trees that dot the Gap of Rohan, they will soon find themselves set before one of the great wonders of the Elder Days. It is here that the Misty Mountains finally reach their end in a great circle of snow-capped spires. Set between these peaks is the great valley currently known as Nan Curunír, the valley of Saruman, where the fortress of Isengard stands.



Isengard, once called Angrenost by its builders, is ringed by a great barrier with only a single gate to serve as an entrance into the domain of Saruman the White. Rising from the perfect centre of this ring is a structure of legendary craftsmanship that rises hundreds of feet into the air: the Tower of Orthanc. No keep nor castle built in the Third Age can rival its glory, for Isengard was crafted by the exiles of Númenor thousands of years ago.

## History of Isengard

The building of Isengard began around the time of the Last Alliance of Men and Elves in the closing years of the Second Age. It is believed that the Dúnedain raised Orthanc to serve as a watchtower upon the northwestern border of Gondor and the Royal Road that passed across it, but many legends tell of how Isildur hid there many treasures brought out of Númenor, chief among them being one of the seven *palantíri*, the Seeing-stone which would later be called the Orthanc-stone.

### The Days of the Wardens

As centuries passed without open war, the Men of the West turned to their own concerns in the north and the east. The plains beyond the White Mountains were paid increasingly less attention, as was the fortress that guarded them. Peace was maintained for many long years as the Men of Gondor stood watch over the Gap of Isen through the vigilance of those who dwelt in the Hornburg to the south and in Isengard to the north.

But as seasons passed into years, and years into centuries, the eyes of the Men of the West turned eastward and northward, and the concerns of Calenardhon and Eriador beyond came less and less to their mind. More foreign folk crossed the Isen from the west, to settle in the wide plains east of the river. Indeed, at some time after the plague, in the year 1636 of the Third Age, the gates of Orthanc were sealed and the keys kept safe in Minas Tirith, the officials dwelling in the Ring of Isengard reduced to little more than an honour guard.

### The Coming of the Eorlingas

More centuries rolled on, and even the Númenórean kings disappeared under the weight of time, leaving a divided realm in the North and a kingdom ruled by stewards in the South. By the time the Sons of Eorl came from the North to dwell in Calenardhon, the Ring of Isengard had become the personal demesne of local chieftains, passing their title from generation to generation.

The Rohirrim dealt little with the folk of Isengard, as it was too near to the dreaded Forest of Fangorn, and wild rumours said that the lords of the Tower practised sorcery.

It was not until much later that treachery was revealed. Déor, Lord of the Mark, discovered that the chieftains who had once dwelt in Isengard had been betrayed or slaughtered by Wild Men and that now their number was very great, as they had built villages east and west of the circle of Isengard. The fortress itself was in their hands, and while the king overcame the wild Hillmen in battle, there was nothing he could do to free it of their presence. Isengard remained under the control of the hillmen until the Long Winter of 2758, when they were finally driven out by starvation and defeated by Fréaláf King.

### The Days of the Wizard

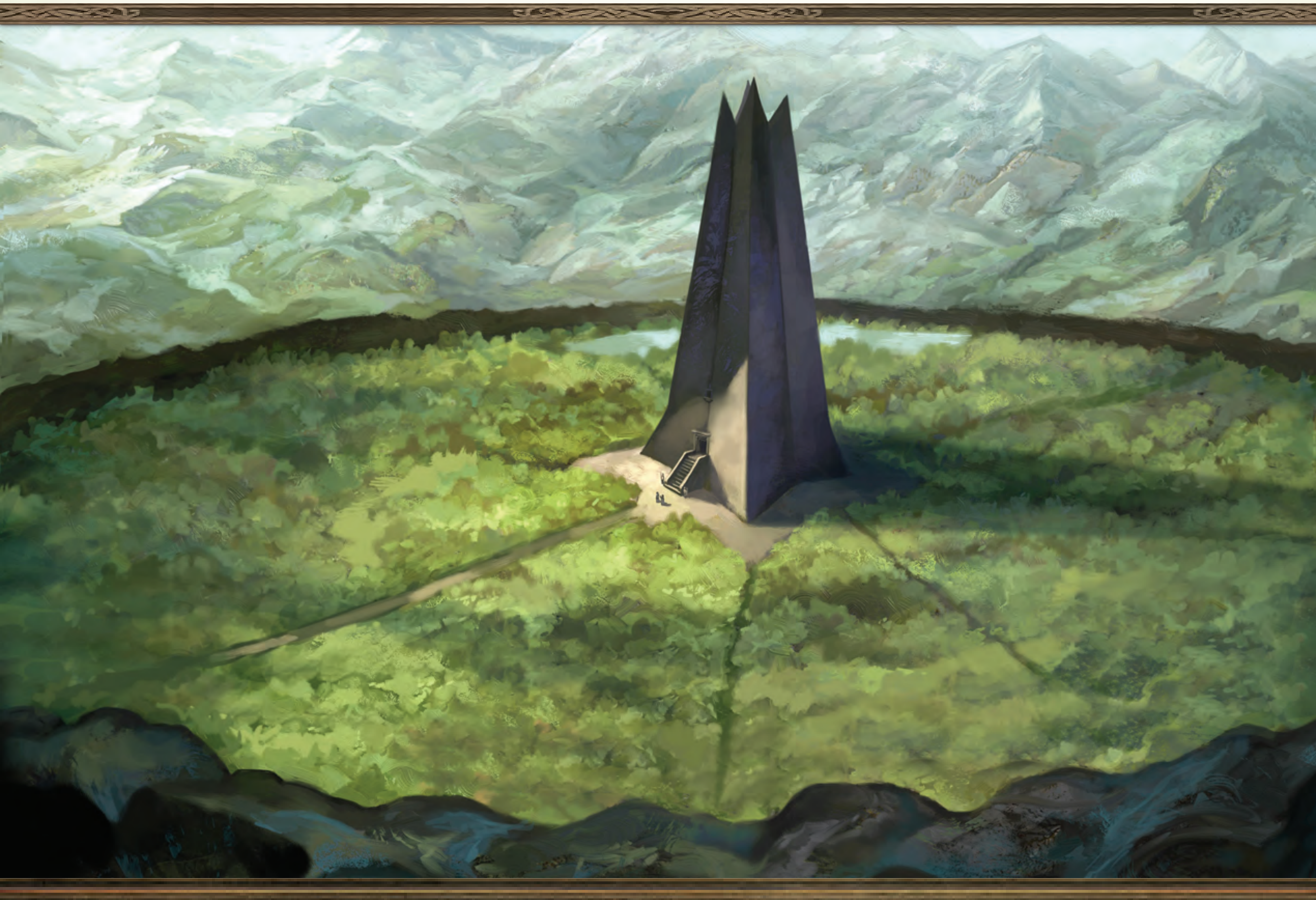
In the spring of the year 2759, Saruman the White offered his help to Gondor and Rohan. He proposed to enter Isengard with leave from both Fréaláf King and Beren the Steward and repair it, to restore its place as an outpost and watchtower. Both lords readily agreed, knowing that only a powerful ally like a Wizard would prevent Orthanc and its valley from falling into enemy hands once again. So then did Saruman receive the key of Orthanc, and permission to dwell within it as its warden.

### Recent Years

For over a century following his arrival at Isengard, the White Wizard maintained good relations with Gondor, frequently visiting Minas Tirith to consult ancient records. With time the Wizard's visits slowed, then ceased. In the year 2953, Saruman seized Isengard as his own, no longer beholden to the Steward. In the early days of Thengel King's reign, secret works of renovation and fortification began.

### The Tale of Years - Isengard

In *The Lord of the Rings*, when Gandalf the Grey comes to visit Saruman in the year 3018, he finds Isengard



## The Doom of Curunír

The Tale of Years offered below delineates the facts as they will develop if the fate of Saruman follows the established canon: the power of Isengard will rise to challenge even the Dark Tower, to then fall before the unpredictable twists of fate and the deeds of a company of heroes.

But does it have to be so? Which are the turning points that dictate the doom of such a wise individual like Saruman the Wise? Can the White Wizard make different choices and be saved? When is it too late to turn back?

These are questions that may find different answers in different games of *Adventures in Middle-earth*. As always, every Loremaster must keep in mind that their players are the heroes of the story and that it might be within their power to affect those events that in The Lord of the Rings determine the fall of Saruman. Of course, they will need to become aware the White Wizard is turning to shadow in the first place, and they might utterly fail in accomplishing anything and die in the attempt, or fall themselves into darkness as loyal servants of the White Hand.

While saving the White Wizard from himself is a legendary task that is worthy of a chronicle lasting many years, all it takes is the willingness to deviate drastically from canon, accepting all the consequences that will inevitably accumulate year after year.

transformed into a place of torment, an imitation of the Dark Tower of Sauron. When did Saruman start to twist the wonder that was Isengard to his corrupted purposes?

The following chronology highlights some of the meaningful dates in the darkening of Isengard.

- Year 2953. Thengel crowned King of the Mark. Saruman becomes the sole Lord of Isengard. He mans the gates with guards and stops welcoming strangers. Works of fortification and renovation mainly concerning the ring-wall are commenced.

- Year 2960. A plan of extensive excavations under the inner courtyard starts. Saruman says he has found iron deposits under Orthanc.

- Year 2965. By this time the secret forges of Isengard are in full activity.

- Year 2980. Théoden succeeds Thengel as King of Rohan. Saruman sends gifts and spies to assess the weaknesses and strengths of the new Lord of the Mark.

- Year 2990. Saruman starts manipulating bands of great Uruks into harassing the Westemnet of Rohan. In the following decades, he secretly employs and supports more and more Orcs.

- Years 2990-3000. The White Wizard first considers, then initiates experimenting, with the 'special breeding' of Orcs in the deepest pits under Isengard.

- Year 3000. Saruman dares to gaze upon Barad-dûr using the palantír of Orthanc. The Eye of Sauron traps him and holds him. The corruption of Isengard accelerates, Saruman starts planning the ruin of Rohan and sends more Orcs and labourers to Fangorn to cut trees and feed his furnaces.

## THE WIZARD'S DOMAIN

Nan Curunír is a deep cleft opening by the feet of the Misty Mountains. Its long arms stretch to the south, and the land slopes downward from the Ring of Isengard towards the Gap of Rohan. It is a fair and green valley, with rolling hills and light forests offering a stark contrast to the black walls of the mountain range.

The river Isen flows through the valley in its deep-cloven bed, made fast by the many streams that flow down from the foothills of the mountains. Along the Isen runs a paved road that follows the watercourse from where the great West Road crosses it at the Fords of Isen, up to the circle of Isengard.

The Wizard's Vale is vibrant with life, year round. Even when the cold winds of winter blow down from the Last Peak of the Misty Mountains, the plants and animals of the vale thrive. Huge stags and graceful fawns run beneath the trees, and large flocks of ravens and thrushes roost within their branches. Despite the abundant wildlife, the Wizard's Vale remains peaceful.

Herders and hunters from the Mark say that these woods are kept verdant by the enchantments of the White Wizard, who tended its trees ever since his coming. Indeed, though the forests of Nan Curunír are small compared to nearby Fangorn, or especially Mirkwood to the north, they are still regarded as blessed by those who cherish the earth.

**Combat Scenery:** birdsong (until 2990), fallen trees, paths, river shallows, roar of water, thickets of trees, varied slopes

## Dol Baran

A few miles before the circle of Isengard, a round hill rises to the west of the road. No trees grow upon it; instead, it is covered with heather and encircled by thick thornbushes, tall as trees. Its name was of old *Dol Baran*, the 'brown hill', or the 'shaven hill', no one today remembers exactly.

In late summer the hill becomes crowned with many flowers, which paint its top in pale purple or white. Local herders who bring their flocks to graze in the nearby dales say that, when the heather flowers in white on Dol Baran, then it means that the Wizard of Orthanc is pleased.

## The Men of the Isen

Travellers wishing to reach Isengard need only follow the paved road that runs along the Isen as it turns north. The watercourse is cold and swift, and its riverbed is cut deep into the soil of the Wizard's Vale. Animals are plentiful here, for none hunt along the river so far north. The Rohirrim that guard the Fords of the Isen hold many superstitions regarding the forbidding walls of Isengard, and they pass north along the river only under strict orders from the king or one of the Marshals of the Mark.

Other denizens of the vale profit from the reluctance of the king's men to extend their watch so far north. Small tribes of Hillmen related to the Dunlendings dwell in this sheltered land, never settling permanently in one place, but travelling up and down the banks of the river, hunting and fishing. They claim to be the descendants of those folk that ruled last over the Wizard's Vale, before the Horse-lords chased them away two hundred years ago. Saruman does not know if the claim is a valid one, but he did not oppose them when they started to return decades ago.

The Hillmen of the upper Isen are a fierce folk, like their western brethren, but they are few in number. So far they have been careful not to stir the wrath of the Second Marshal of the Mark, never openly pushing as far south as the Fords of Isen, but on several occasions they harried travellers that they spied after dark on the road to Isengard. To ensure the safety of those who come to seek his counsel, Saruman the Wise has recently resolved to take the matter upon himself, and no more attacks have occurred for a while now.

Yet, some in the Mark now say that those who take rest near the Wizard's Vale at the close of day risk vanishing in the night, leaving no trace. The Wizard of Orthanc has dismissed these rumours as idle concerns from a people who would find any reason to make war, and bids the Men of the Mark to hold to the virtues of patience and peace instead. Though none dare question the wisdom of Saruman, some fear he has been deceived by the Hillmen for his kindness.

## The Mountains of the Vale

The strongest fortification of Isengard is not its ring-wall, nor the Tower of Orthanc itself, but the black walls of the southern spurs of the Misty Mountains that mark the borders of the realm of the White Wizard on all but its south side. The crowning jewel of the encircling range lies beyond the northern end of Nan Curunír: it is tall

Methedras, the last mountain, whose green roots dig deep into Fangorn to the east, and whose white head can be seen from miles away in all directions.

Many small dales open at the feet of the mountains, and hundreds of fissures and caves open on their sides, where beasts are said to make their hidden homes. Most dwell in harmony among the ancient trees of Nan Curunír; bears slumber in their caverns in winter and birds nest in the nooks and crannies of stone. Indeed, the long shadows and cool waters make this a place of peace for all such creatures who find their way here, as the Wild Wolves of the Hithaeglir do not venture into the valley.

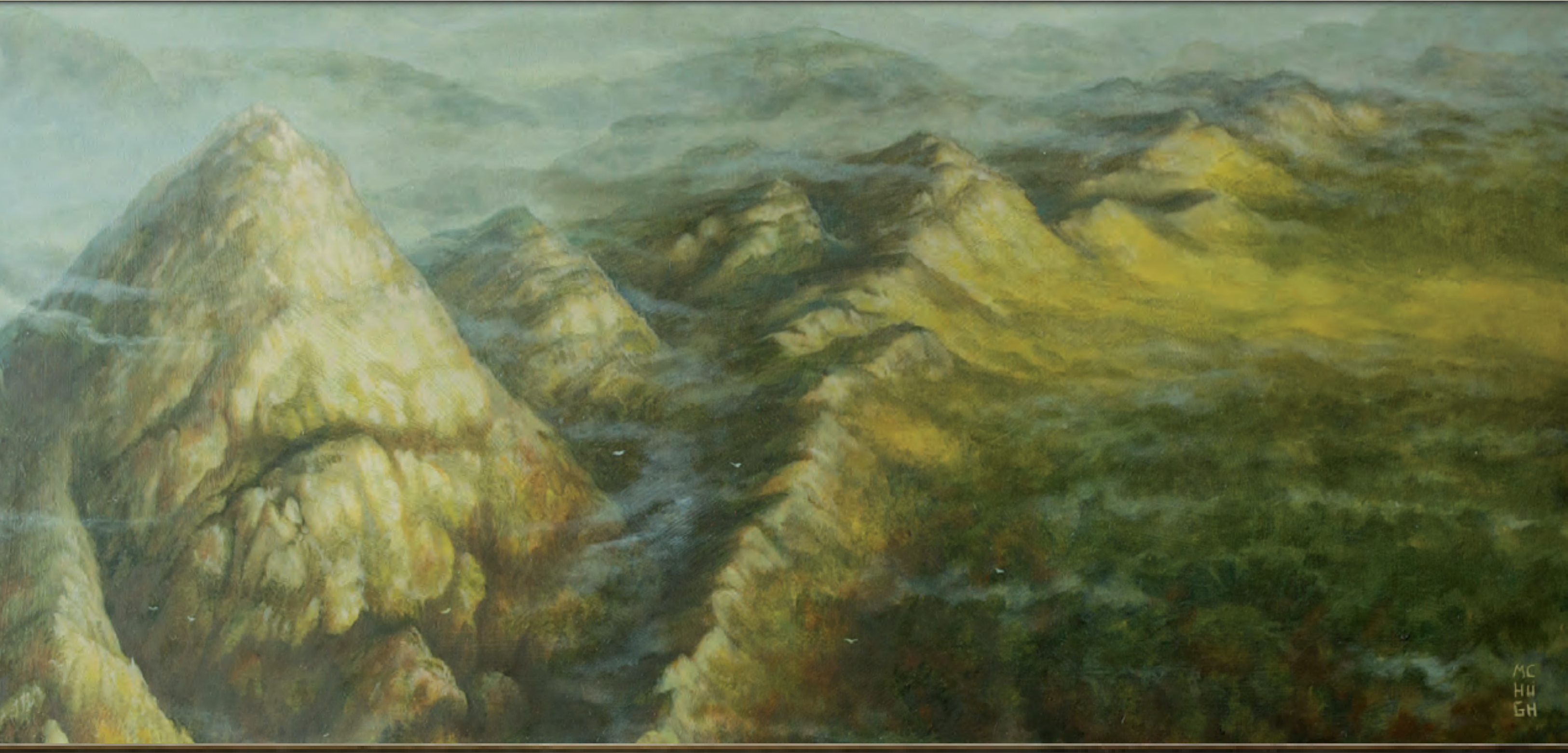
In recent years, the riders of Éogar, the Second Marshal of the Mark, have started to suspect that Wargs are hiding among the wolf packs of the mountains surrounding Isengard, as they have found strange tracks along the eastern banks of the Isen. Saruman has sent word that the farmers and herders of Westemnet have nothing to fear, for he has personally undertaken to keep watch along the mountains' edge. Still, many in the Gap of Rohan hear howls in the small watches before sunrise that don't arise from wolves.

## The Ring-wall of Isengard

Where the road leading to the circle of Isengard leaves the river Isen to turn to the northwest, it becomes a wide paved street. Here many workers have toiled for Saruman, cutting and squaring great flat stones quarried from the mountains, and laying them with skill. The road progresses on its westerly course until it reaches a great circle of stone standing against the face of the mountain beyond: the ring-wall of Isengard.

More akin to a vast, natural cliffside than to the work of Men, the ring-wall is a full mile wide. It runs out of the mountain-side and returns to it, encircling the Tower of Orthanc as a first formidable line of defence. No force or cunning device available to the Free Peoples of Middle-earth today could open a breach in the black rock of the ring-wall, nor conceive the mighty works that were necessary to raise it, if the circle of stone was indeed ever raised by Men. It is nearly one hundred feet high and equally thick, and only one gate interrupts its perimeter, a great archway opening where the circle faces south.

The arch leads to a long tunnel, dug into the black rock of the wall and closed at either end with tall, iron doors. Newly wrought, both outer and inner gates are set on their



great hinges with such precision that when unbarred they can be opened by a single man effortlessly and silently, letting Saruman come and go at his will.

The outer gates are flanked by two towers that can only be accessed from within the ring-wall. Several low windows and arrow-slits betray the presence of the keepers of the gates manning the guardrooms inside the towers, people chosen among the most faithful servants of the White Wizard.

The entrance tunnel runs the full width of the ring-wall and rises half as high. So wide is the passage that folk on horseback may ride four abreast. Iron sconces line the wall, but the torches within them seem to offer only flickering shadows instead of illumination.

A wide door is set into the western wall half-way into the passage, at the top of a stair. It leads to the main guard room serving the entrance, where the gatekeepers in the service of the White Wizard store arms and armour, prepare their meals, and take rest. A large table ringed with stools is set next to a great hearth built into the wall of the guard house. Several windows open to the interior of the entrance tunnel.

## Entering Isengard

*'Late one evening I came to the gate, like a great arch in the wall of rock; and it was strongly guarded. But the keepers of the gate were on the watch for me and told me that Saruman awaited me.'*

Saruman has never been particularly fond of visitors in the two centuries of his residence in Isengard, and his need for secrecy becomes of paramount importance as his descent into darkness progresses.

After the meeting in Rivendell of the White Council in the year 2953, Saruman stops welcoming unexpected guests altogether. Any stranger who comes knocking at his door will be turned away by his guards at the gates of the ring-wall. If Saruman wishes to confer with anyone he has never met before, he will send a messenger to summon them.

- Companions who have never met Saruman and who wish to enter Isengard for the first time must be accompanied by someone who has access to it — either a fellow Wizard or another patron of note — or be escorted by one of Saruman's emissaries. Otherwise, they will be refused admittance.

- Adventurers who have already met Saruman will have had to take him as a patron (see page 129). Their names are known to the keepers of the gate and thus they are allowed to enter the inner courtyard.

- Heroes who have been allowed to take the Receive Title (Emissary of Saruman) Fellowship phase undertaking are immediately led to the presence of the Wizard, in the Tower of Orthanc.

As the years pass, Saruman grows ever more secluded. His plots become too intricate to be made public, and his secrets too dark. In a game following the canonical tale of years, after the year 2990 access to the circle of Isengard is prohibited to most (see also the *White Lies and Black Treachery* on pages page 113).

- Companions who have the White Wizard as a patron are only allowed to enter at night (when the changes he is making to the fortress can be disguised more easily).

Heroes who are emissaries of Saruman can enter by day, but are briskly led to Orthanc. If they notice anything amiss, they will be given explanations containing a level of truth proportionate to their loyalty to Saruman. See also the *Things to do While in Isengard* on page 128 for more details.

A winding stone staircase leads from the guard room up to a great walk that runs the length of the ring-wall, offering a magnificent vista of the circle plain beyond, dominated by the Tower of Orthanc rising in its middle. Hundreds of windows and doors are set along the inner side of the ring wall, as its inside is dug with countless chambers, halls, and passages. The majority of these dwelling-places are still deserted, for the fortress was built to accommodate occupants in the thousands, and while the White Wizard is letting in more and more people into Isengard every year as his servants and aides, they only count in the hundreds of individuals.

## The Folk of Isengard

In addition to those he is letting in for the accomplishment of his great works, Saruman has many Men that are permanently in his service and that are entrusted with guarding the gates, tending his gardens, hunting and fishing and cooking for him, and generally accomplishing all the domestic tasks that a large household like Isengard requires. The Wizard took residence in Orthanc two hundred years ago, and there are families among his servants that have been in Isengard for so many generations that to them it feels like they have always been with him.

The blood of the folk of Isengard is akin to that of the denizens of Dunland and to that of the ancient wardens of Isengard, but they have no traditions or tales hearkening back to that distant origin, save for their speech, an older variation of the ancient language of the Dunlendings, whose use Saruman preserved to keep his communications with them as safe from curious ears as possible.

The folk of Isengard are composed of only a handful of families of closely related individuals, never counting more than two or three dozen. Saruman himself must approve all marriages and new births, and he does not look favourably upon the addition of new elements from other communities. No one has ever defied his rules, for every member of the folk of Isengard knows that, as long as they obey their master, they will enjoy his protection. Rarely has an infant or mother died in childbirth in Isengard, and no servant of Saruman has ever died of any sickness.

Theirs is truly a blessed life.

Saruman enforces a rigid hierarchy among his folk, and he encourages a spirit of competitiveness by giving gifts and luxuries to those he favours, and punishing those who disappoint him. In general, his servants are exceedingly proud of being in service to the wisest of the Wise and they are utterly and completely devoted to him. They would do anything for the Wizard of Orthanc. *Anything*.

While Saruman is an exacting master, up to the year 2990 his requests have never been much different from those of any other mighty lord. But as his descent into darkness accelerates, the moment when he will ask his faithful servants to do something unspeakable draws near.

## Tunnels and Passages

A maze of intertwined passageways dug in the black rock of the ring-wall connects every hollow of its perimeter in an intricate network, but many large and heavy doors of wood or stone can be locked or barred to limit the access to certain locations. The keys of those doors are entrusted to the doorwardens, personal servants chosen exclusively from among those families who have been part of Saruman's household since his arrival in Isengard.

The doorwardens bear iron rings with dozens of keys of varying sizes, many of which appear to be identical. Each doorwarden knows exactly which locks their varying keys fit, but a thief would be hard pressed to tell them apart. The most trusted among them are charged also with important accounting tasks, and keep ledgers registering all goods and resources that enter or leave the domain of the Wizard.

Servants found guilty of theft or failing to satisfy the requirements of their appointed tasks are quickly dismissed from service and ushered out of Isengard, never to return. Saruman ill suffers any form of betrayal, no matter how petty, for he believes that, in even the smallest actions, one's true intentions may be discerned.

## Granaries, Stables, and Dormitories

Numerous chambers of the ring-wall have been put to use as warehouses, granaries, and stables. Others have been renovated and turned into workshops or dormitories for the many artisans Saruman is currently employing for his ongoing works of restoration. Whether they are labourers, smiths, stable-hands, cooks, or guards, they all reside within the ring-wall. Saruman does not believe in luxuries for his servants; all are given simple accommodations, including a straw bed on a wood frame and a place within the dormitories.

### Private Rooms

Visitors and guests of the White Wizard who are not given access to the Tower of Orthanc may be given a room to sleep in inside the ring-wall. Simple but comfortable, these rooms are locked at night by the doorwardens of Isengard, and reopened at the break of dawn. All the private chambers are set into the southwestern section of the ring-wall, close to its gates.

### Armouries

Among the restricted areas are the armouries of Isengard. It is here that Saruman keeps the war gear that he found stockpiled in the fortress when he first entered it. A great store of steel swords and hauberks, bows and arrows, horse-barding, helms, and shields has lain undisturbed for centuries, as the Hillmen that supplanted the wardens of Isengard never penetrated many of its most secret recesses.

In recent years, Saruman has started to employ this wealth of weaponry, entrusting favoured servants with a selection of choice pieces of equipment. The White Wizard has long studied the techniques that the Men of the West used in the forging of such good blades and armour, and his blacksmiths have begun to secretly replicate their manufacture in the forges and furnaces beneath the inner circle of Isengard. The armouries of Saruman are kept under lock and key, and constantly guarded. No visitors are normally allowed to enter them, and even their existence is kept as secret as possible. When war comes to Isengard, the White Wizard will not be caught unprepared.

### Storehouses

A large number of the chambers set within the ring-wall are dedicated to storage. All manner of things are housed there, the testimony of decades of trading across Eriador, Wilderland, Rohan, and Gondor. Saruman sends many messengers abroad all year round, and he has personally paid visits to the courts of many kings and chieftains. The result is a constant flow of goods that slowly make their way to Isengard, as open gifts to the wisest of counsellors, or as the result of secret dealings. Whether they be bolts of precious cloth, pale gems, stocks of rare timbers and stone, or the choicest cheeses or wines, all is kept in the great storehouses of the ring-wall.

Many servants attend to these places, regularly seeing to their organisation and disposing of anything that might have become spoiled with time or worn with usage. Saruman takes great pride in showing his great treasure of goods to visitors, and guests worthy of it are treated to the most exotic dainties in his larders, like a taste of his best wines from Dorwinion or the honey-cakes of the Beornings.

### Treasuries

Though it is said that Saruman keeps his greatest treasure behind the impenetrable walls of Orthanc, some chambers of the ring-wall are protected by great stone doors that are kept always closed and can be only opened using keys carried by the most trusted doorwardens of Isengard.

Behind these doors Saruman keeps a treasure in gold and gems, a vast wealth that the Wizard has accumulated in over two centuries of cunning dealings with Gondor and Rohan. Though he has no interest whatsoever in the idle accumulation of wealth, Saruman acknowledges the powerful effect that gold has on the mind of most Men and he is considering enlarging his hoard by hiring adventurers to recover the many other precious things, ancient and beautiful, that lie buried under the many mounds and tombs that cover the land.

Outside (and inside) of Isengard the rumours concerning the treasures of the Wizard abound. Stories tell of hoards of gold to make a Dragon writhe with envy, others speak of piles of gems so beautiful that Dwarves and Elves could start a war for their possession. Whatever the nature of the riches of Saruman, the treasuries are the most secure chambers outside of the Tower of Orthanc itself. It is said that strong incantations of protection are laid upon their doors, and that any who would dare break their magical wards fall under a terrible enchantment of the mind. None in Isengard or elsewhere know if such rumours are true, and no one is eager to find out for themselves.

## Burglars in Isengard

No adventurer worth their status would dare to steal from Saruman, the wisest of the Wise, but it is possible that in time the companions will find reasons to doubt the reputation of the Wizard and become interested in having a look in his treasure chambers, given the chance.

To enter the treasuries of Isengard is impossible under most circumstances, but Saruman might be interested in letting burglars think they have succeeded. Perhaps a different Wizard with a fondness for burglars may wish to acquire something from the White Wizard's vaults without his knowledge...

In game terms, the treasuries count as a hoard rated at 500** (see page 91 of *Rivendell Region Guide*). Any magical treasure found therein is likely to be no more valuable than a Precious Object or Wondrous Artefact, unless the discovery of a magical weapon or armour is indeed what the White Wizard intended all along.

Most locks will be DC 20 or higher and there is every chance of fiendish traps that await the unwary: poisoned needles inside lock mechanisms, doors that can only be opened from one side, those that trigger a mechanism that causes ceilings to lower or readies a trap-door that will open once a thief steps onto it, and more.

## THE INNER COURTYARD

The great courtyard set within the ring-wall of Isengard is a circle plain a mile wide, slightly concave, like a shallow basin. At its centre rises the Tower of Orthanc, like the hub of a great wheel. Eight avenues spring from the foot of the tower to reach the rim of the circle. Green grass grows between the paths, among groves of trees and fruitful orchards. To the north of Orthanc is a placid lake, fed by many streams flowing down from the mountains to the northwest.

When Saruman entered Isengard two centuries ago, the Tower of Orthanc rose from a nearly impenetrable sea of trees and wild plants. It took many years to bend the untamed wood to his well-ordered mind. Now, the inner circle of Isengard is a bountiful garden, with avenues lined by tall trees, placed to provide exactly the right amount of shade.

But the great works of the White Wizard have only just begun. In the year 2953, he began to consider the defence of his fortress in earnest. Labourers were set to diverting many of the small watercourses that entered the circle of Isengard from the mountain-side. By cunning devices, Saruman channelled their waters underground, harnessing their power to feed hidden wheels, which drive mechanisms of his own devising. As a result, the lake of Isengard has shrunk considerably and some of the orchards on the northwestern side of the circle have withered.

Moreover, Saruman ordered the widening of the avenue connecting the stair of Orthanc to the great gate of the ring-wall, felling many ancient trees and quarrying large slabs of dark stone from the mountains to pave it.

### The Underground Forges

The greatest effort of the White Wizard in changing Isengard is still ongoing, and it is not visible. The majority of Saruman's labourers are toiling under the earth, as they are busy delving shafts in the rocky soil beneath the plain of Isengard, passages that lead to a complex of natural caverns that the Wizard located far below.

The majority of these shafts surface where the withered orchards stood, behind the tower, so that a visitor coming to Orthanc would not immediately notice that anything is amiss in its beautiful gardens. Moreover, should anyone become aware of the undergoing excavations, Saruman will be quick to explain that he has found valuable deposits of iron under the circle of Isengard, a treasure that he will be ready to share with his friends and allies as soon as he is able to exploit it.

The truth is that Saruman really has found iron deposits, but many of his servants have already been sent to mine the iron ore and put it to good use.

Countless workers already toil under Isengard. By the year 2965 an ever-growing network of passages will exist beneath the circle plain, frantic with activity. Where now there are separate workshops, there will be passages of seemingly endless depths connecting the marshalling rooms and secret forges where Saruman's blacksmiths already work at expanding the armouries of Isengard.

## White Lies

Depending on when the companions set their eyes on Isengard, they might notice smoke hanging over the Tower of Orthanc like ominous clouds. If they return to the fortress on a regular basis, they will certainly realise that the gardens of Saruman are slowly but steadily diminishing in size, as more and more trees are felled to be burned in the furnaces.

Should they inquire about any of it, Saruman will quickly and easily dismiss their concerns, attributing the smoke clouds to the effect of hidden vents working under Orthanc and created by its ancient engineers, or justifying the felling of the trees to the necessity of building houses for the growing community of Hillmen the Wizard is mercifully receiving in his domain. No matter how grievous his failings might appear to the companions at first, Saruman will always be able to turn their impressions or accusations on their head.

After the year 2990, Saruman cannot let anyone who is not a sworn servant of the White Hand see what lies beneath the ground in Isengard. If he cannot keep his secrets safe using peaceful means, he will not hesitate to resort to more questionable solutions.

### The Gaol

Saruman has set his will to understanding the mind and methods of the Enemy above all things. He believes that it is only through understanding its very devices that victory can be achieved. To this end, those who serve the White Wizard are commanded not to slay the agents of the Enemy, but to take them into custody and bring these minions before him.

To this end, Saruman has built a gaol under the inner courtyard where his prisoners must be brought and chained. This is a wide, arched subterranean chamber, dug above a series of hundreds of small vaults accessible only through slight openings on their ceiling, and shut using heavy lids of hammered iron and sturdy locks. Each cell may contain only one prisoner, who is kept in the dark at all times.

## Black Treachery

Around the year 2990, the Lord of Isengard manipulates a number of war-bands of great Uruks into attacking and raiding Rohan from the Misty Mountains. Recognising their usefulness in his ever-darkening designs, in the following years Saruman invites more Orcs to dwell in secret dens among the cliffs of tall Methedras. By the year 3000, the White Wizard is actively training and equipping Orcs with weapons and armour manufactured in the furnaces of Isengard.

But Saruman's treachery turns to a true black evil when he endeavours to breed a new kind of warrior, in an attempt to improve over the wicked efforts of the Dark Lord himself. Unfortunately, he succeeds: Man-high and straight backed, but with the cruel savagery and countenance of Goblins, Saruman's Half-orcs and Goblin-men are larger than most Orcs, stronger and faster, and utterly loyal to the Wizard of Orthanc.

The dark pits where these abominations are bred lie far down below Orthanc, even deeper than the forges of Isengard, and Saruman keeps their location a secret. As it is not known exactly when Saruman begins mustering his army, individual Loremasters may introduce the strange allies and creations of the Wizard when they see fit.

However, if they wish to hold closely to canon, it must be considered that the existence of an army of Isengard was not known by anyone until the War of the Ring. It is very likely though that smaller groups of Orcs or other creatures were employed by Saruman before that time: Bill Ferny's squint-eyed companion from *The Lord of the Rings* was probably a Goblin-man that was not particularly evil-looking. (See page 134 for more about the various cruel creations of Saruman).

Saruman is known to spend long hours walking in the wide chamber above the cells, speaking to his prisoners and patiently listening to their pleas, threats, and curses. The White Wizard has learned many things about the Enemy this way, and his voice has turned many minions of the Dark Lord into potential servitors of the Tower of Orthanc, should Saruman resolve to employ such dangerous tools.

## The Tower of Orthanc

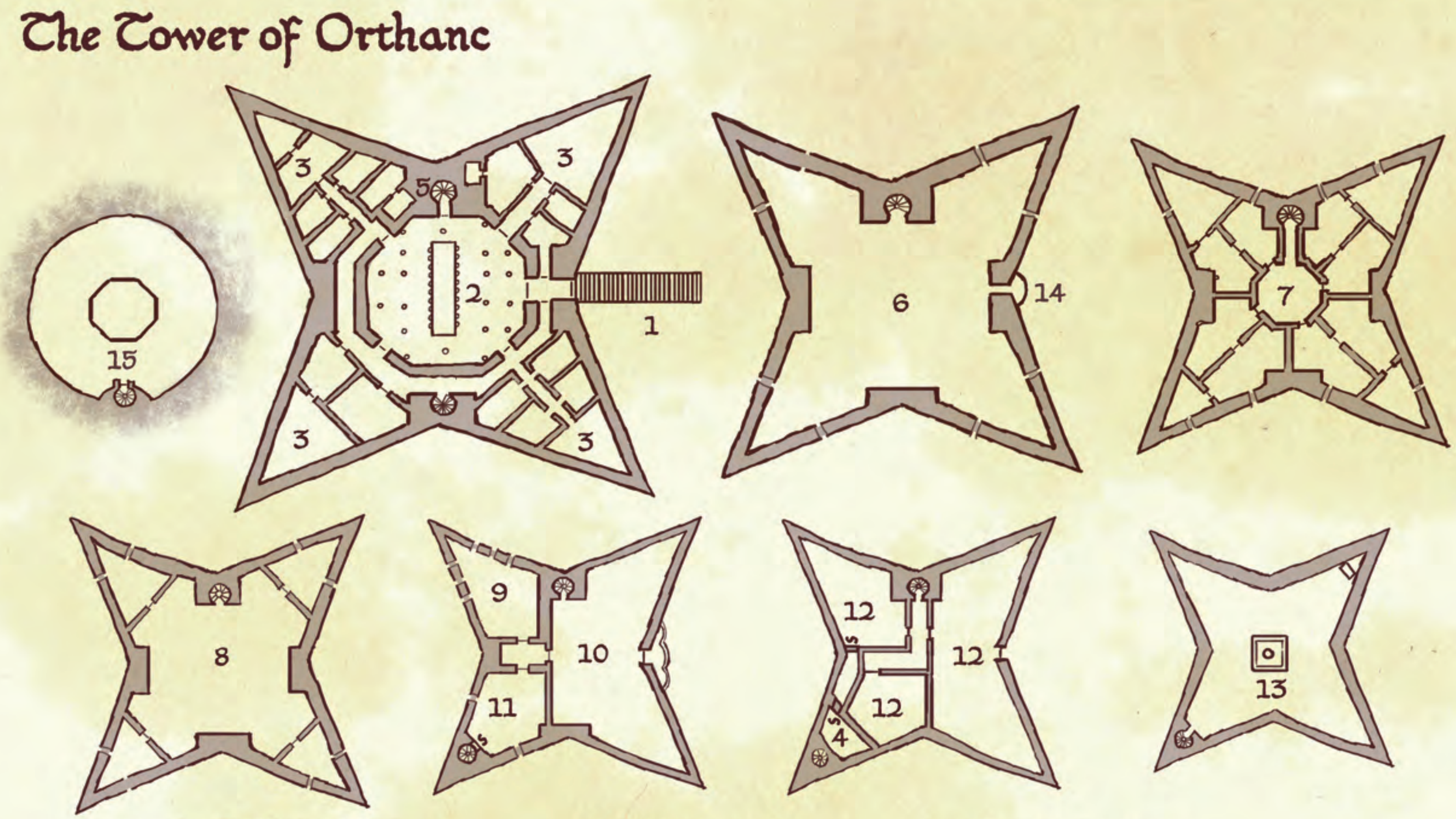
Rising from the centre of the circle of Isengard is the formidable Tower of Orthanc. More than five hundred feet in height, it is only matched in splendour by the city of Minas Tirith far to the south. Its gleaming walls do not seem built by Men, but appear as if four pillars of black stone cut with many facets were joined into a single glimmering spear of rock. At its top, a stone spike rises from each of the pillars, like the prongs of a four-horned crown.

What ancient craft or wizardry its builders employed in the shaping of Orthanc is now lost to the ages, but by their labours the smooth walls of the tower are invulnerable to blade, stone, fire, or piercing blow: no weapon that was ever set against it has left the slightest mark on the Orthanc-rock.

Those who come to stand before Orthanc are overcome by awe and dread, marvelling at its ageless majesty. Indeed, the name *Orthanc* has a dual meaning. In the Sindarin tongue of the Elves it means 'Mount Fang', while in the language of the Riddermark it is taken to mean 'Cunning Mind'.

### The Stair of Saruman

A broad stair with 27 steps is cut into the black stone of the eastern side of the tower, leading to the only visible entrance into Orthanc. Though wide enough to let in several doughty warriors side-by-side, the great door has never admitted so many. Its plain surface does not bear



1 - The Stair of Saruman
2 - The Grand Hall
3 - Kitchens, Pantries and Stores
4 - The Hidden Forge
5 - The Rising Stair
6 - The Scriptorium
7 - The High Servant's Quarters
8 - The Library
9 - The Rookery
10 - The Higher Balcony
11 - The Map Room
12 - Saruman's Private Quarters
13 - The Hidden Vault
14 - The Lower Balcony
15 - The Lower Chamber

any marking or sigil and offers no handle or knocker, and if barred cannot be opened save by he who bears the Key of Orthanc: Saruman the Wise. Under most circumstances, the door of Orthanc is left open during the day, to allow for the coming and going of Saruman's personal servants. This notwithstanding, no one has ever dared to cross its threshold without leave from the Master of Isengard.

### The Lower Balcony

There are many deep-set windows along all the faces of the tower, at regular intervals. The first window above the door opens upon a balcony with an iron railing. Saruman appears at the balcony when he addresses those who come to Isengard seeking an audience, but who are not permitted entry to the tower.

Like the door below it, the lower balcony itself is set between two of the four rising stone spires of the tower, and can often pass unnoticed to unwary eyes, until the White Wizard lets his voice ring down upon all who come before his doors. The balcony is accessed from the scriptorium.

### The Grand Hall

Few outside his fellow Wizards have received both a summons from Saruman the White and are granted leave to enter his tower. Those who cross the threshold feel the weight of the honour they have been given when their eyes adjust to the gloom and they see the majesty of the grand hall of Orthanc.

This is a vast octagonal chamber almost one hundred feet wide, filled with dense, spiralling columns. Its vaulted ceiling is so tall it can only be glimpsed by the keen-eyed. The polished columns and floor reflect the light filtering from the outside like mirrors of black glass, and multiply the blaze of the torches that hang from great iron sconces. Hundreds of lines cut into the stone floor weave a geometrical fret across the hall, then wind around the base of the pillars to spiral upwards toward the darkened ceiling.

At the centre of the chamber is a wooden table that runs nearly half the length of the room. Almost as dark as the rock floor of the hall, it stands on three massive legs and is ringed by many chairs made of the same dark wood and set with white cushions. It is around this table that Saruman initially intended to invite the members of the White Council to have their meetings, but later resolved not to have the Wise feel entitled to enter Orthanc too freely. Still, cups of gold and cutlery of silver set upon a single long running cloth of gleaming ivory are always ready upon the table, but are never used.

### Kitchens and Lower Chambers

Set about the walls of the grand hall are a number of smaller wooden doors that lead to the lesser chambers of the lower floors of Orthanc. Here lie several kitchens with deep hearths and cool, well-provisioned pantries. Other passages lead to empty and deserted parlours and studies, where those who once dwelt within Orthanc found peace and comfort.

A small number of rooms are still used by some among the highest-ranking servants of Saruman, especially those messengers and emissaries who only stay in Isengard for a few months of the year, to then leave on errands for their master, but most lie undisturbed and gathering dust.

Right under the grand hall is a circular chamber with a low domed ceiling, not higher than ten feet at its highest point. An octagonal hole gapes in its centre, the opening of a shaft sinking deep underground. The vault itself lies several feet beneath the base of the tower, and there are no windows to break the impenetrable darkness that reigns here. A low hum can be felt rising from the ground of the chamber, and a vague heat rises from the seemingly bottomless octagonal opening on the floor.

The purpose of this underground chamber is lost to the ages, and Saruman himself cannot guess it. Nonetheless, the Wizard can clearly perceive a latent power, an energy he intends to tap for future endeavours, especially those concerning his studies on Ring-making. To this aim, Saruman is preparing an expedition to the libraries of Minas Tirith, where many records of the ancient days are kept in scrolls and books. Whether he will go there himself or entrust this delicate matter on some trusted emissary is something he has yet to decide.

### The Hidden Forge

In the Elvish tongue, Saruman is known as *Curunír*, which means 'Man of Skill'. This is a name not given in idle kindness, for, in addition to his wisdom, Saruman possesses a great cunning in all the applications of smith-craft. Recognising the gift of the craftsman to be one of the blessings of the Free Peoples, Saruman spent many long years studying the art of metalworking among Men, Elves, and Dwarves, until he mastered all their techniques.

Now the White Wizard does not practice his art as a smith openly, but exclusively within the walls of a hidden forge, located somewhere among the foundations of Orthanc or in some high and hidden place. For no one in Isengard knows its whereabouts, though in the small watches of the night a distant sound of hammer upon anvil can be heard from the inner courtyard.

### The Rising Stair

Opening on the northern wall of the grand hall is a tall and narrow iron gate. Here Saruman often issues orders to servants who stand before it, as by some art he can make his voice issue from any gate in Orthanc or within the circle of Isengard as if he was standing behind it.

No one but the closest servants of the White Wizard may open this iron door, and any visitor allowed to pass it must always be accompanied by a doorwarden or a guard. Behind it rises a steep stair, spiralling upward towards the high chambers of Orthanc.

Light fills it through many small windows, multiplied by the polished stone surfaces. Access to the topmost floors of Orthanc is achieved by many iron gates opening at regular intervals along the rising stair as it ascends.

The doors that lead to the lowest of these chambers can be opened by any who would offer a gentle push, but the higher one climbs the more often they find that chambers have been sealed away, only to be opened by the Key of Orthanc.

### The Scriptorium

Just above the grand hall is the scriptorium, Saruman's lesser study. The White Wizard comes here to confer with his emissaries and aides, and to meditate on issues concerning the stewardship of his domain. Tall bookshelves stand against the walls, the work of the best artisans in Edoras. A hoard of scrolls of parchment and bound books of lore lie upon them, mostly dealing with matters of geography and the politics of Calenardhon. Indeed, the bookshelves are so tall that the scrolls kept on the topmost ledges can be reached only by making use of ladders that are set about the room.

A writing desk lies close to the tall window opening on the lower balcony. Above it hang many lanterns and candles, a testimony to the nocturnal writing habits of Saruman the Wise. Pots of ink, newly cut pens, and a supply of stretched parchment lie close at hand.

At the centre of the chamber is a great chair of carved wood, almost a throne. It is placed atop a low platform, so that its high back rises even higher above anyone standing in front of it. Saruman sits here when he is listening to the daily reports of his chief servants, patiently giving detailed instructions to each and every one of them.

In a darkened corner, above an iron lectern, lies a prodigiously large tome, bound in dark leathers. It is so large that a single person could not lift it alone and it is nearly a foot thick. Its vellum pages are yellowed and cracked and filled mainly with Saruman's spidery script. While ominous in appearance, the tome is only a record and index of the day-to-day activities necessary for the upkeep of Isengard, compiled using many abbreviations and acronyms known only to the White Wizard.

Old and wizened Bocaern is the trusted keeper of Saruman's scriptorium, attending to the Wizard's needs when Saruman is present (see page 129).

### The High Servants' Quarters

Those agents that Saruman sends to faraway lands on official errands are among his most trusted servants, folk of superior talents and bearing. They are mostly picked personally by the White Wizard from the oldest families of the folk of Isengard or among the most promising youths of the clans of Dunland, and are trained in the fine arts of courtesy and diplomacy.

Saruman inspects many potential candidates every year, but ends up discarding most of them when they prove not to be up to the tasks he has in mind for them. The rare few who do not fail him become the eyes and tongue of the Lord of Isengard beyond his boundaries, and are sent away for most of a year to serve openly as messengers and envoys, or secretly as spies (the character of Uathach of Tharbad from the adventure **The Company of the**

**Wain** contained in the supplement *Eriador Adventures* and Drustan the messenger of Isengard featured in the *Mirkwood Campaign* are two examples of how Saruman employs his best agents around Eriador and Wilderland).

When his agents are not abroad, they are allowed to stay in Orthanc, in the high servants' quarters. These are lavish accommodations when compared to the dormitories of the ring-wall, as each occupant is given a private chamber complete with a fine feather bed and great stone hearth. Unless their mission requires that they hide their allegiance to Saruman, when they leave Isengard, they are equipped with arms of superior quality and the finest steeds the stables have to offer.

## The Library

The library of Orthanc is the inner sanctum of the fortress of Saruman, the place where the White Wizard studies the most delicate matter of all, the mission he was sent to Middle-earth to accomplish: the long fight against the Enemy. No servant is allowed to enter here alone, as this is the only place where Saruman lets his thoughts wander, free to contemplate all devices useful to defeat the Dark Lord, including expedients that might appear treacherous to the eyes of lesser folk. For Saruman knows that there are matters that cannot be discussed openly, deep things that are beyond the comprehension of those he and the other Wise are meant to protect.

To further his hallowed goal, Saruman has gathered here innumerable texts written using any script known to Men, Dwarves, and Elves, and including many whose art and origin have been lost. These scrolls, books, and rolls of parchment are kept in many recesses cut in the black rock of the walls. The White Wizard spends long hours here poring over half-erased fragments of parchment and cyphered codices, unlocking their secrets with the sharp cunning of his unequalled mind. Saruman then dutifully records his findings in scrolls that he locks away in a large iron-bound chest of wood placed atop a stone block rising from the floor at the centre of the chamber.

The texts of Saruman's library and his stored records contain the key to many great and terrible secrets of Middle-earth. It is here that Saruman hopes one day to find the right way to turn the same devices used by the Enemy into weapons with which to strike. His hoard of lore holds lost accounts of the Elder Days, records taken from lairs and fortresses where servants of the Enemy once dwelt, books containing rituals for worshipping the dark powers, and even more terrible things, but even the very wise can only guess at what his library may hold, for Saruman speaks of what is stored here to no one. What is known to the Wise is that the White Wizard is a master of Ring-lore, the eminent scholar of the age on all matters regarding the Rings of Power, and it is surely in his library that such knowledge is kept.

## The Rookery

High in the Tower of Orthanc is a vaulted chamber with tall and narrow windows opening into the northern wall. It is lined with iron cages, wooden perches, and a floor strewn with straw. The constant screaming of hawks and the cawing of large crows drowns out the sounds of other birds that dwell here in the rookery of Isengard.

Saruman has long used birds to send messages to distant realms. From Dale to Gondor, the word of the White Wizard can be quickly read across Middle-earth. In recent years, Saruman has taken to using hawks and crows not to communicate, but to watch over his domain and the nearby lands. Those birds are swift and keen-eyed, and well-suited in their cunning to the temper of the Wizard.

Much to the surprise of Gandalf the Grey, Saruman has not sought the aid of Radagast the Brown in training such birds, but instead relies on a Dunlending who has left his hills to serve the White Wizard. Indeed, this master of falconry has served his new lord well, and the rookery now contains a large number of crebain, the large crows native to Dunland and Fangorn.

## The Higher Balcony

A second, larger balcony opens far above the first, looking out from the eastern wall of Orthanc. From here Saruman may look down upon the Wizard's Vale and beyond. But this is more than just a perch from which Saruman can gaze upon his domain.

The White Wizard at times invites respected and powerful guests here to sup with him in the adjoining chamber, so that they might discuss matters of import.

When the sun climbs at mid-morning above the Misty Mountains, its rays set alight the walls of the chamber, hung with ancient tapestries mended by the best weavers of Gondor and depicting the great deeds of the Men of Westernesse. At noon Saruman has his servants bring food and wine, and takes his guests to stand upon the balcony to gaze at distant sights. The sound of his voice seems to gain even greater strength and authority here, and none have visited the balcony without being profoundly moved by the wisdom of Saruman the White.

### The Map Room

A wide room among the high chambers of Orthanc is hung with great lanterns that dangle from thick iron chains. Beneath their flickering lights is a great round table of wood that has stood here since the day when Saruman took up dominion over Isengard. The surface of the table is not simply polished, but is intricately carved and inlaid with lacquers to create a great map of northwestern Middle-earth as it was in the final days of the Second Age, represented in great detail from the frozen northern realm of Forochel to the southern deserts of Haradwaith.

Twenty feet wide, the table is a unique artefact, for there is no map so complete in both the libraries of Rivendell or Gondor, though it depicts the land as it lay some three thousand years ago.

### The Great Map of Orthanc

This great and finely wrought table depicts a realm as it stood in the waning days of the Second Age, but even if the lay of the land has changed much, travellers may still profit from studying it.

If a companion surveys the Orthanc-table before planning a Journey, they may automatically select *Paths Both Swift and True* instead of making an Embarkation roll.

### Saruman's Private Chambers

None save the White Wizard himself knows where in the many rooms of Orthanc his private chambers lie, and, if his will is maintained, none ever shall. Some among his servants hold that Saruman never sleeps, others that he changes room constantly, others more that he has laid a spell of confusion to obfuscate the minds of those who seek to locate his private quarters.

The truth is that Saruman's chambers are accessible exclusively through a passage that can only be opened using the Key of Orthanc. It is a small affair, with three rooms. The first holds his private quarters, which lack any ornamentation. The second is a small study, where he keeps his personal journals and records his innermost beliefs. Here he allows expression of thoughts that he does not yet speak aloud — namely, that Saruman believes the key to overcoming Sauron lies in unlocking the secrets of the Rings of Power, but to do so is to walk the most dangerous and treacherous of paths, for the devices of the Enemy are many and subtle. The White Wizard is increasingly convinced that he alone is capable of walking that path without falling victim to the lure of power.

The third room of Saruman's private quarters opens to the highest window of Orthanc, right above that of the higher balcony. Its opening is the only one that has been fitted with a glazing of clear glass, mounted on an iron casing swivelling on hinges of iron. Here, by the window, Saruman sits enjoying the most harmless of his secrets: smoking a pipe. A habit he has copied from Gandalf the Grey, smoking the leaf of the halflings has led Saruman to keep an interest in their land, this 'Shire' that he explored under a disguise upon several occasions when he discovered that Gandalf kept the place in particular esteem and often visited it.

### The Pinnacle of Orthanc

Those who reach the top of the rising stair may cross a last threshold leading to a narrow flight of many thousand steps climbing along the outer sides of Orthanc up to the very crown of the Tower of Isengard. Its four prongs of stone rise to sharp points, flanking all who rise so high. The Misty Mountains stretch far to the north, while the eaves of Fangorn can be seen upon the eastern horizon, and waters from the Fords of Isen twinkle far to the south.

Ancient sigils mark the black surface of the highest balcony of Orthanc, a flat platform of polished stone without rails or shelters from the chill winds blowing from the north that seem to threaten to cast those who stand on the pinnacle of Orthanc down upon the courtyard hundreds of feet below.

Saruman often climbs all the way up to the pinnacle on nights with a clear sky, fearing neither its height nor the strength of the wind. He comes here to watch the stars and read in their movement the passing of the seasons and the foreshadowing of things to come. It is said that when Saruman speaks from the pinnacle of Orthanc his voice is carried far upon the wind, reaching the ears of those he wishes to bring tidings to. Whether this is by the power of his voice or some virtue laid upon the Orthanc-rock, no one knows; what is certain is that many have claimed to have heard the voice of the White Wizard in lands long distant.

On rare occasions, Saruman brings guests to this place, a location that he regards as the most private place in Orthanc. Away from the eyes and ears of his servants, he bids those who are with him to speak freely and without concern of the judgement of others. Those few who have taken counsel with Saruman in this place often recall little of their conversation, remembering only the wisdom and truth in the White Wizard's voice.

## The Hidden Vault

The external stair leading to the pinnacle runs along the topmost section of the tower, rising vertically for sixty feet. This part of the tower reveals no visible openings nor windows, but only the sheer and gleaming surface of the rock of Orthanc. In truth, the topmost cavity of the fortress of Saruman hides his most precious treasure chamber, and the greatest threat to the integrity of his mission: the secret vault where the palantír of Orthanc lies in the dark.

The chamber is tall and narrow, occupying in full the remaining height of the tower. It is accessed through a passage whose opening mechanism is known only to Saruman and that connects it to the map room below.

The vault is windowless and completely empty, save for a low round table of black marble placed at its centre. A central depression on the table holds snugly in place a shining globe of dark crystal, approximately the size of a man's head, flawless and marred by neither time nor wear.

### The Palantír of Orthanc

Its existence suspected only by some of the Wise, the palantír of Orthanc is a device from another age of the world, one of the seven Seeing-stones of Gondor, brought over the Sea by Elendil when Númenor was destroyed. The palantíri were once used in concordance with each other by the Kings of Gondor and Arnor to see far off and to converse in thought, but to this day the stones are all lost or hidden.

When Saruman first entered Isengard, he did so in the hope of finding the Orthanc-stone and use it to further his own ends. To his marvel and joy, he found the precious stone still gathering dust in its appointed place. This discovery he kept to himself, to bide his time and study the precious artefact without any interference from Gondor or the White Council. One day, he will set aside his studies of Ring-lore and dedicate himself fully to unveil the secrets of the Stone of Orthanc. Until that moment, Saruman keeps the existence of the palantír a secret to all but his most trusted servants.

## The Fall of Saruman

The Orthanc-stone is a sphere that is mystifying to behold. It is perfectly crafted, catching and reflecting even the smallest light. It is completely dark inside, even if at times Saruman has spied a tiny glow at its centre, as if he was observing a distant heart of burning fire.

All but the strongest minds that gaze upon the flickering fire within the palantír of Orthanc are eventually drawn to its power and seek to look into its depths. And those who do become the prey of the malicious power that holds another Seeing-stone...

Saruman resists the lure of the Stone of Orthanc until the year 3000, but after that even his sharp and cunning mind is ensnared by the Eye of Sauron. From that moment, the White Wizard is tricked into believing he can compete in power with the Dark Lord, and that he can win a direct confrontation by manoeuvring his unsuspecting allies and especially gathering the ultimate weapons of the Enemy: his Rings of Power.

### The Secret Door

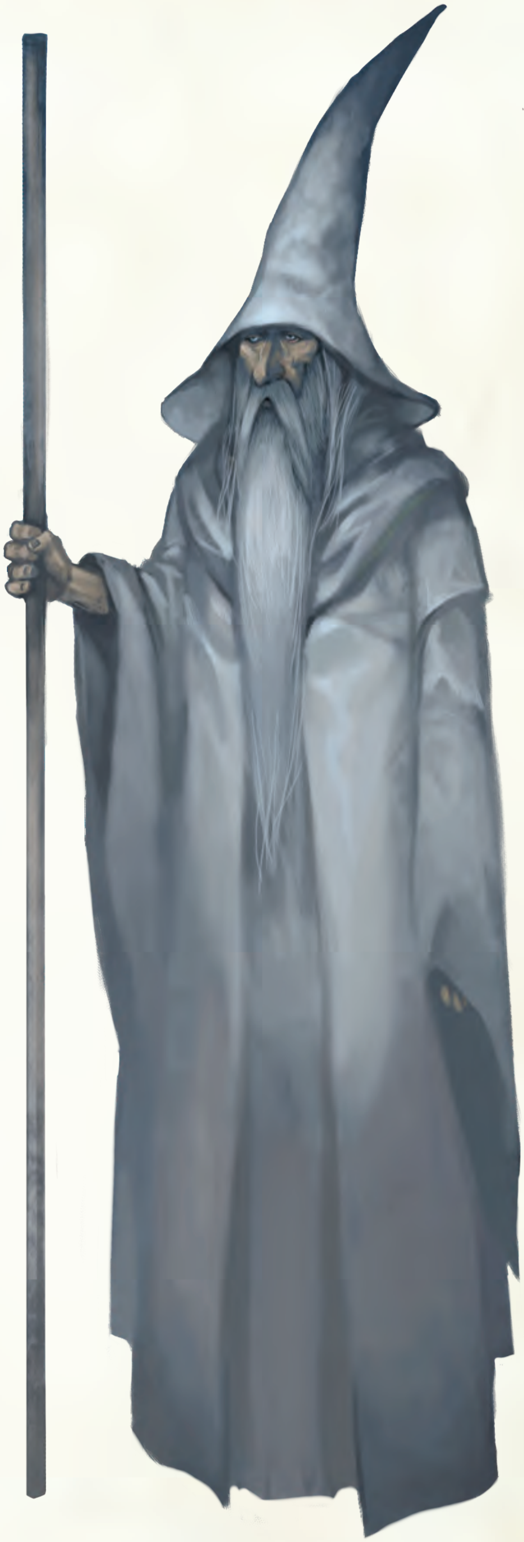
Behind a hidden door that can be unsealed only by uttering a *Spell of Opening* or similar enchantment lies a steel closet. Saruman has crafted it to receive a treasure so precious that he does not dare to confess to anyone that he is searching for it. For the moment, a casket placed on a shelf inside the closet holds a small box of gold, attached to a fine chain, the like of which is often worn around the neck. The golden case is empty, but the image of what it contained a long time ago burns hot in the mind of the White Wizard.

## NOTABLE CHARACTERS

The denizens of Isengard are many, and diverse are their goals and ambitions. With the passing of the years the number of those who dwell in the Wizard's Vale increase exponentially, and their aims darken. Where Isengard in the early days of King Thengel can be a sanctuary welcoming those who fight the encroaching darkness, it becomes a pit of seething wickedness with the turn of a few decades. Companions visiting Isengard over the course of many years will find it hard to distinguish between friends and enemies.

### SARUMAN THE WHITE

**His face was long, with a high forehead, he had deep darkling eyes, hard to fathom, though the look they now bore was brave and benevolent and a little weary. His hair and beard were white, but strands of black still showed about his lips and ears.**



Saruman the White is the head of the White Council, first among the five Wizards who came out of the West in the Third Age of Middle-earth. Like Gandalf the Grey and Radagast the Brown, Saruman appears as an old man, but his age goes well beyond what his countenance betrays.

He is generally arrayed in a robe of white and carries a staff of dark polished wood, the symbols of his high status as the chief of the order of Wizards. His features are long and sharp, giving him the appearance of one both wise and stern. Yet when his lips part in smile and welcome, even the most reluctant and wary find themselves at ease.

The White Wizard concerns himself greatly with the affairs of Middle-earth, particularly the growing threat posed by the return of the Shadow in the East. He keeps counsel with many who are deemed Wise and powerful in all the realms of Eriador, Calenardhon, and Rhovanion. Yet, in recent years he does not openly leave Isengard very often. Instead, he trusts to his agents to both carry and bring news to the Tower of Orthanc.

Saruman is respected for his deep knowledge, especially concerning the lore of the Elven-rings crafted by Celebrimbor in the Second Age. No one has studied the subject as deeply as he did, and all the Wise keep his counsel as precious in such matters.

Saruman carries himself with a regal bearing, inspiring respect by his mere presence. Made proud by his achievements and easily wearied by the meddling in his affairs on the part of those he deems to be lesser folk, Saruman may at times appear a haughty lord, aloof and distant. But it takes him a moment to turn his gaze upon a listener and offer a benevolent regard; then, his words turn into music, and every advice he gives becomes as precious as a rare gem. Indeed, all who partake of Saruman's wisdom come away with an eased burden, though they often recall little of what was spoken.

### An Audience with Saruman

Around the year 2960 and beyond Saruman is found almost exclusively within the ring of Isengard, typically behind the walls of the Tower of Orthanc. Those who are admitted to come before his great black tower seeking his guidance will be greeted from the lower balcony ,where his voice carries strong and clear across the width of the inner courtyard. He receives his visitors with comforting words and gentle wisdom, be they friends or foes, yet his voice is powerful and his most honeyed words can rapidly turn

### In the Service of the White Wizard

Saruman has long been studying the Elven-rings, to unlock the secret to their powerful virtues, and to locate where the Ruling Ring might lie since it was lost by Isildur. With the passing of the centuries, the interest of the White Wizard turns into an obsession. As such, he might set the heroes upon a task to further his search — though they would not know it. A company might be sent north to the Gladden Fields to search the place where Isildur fell, and while they won't find the One Ring there, they might succeed in finding some other relic, like for example the lost Elendilmir, the Star of Elendil that Isildur wore upon his brow. Or they could be tasked with the exploration of the Whispering Halls of Eregion, where Celebrimbor once dwelt, in search of some lost text or tool that might prove useful in Saruman's own Ring-making.

The Lord of Isengard is also preparing for what he believes is an inevitable war, and winning a war is an end that justifies all means. Companions working as emissaries might be sent to threaten those who have attracted his ire, or they might find themselves giving ignoble advice to a lord of Rohan, or helping to forge an alliance with a clan of wild Dunlendings.

As Saruman descends into darkness, it is quite possible that accomplishing missions on his behalf might lead to heroes committing misdeeds and earning points of Shadow. Characters who express their concerns to the White Wizard might find themselves under the thrall of his voice, earning yet more Shadow points as anguish threatens to overtake them. Ironically, as the grip of the Shadow grows heavier upon them, they will have less difficulty committing dark deeds in the name of the White Hand.

into irresistible commands. Still, the wisdom of Saruman is guarded, and many who speak with him find that they have revealed more and learned less.

Those few who earn his trust and prove themselves worthy to be counted among his emissaries may be invited to speak privately with him within the confines of Orthanc itself. If they came to discuss the Enemy, there they find its complex machinations laid before them and explained with simple words, always checked by the encouragement of the White Wizard and by his promises that he is taking steps to bring order in the face of Mordor's growing power.

At times, Saruman will offer his assistance to those who come seeking his aid, in particular if their present goal corresponds to something he himself is already seeking to achieve. Saruman knows all that transpires in his domain and a great many things beyond its borders. Those who come to Isengard seeking him usually find that their desire for counsel was known before their arrival. A company who meets Saruman for the first time will be enchanted by his wisdom and nobility and must take him as a patron (see also the *New Fellowship Phase Undertakings* on page 129). For this reason some companies may find themselves wary of returning to Isengard.

### Saruman as a Patron

According to canon, at the beginning of the War of the Ring, Saruman is revealed to be corrupted by his ambition and sets himself up as a rival power to the Lord of Barad-dûr. But at the time of most campaigns of *Adventures in Middle-earth*, he is still the wisest of the Wise, in close allegiance with his fellow Wizards Gandalf and Radagast. His pride is already threatening to twist his ways, but as far as an individual campaign is concerned, there is still hope that he won't stray too far from his appointed mission. The Loremaster must present Saruman as he appears to those who meet him at this time, and develop his future strategies, taking into consideration the influence that the deeds of the companions will have on his plans.

Will Saruman see the actions of the companions as obstacles put on his appointed path, a nuisance to be disposed with, or will he be surprised by their valour and pushed to reconsider some of his most extreme plans? Will he see a chance in the strength of the Free Peoples, or will he be steeled in his belief that only the Wise know what must be done to oppose the coming tide? Will he exploit their good intentions and trick them, or will he confront them with his truths and try to sway them to his side? Whatever Saruman intends to do with them, companions earning his patronage will find a powerful ally. He will most often provide aid in the form of resources to assist them on their journeys or advice concerning the devices of the Enemy.

More often than not Saruman will communicate with them through emissaries and intermediaries, only requesting personal appearances in matters of extreme urgency or to relay secret news. In such cases he always bids those in his service return to Isengard so that he might speak to them privately.

### The Lord of Isengard

Saruman is not only one of the greatest lore-masters of the age and an emissary of the Lords of the West, but also a powerful lord, administering great resources and dealing with his neighbours and fellow kings. In the last two centuries, there is no issue concerning the stewardship of his domain that he has forgotten to deal with personally.

In recent years, Saruman has taken to strengthening his once-distant relationship with the Horse-lords of Rohan. When Thengel returned from Gondor to the halls of Meduseld, Saruman was quick to travel to Edoras and welcome the new King of the Mark and was received in kind. Indeed, Thengel King has often sought the counsel of the White Wizard, never failing to recognise the great advantage that derives from a friendship with the Lord of Isengard. Saruman honours Thengel by visiting him in Edoras from time to time, bringing gifts and offering his services.

The relationships of Isengard with Gondor are somewhat less favourable, as the Steward Ecthelion hasn't fully accepted Saruman's rule over Orthanc. But Minas Tirith has other concerns, and while several among the lords of the South still counsel the Steward not to trust Saruman, Ecthelion still receives him graciously, letting him study to the White City.

### The Magic of Saruman

Saruman is a powerful Wizard, deeply learned in the making of magical rings and the creation of cunning

## Saruman Ring-maker

Saruman applied his lore and great skill as a smith especially to the art of Ring-making. By the time of the War of the Ring, the White Wizard has crafted several rings and even wears one upon his finger.

None can say exactly what power he was able to lay upon his creations, but it is sure that they must have proportioned to the great stature of their maker (but certainly a lesser essay in the art when compared to the Rings of Power crafted by Sauron or Celebrimbor). Loremasters are encouraged to decide for themselves when Saruman started crafting his own rings and how far in replicating Sauron's dark art he has gone, but the following description may serve as an example (the example refers to the rules for Wondrous Artefacts presented in the *Loremaster's Guide*).

### The Rings of the White Hand

These rings are personally given by Saruman the Wise to his most trusted servants and allies and most often only to members of the race of Men, though he might possibly offer a Ring of the White Hand to a Dwarf. They appear as narrow bands of silver, set with a small device: a small white hand upon a black field. Such rings can be considered a Wondrous Artefact possessing one Blessing (see page 127 of the *Loremaster's Guide*). This blessing is always tied to one of the following skills: Intimidation, Investigation, Persuasion, Stealth, Riddle, or Traditions.

However, these rings are also cursed by Shadow-taint, though this curse is not apparent to the wearer (their Shadow score is augmented by 1 point, see page 101 of the *Rivendell Region Guide*).

As with all Rings of Power, destroying a Ring of the White Hand is nearly impossible, unless the right manner to undo them is guessed. The Loremaster is encouraged to determine the nature of a ring's undoing to suit their individual campaign.

At the Loremaster's will, a character who received the title of Emissary of Saruman (see page 129) might be offered a Ring of the White Hand.

devices and machinery. Among his many weapons is the great strength in his voice, as its very sound is an enchantment capable of swaying the hearts and minds of those who listen. When he speaks to allies or rivals, he may choose to sound profoundly wise and reasonable, or kind but firm when he commands his servitors. Regardless of what Saruman is saying, none can refuse to comply to a request or obey an order without a determined attempt to reject his wishes. Saruman can also counterfeit his appearance to look like one of his fellow Wizards if it suits his purpose, or he may disguise himself as a harmless old wanderer. He can also simply pass unnoticed when travelling or when moving about his domain, as he is capable of walking without making any sound.

Adventurers undertaking missions for Saruman frequently notice unusual, albeit useful, behaviour in others. Greedy associates turn suddenly generous. Reluctant allies soon bend to even the strangest requests with little argument. Companies find their marching speeds inexplicably increased or notice that, even when they travel over muddy ground, they leave no tracks. The White Wizard might even equip a company with some wondrous mechanical or alchemical device: a lamp that explodes with a blasting fire when thrown against a wall to open a passage; a small wooden box containing an ointment capable of staunching grievous wounds; a clockwork apparatus that can be operated to open any lock.

For those who wish to add OGL spells to their games of *Adventures in Middle-earth*, Saruman might instruct Player-heroes in the schools of Divination, Enchantment, and Illusion.

## GARNOC

Garnoc is the most influential chieftain of the Men of the Isen, a folk of Dunlendish blood dwelling in the Wizard's Vale. Over six feet in height, he is the most imposing warrior among his clan. He wields a wickedly barbed spear to hunt both fish and men, a weapon he wrenched from the stiff fingers of the previous chieftain, an old, grizzled warrior by the name of Guthar, who he challenged and killed with his bare hands.

Garnoc is known among his people to be bold in both word and action, but it is another of his qualities that is determining his fate: he is ambitious. In his youth, he led a small war-band that preyed on travellers journeying to Isengard. After too many important visitors had gone missing, the Wizard of Orthanc himself sought Garnoc out. Garnoc had enough will to strike at the Wizard with his sword, though it shattered in his hand. Garnoc prepared himself for death, or worse, but it did not come. Instead, Saruman bade the brigand to walk with him. The White Wizard told Garnoc many things that night and by the morning, he was a loyal servant prepared to do his new master's bidding.

Today Garnoc secretly serves the White Wizard, who instructed him on how to challenge old Guthar and take his place as chieftain of his folk. Most of the time, all he has to do is to keep guard over the Wizard's Vale, watchful but unseen, but once in a while his master issues instructions by way of emissaries and sends Garnoc and his men to spy upon the Horse-lords, to track the movement of Orcs on the cliffs of Methedras, or to carry a message deep into Dunland or beyond.

Garnoc is content to obey the will of the White Wizard, as he receives many boons in return. His clan is the wealthiest in the vale, and he and his men are considered above any law and may do as they wish, taking anything, or anyone, they desire without fearing repercussions. While Saruman does not condone any more raids or robberies in his domain, Garnoc likes to test the boundaries of his freedom, and he has been responsible for the disappearance of a number of herders and hunters who strayed too close to the Wizard's Vale. For the moment, he has been clever enough to avoid being tracked by the scouts of the Second Marshal of the Mark.

### GARNOC

*Medium Human (Evil Man)*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 16 (+3) | 15 (+2) | 19 (+4) | 12 (+1) | 14 (+2) | 13 (+1) |

**Armour Class** 16 (Hide, Shield)
**Hit Points** 85 (10d8+40)
**Speed** 30 ft

**Skills** Animal Handling +4, Deception +3, Intimidation +3, Survival +4
**Senses** passive Perception 12
**Languages** Dunlending, Westron
**Challenge** 3 (700 XP)

**Hard Eyed.** Garnoc is a proven killer. He scores critical hits on a 18, 19 or 20 on an attack roll

#### Actions

**Barbed Spear.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d8+3) piercing damage and the target is Grappled (escape DC 13). When a creature escapes the Grapple, it takes 7 (1d8+3) piercing damage. Garnoc can release the Grapple and cause this damage by using his bonus action.

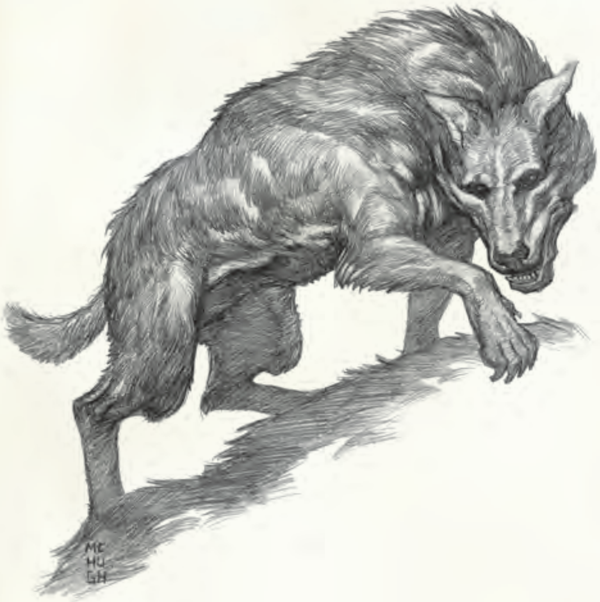
#### Reactions

**Deadly Spear-Thrust.** Garnoc may use his reaction to make a single melee attack against a creature that has just attacked him. If Garnoc inflicts a critical hit with this attack, the target is knocked Prone as the blow strikes a knee or other joint.

## THE BLACK WARG OF METHEDRAS

A pack of vile Wargs has descended from the North to dwell on the cliffs of Methedras, above the ring of Isengard. For the moment, they have been clever enough to avoid drawing the attention of the White Wizard or that of the Shepherds of the Trees to the east. Instead, these beasts only leave their caverns on the darkest nights and follow the eastern banks of the Isen into the Westemnet, searching for Man-flesh.

Their pack-leader is a great black Warg with glowing green eyes that only comes out to stalk on moonless nights. His breath is like ice and he can whisper in both his own foul tongue and in the common speech of Men. Unbeknownst to anyone, including Saruman, the Black Warg of Methedras is a spy, sent from Mordor to watch over the actions of the White Wizard and his allies. (See page 130)



The beast is cunning and sly, and does not reveal his mission to anyone, including the wolves in his pack. When it is time to send a report to his Dark Master, the Black Warg of Methedras leaves his den alone and climbs to the tallest cliffs of the mountain, to meet with Orcs that hide there and serve as messengers. But the beast is more than just a spy, and his wild instincts drive him to hunt. Seeking to slake his thirst only when necessary, he goes out with his pack exclusively on nights without moon, but returns to his secret cave bringing back as many live prisoners as possible, to question and then devour them slowly. (See the description of the Black Warg of Methedras on page 130).

## Alfric, Guard of Isengard

The dark-eyed warrior Alfric is stern and fell, even for a warrior of the Riddermark. He grew to manhood within a village of the Westfold Vale where mixed Dunlendish and Rohirrim ancestry was common. While the villagers saw their heritage as a strength, drawing on the best of both peoples, the Dunlending raiders that burned it saw them only as enemy Rohirrim. Wounded and left for dead, Alfric awoke to the smell of charred timbers and spilled blood gone stale. His fellow villagers had all been either slain or taken as captives by the Dunlendings. When Alfric approached an éored seeking help, they accused him of having helped the raiders and refused to listen to his pleas. Alfric was forced to flee for his life.

### Alfric

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 19 (+4) | 12 (+1) | 16 (+3) | 11 (+0) | 13 (+1) | 10 (+0) |

**Armour Class** 19 (Scale Hauberk, Great Shield)
**Hit Points** 67 (9d8+27)
**Speed** 30 ft

**Skills** Perception +3, Riddle +2, Survival +3
**Senses** passive Perception 13
**Languages** Dunlending, Rohan, Westron
**Challenge** 4 (1,100 XP)

**Defender of That Which He Loves (1/day).** If Alfric is fighting in defense of Isengard, he can use his bonus action to gain 10 temporary hit points.
**Hatred (Rohirrim) (Recharge 5-6).** Alfric hates the Rohirrim and will attack them first. He use a bonus action to gain Advantage on all attack rolls against

#### Actions

**Multiattack.** Alfric makes two attacks with his axe.
**Axe.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d8+4) slashing damage or 9 (1d10+4) slashing damage if used with two hands.

#### Reactions

**Counterattack (Recharge 5-6).** If an attack misses Alfric, he can use his reaction to make an attack roll with Advantage. He must be wielding a melee weapon and be able to see his attacker.

Alfric wandered the Mark, forever wary of being caught and tried as an outlaw, until his feet brought him before the gates of Isengard. There, he found comfort in the words of Saruman, who offered him a position among his servants. Alfric repaid the kindness of the White Wizard with hard work and gained his trust with unreserved loyalty. Saruman eventually gave him an honoured position among the guards of the gates of Isengard, a place usually reserved only to those whose families have served Saruman for many generations.

In his years of service, Alfric has proven to be dependable, with a sharp memory for faces. He seldom speaks of it, but a fierce resentment burns in him aimed at the folk of Rohan. One day, he is sure, he will be able to repay them for all they've done to him.

## Dianach, Doorwarden of Orthanc

Silver-haired and stooped with age, Dianach has served the White Wizard almost all her life. She once belonged to the Gáesela, the Dunlendish folk of the West-march of Rohan; when she was a child, she dreamt of riding along with the riders of Fengel King as a shieldmaiden, a fancy that her family was quick to dispel. She would become the wife of a fisherman, like her mother and her grandmother before her.

But Dianach was too wild and rebellious to accept such a fate, and, once grown to a robust girl, she abandoned her village to roam north, across the empty expanses of Enedwaith and Eriador beyond. Several months later, by the ruins of the bridge of Tharbad, she came upon the White Wizard in his wanderings.

He smiled upon her fair face and listened to her story. When she was finished telling it, Saruman told her that, if she was able to find her way to the gates of Isengard, he would have a place for her to stay.

### Dianach

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 12 (+1) | 18 (+4) | 10 (+0) | 12 (+1) | 17 (+3) | 12 (+1) |

**Armour Class** 14
**Hit Points** 22 (5d8)
**Speed** 30 ft

**Skills** Deception +5, Insight +5, Perception +7, Persuasion +5, Riddle +3, Traditions +5
**Senses** passive Perception 17
**Languages** Dunlending, Rohan, Westron
**Challenge** 1 (200 XP)

**Expert.** Dianach doubles her Proficiency Bonus for Deception, Perception, Persuasion, and Traditions (included above).

**Quick of Hearing.** Dianach is aware of any conversations that occur in her presence as long as she can either see or hear the creatures at all.

**Sneak Attack.** Once per turn, Dianach deals an extra 3 (1d6) damage when she hits a target with a weapon attack and has Advantage on the attack roll, or when the target is within 5 feet of an ally of Dianach that isn't Incapacitated and she doesn't have Disadvantage on the attack roll.

#### Actions

**Multiattack.** Dianach makes two attacks with her dagger.

**Dagger.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d4+4) piercing damage.

Dianach has spent almost five decades in the service of Saruman the White, as a scout while her youth sustained her, and then as a doorwarden in the Tower of Orthanc. She has seen many wonders in her long life, and heard many secrets. None have escaped her lips in the presence of strangers. Her tongue is much looser when the White Wizard asks her to tell him about the latest news and gossip that is spoken in his domain: old Dianach is the favourite informer of Saruman, as she is quick of hearing and her insight is deep.

## Bocaern, Keeper of the Scriptorium

Bocaern has been attending to the scriptorium of Orthanc for as long as anyone in Isengard can recall. A withered, shuffling old man with nothing but a wisp of white hair crowning his otherwise bald head, he leans heavily upon a staff and is always whispering to himself.

He is among the oldest servants of the folk of Isengard in the service of Saruman, but since the White Wizard is slow in giving his trust to anyone, he is loath to let him go. But the day approaches, and for a few years now when Bocaern is attending to his duties, he is accompanied by Melmidoc, his young apprentice.

Bocaern is found at all times in the scriptorium, always chasing some long-delayed task that needs his attention. He is greatly annoyed when asked for assistance by anyone other than Saruman, but nonetheless he lends his aid. Only when his master calls does he spring forward eagerly.

In spite of his mutterings, Bocaern is not a dotard. He observes all that goes on in the scriptorium when Saruman is receiving a visitor or his servants, and weighs every single word uttered in the presence of his master. Once they are gone, Saruman listens attentively to the considerations of Bocaern, as the old man has proved useful in judging the true colours of an individual more than once.

## Geth, Bird Master of Saruman

Geth was once regarded as a great soothsayer and wise man among the hills of Dunland, but that was before his dreams led him to the tall spires of Orthanc. In his sleep he had been visited by the vision of great clouds gathering to the east and taking the shape of a blazing white hand. In his waking hours he attempted to follow his dreams and eventually found his way to the Wizard's Vale. When he met Saruman there, Geth recognised the white hand of his visions and dropped to his knees before him.

Geth regards his master with a silent awe, bowing his head whenever the Wizard's name is spoken in his presence. A man of few words, he mostly talks to the birds of the rookery of Orthanc, speaking only in whispers to any other. Saruman himself treats Geth with the gentle patience one might offer to a good hunting dog, or a favourite hawk.

### Bocaern

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 10 (+0) | 11 (+0) | 11 (+0) | 20 (+5) | 15 (+2) | 6 (-2) |

**Armour Class** 10
**Hit Points** 18 (4d8)
**Speed** 30 ft

**Skills** History +9, Insight +6, Lore +9, Shadow-lore +9
**Senses** passive Perception 12
**Languages** Dunlending, Westron, Black Speech, Orcish, Sindarin
**Challenge** 1/4 (50 XP)

**Ceaseless Mutterings.** Bocaern imposes Disadvantage on any checks made to convince him to part with his knowledge.
**Expert.** Bocaern doubles his Proficiency Bonus for his skills (included above).
**Reluctant Advisor.** Bocaern will not provide Aid or Research unless the requesting character succeeds at a **DC 15 Charisma** or **Intelligence** check, or the requester is Saruman.

#### Actions

**Staff.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 3 (1d6) bludgeoning damage or 4 (1d8) bludgeoning damage if used with two hands.
**Aid.** Bocaern can assist a character that can see and hear him in a research task or during combat. He grants Advantage to that character's next ability check or attack roll.
**Research.** If Bocaern is in the scriptorium, he may make an appropriate ability check at an appropriate DC (usually 15 or higher) to provide information to the requesting character.

### Geth

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 12 (+1) | 17 (+3) | 15 (+2) | 10 (+0) | 16 (+3) | 8 (-1) |

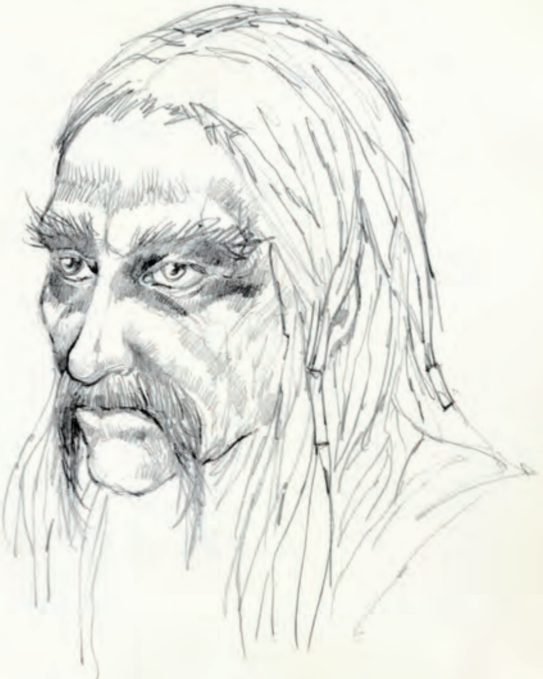
**Armour Class** 13
**Hit Points** 26 (4d8+8)
**Speed** 30 ft

**Skills** Animal Handling +7, Nature +4, Survival +5
**Senses** passive Perception 13
**Languages** Dunlending, Westron, The Language of Birds
**Challenge** 1/4 (50 XP)

**Bird Friend.** In combat, Geth can use his bonus action to command one of his bird friends to aid him against all attackers. Until the start of his next turn, all attack rolls against him are at Disadvantage. The bird is too quick and clever to be the target of any normal attack.
**Expert.** Geth doubles his Proficiency Bonus for Animal Handling and Nature (included above).

#### Actions

**Dagger.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d4+3) piercing damage.



## THINGS TO DO WHILE IN ISENGARD

*'...I rode to the foot of Orthanc, and came to the stair of Saruman; and there he met me and led me up to his high chamber.'*

As detailed on page 109, Saruman does not give leave to enter his domain to everyone. Those who pass the ring-wall and are allowed to behold the Tower of Orthanc discover that Isengard is unlike any realm ruled by Men, Elves, or Dwarves, for its lord does not belong to any of those races.

### NEW FELLOWSHIP PHASE UNDERTAKINGS

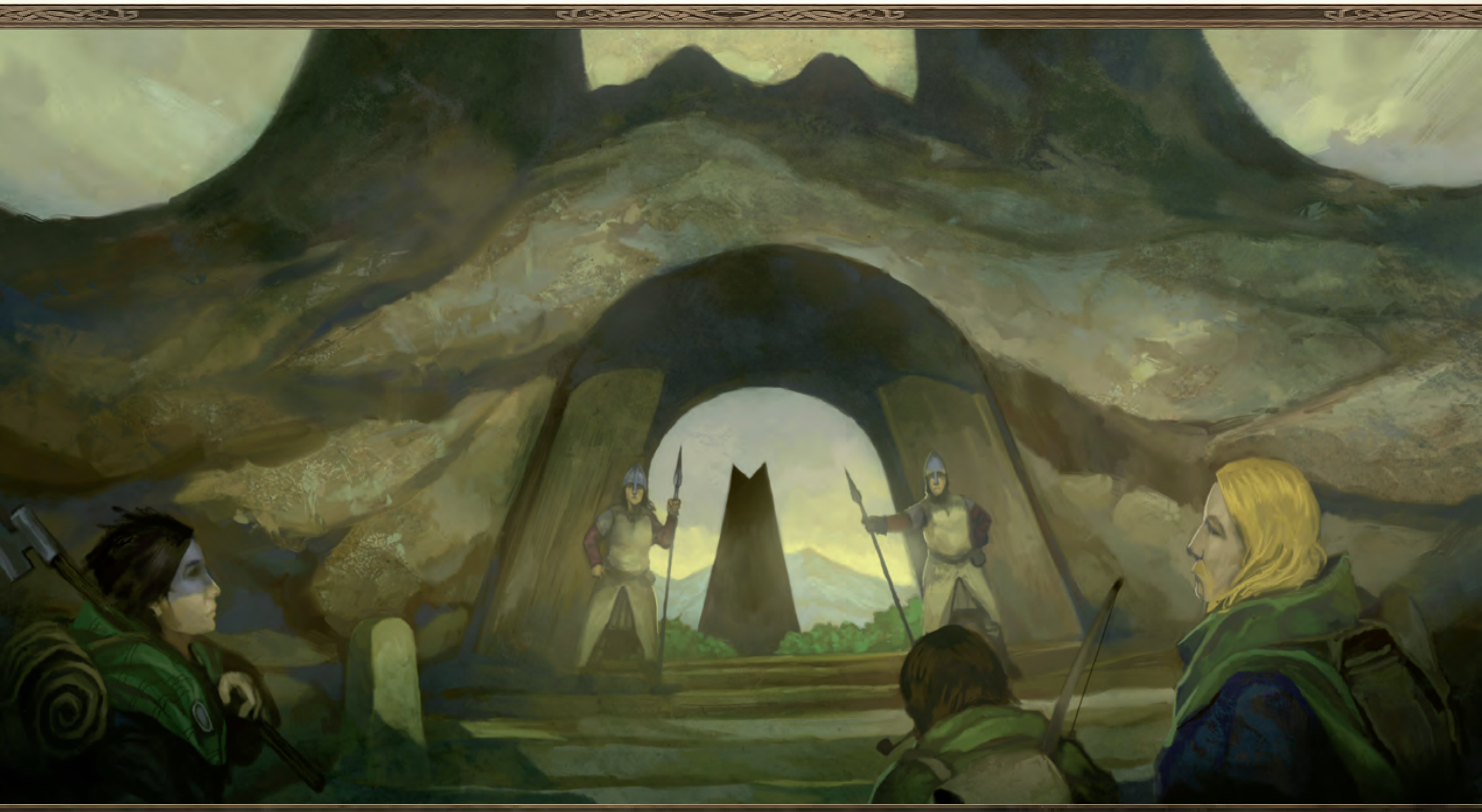
*'They took me and they set me alone on the pinnacle of Orthanc, in the place where Saruman was accustomed to watch the stars.'*

Here follow several new Fellowship phase undertakings, primarily concerning activities that may be chosen exclusively by companions who are spending a Fellowship phase in Isengard. A number of undertakings have already appeared in previous supplements, but are repeated here for the sake of convenience.

### Open Isengard as a Sanctuary

If the Company has entered Isengard during an Adventuring phase, the heroes may gain permission to spend a first Fellowship phase there. If they wish to return, they must all choose the Open Sanctuary undertaking. Companions spending a Fellowship phase in Isengard but who are not emissaries of Saruman are lodged in the private rooms set in the southwestern section of the ring wall. Their doors are locked at night.

In the later years of the canonical chronology (see *The Tale of Years*, page 105, and *Entering Isengard*, page 109) Saruman grows more suspicious and might reconsider his policy concerning guests. The Loremaster must decide how to feature this change of attitude in their own campaign, but it is highly unlikely that companions who have not opened Isengard as a sanctuary prior to the year 2990 should be allowed to do so after that date.



### Meet Patron (Saruman)

Any company that has met Saruman must take him as a patron and will be inclined to listen to what he has to say. He asks little of his 'followers' ,save that they report strange events, unusual rumours and the doings of Gandalf the Grey...

During a Fellowship phase spent in Isengard, a companion may choose this undertaking to deliver information to the White Wizard and gain 1 Counsel die in return. A Counsel die is a d4, and it can be added to any Intelligence ability check. Once it is used, it is expended. Unused Counsel dice are lost at the end of an Adventuring phase.

It is up to the Loremaster to determine if the tidings delivered are deemed important by the White Wizard or not (anything concerning Gandalf is important, for example), and especially to what use Saruman will put that information.

### Receive Title (Emissary of Saruman)

A hero who Saruman has deemed useful, either because of his actions or the information he has brought before the White Wizard, may – with the Loremaster's permission – choose this undertaking to secure his connection with Isengard. The companion receives all the normal benefits connected to the Receive Title undertaking described on page 201 of the *Adventures in Middle-earth Player's Guide*.

An Emissary of Saruman is granted a private room within the ring-wall of Isengard, or one of the lower chambers found in the lower levels of Orthanc. Regardless of the level of trust that an emissary might think he enjoys in the eyes of Saruman, they are rarely allowed to wander about Isengard without a doorwarden accompanying them (unless they wear a Ring of the White Hand, see page 123).

### Learn Lore from Saruman

Companions spending the Fellowship phase in Isengard may go and listen to the words of Saruman the White, great among the Wise of Middle-earth. Heroes who are emissaries of Saruman meet him in the scriptorium, while any other hero listens to his voice as he speaks from the lower balcony, or in the grand hall of Orthanc.

A companion who has spent a Fellowship phase conferring with Saruman can make a **DC 10 Intelligence** (**History** or **Lore**) check. On a success, the hero gains two Counsel dice for the upcoming Adventuring phase, or three dice if they succeeded by 5 or more. A Counsel die is a d4, and it can be added to any Intelligence ability check. Once it is used, it is expended. Unused Counsel dice are lost at the end of an Adventuring phase.
You can use **Shadow-lore** to make the check instead: you receive three Counsel dice automatically. But Saruman's knowledge of the Enemy is uncomfortable lore, your hero receives 1 Shadow point as well.

(This activity is featured in *Mirkwood Campaign*, as the Confer with Saruman undertaking).

### Go See a Lore-master (Saruman)

In a game using the rules for magical treasure, a character spending a Fellowship phase in Isengard may choose the Go See a Lore-master undertaking to learn what there is to be learnt about a magical item, its origins and history.

The undertaking works as described on page 23 of the *Rivendell Region Guide* supplement, unless it is a Wondrous Artefact in the form of a ring. In that case, Saruman will first unveil its secrets, but will then offer to buy the ring from the companion, as he is very interested in such artefacts, be they great or small. Should the companion comply, Saruman will pay 2d6+13 gold pieces if the ring possesses a single Blessing, or 3d6+27 gold pieces for a ring with two Blessings or a Greater Blessing.

Should the companion refuse to sell the ring, Saruman will not insist, but will hold a grudge and refuse to examine any other objects brought to him by that companion in the future (the companion will not be allowed to choose this undertaking).

# dangers of the -mark-

The Riddermark borders with many dangerous lands inhabited by ancient enemies, and in its darkest corners dwell mysterious creatures that are even older. But even if it appears less frightening, the edge of a Dunlendish spearhead is as deadly as the claws of any savage Orc or Troll.

The kings of Edoras are obligated to fight many wars, as they have many enemies that press on all sides. Though they remember their history in song, both the lands of the North and their ally Gondor seem far away when the warg howls, the orcs march forth, and strange shapes move in the shadowed woods.

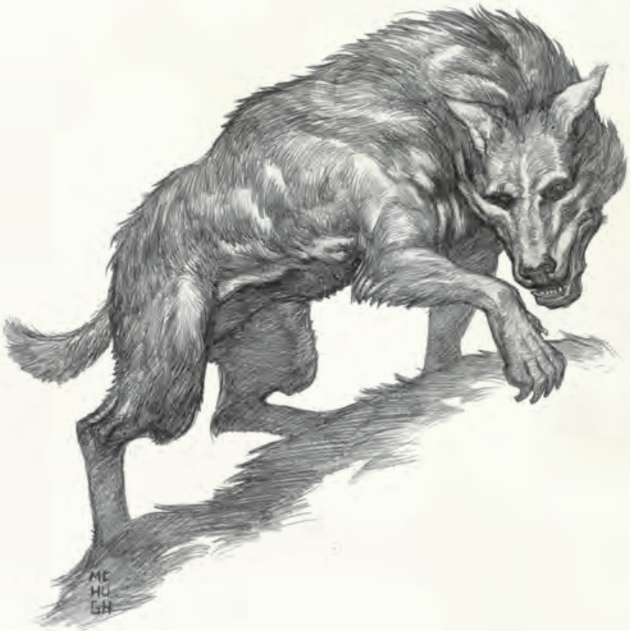
## Foes of the Mark

*'Death to the Strawheads! Death to the robbers of the North!'*

The following pages present a series of new adversaries, foes of the Lord of the Mark and his Men, and of all those who come seeking his courts in peace.

### The Black Warg of Methedras

A dark spirit inhabits the form of the Black Warg of Methedras, an evil shade that feeds off the breath of the living and is augmented by the deep shadows of the blackest nights.



### The Black Warg of Methedras

*Large Fiend (Warg-kind)*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 21 (+5) | 18 (+4) | 23 (+6) | 17 (+3) | 15 (+2) | 13 (+1) |

**Armour Class** 18 (Deadly Elusiveness)
**Hit Points** 115 (10d10+60)
**Speed** 40 ft

**Skills** Perception +5, Shadow-lore +6, Stealth +7
**Senses** darkvision 60 ft, passive Perception 15
**Languages** Wargspeech, Rohan, Dunlending, Westron
**Challenge** 8 (3,900 XP)

**Deadly Elusiveness.** The Black Warg's AC is equal to 10 plus twice its Dexterity modifier.
**Shadow Walker.** The Black Warg can disappear into even the faintest shadow. It is Invisible in dim light or darkness.

#### Actions

**Multiattack.** The Black Warg makes two attacks: one with its bite and one with its claws.
**Bite.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 12 (2d6+5) piercing damage. If the target is a creature, it must make a **DC 15 Constitution** saving throw or take 7 (2d6) necrotic damage and the Black Warg regains the same number of hit points, up to its maximum.
**Claws.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 11 (1d12+5) slashing damage. If the target is a creature, it must make a **DC 15 Strength** saving throw or be knocked Prone.

#### Legendary Actions

The Black Warg can take 2 legendary actions, choosing from the options below. Only one legendary action can be used at a time, and only at the end of another creature's turn. Spent legendary actions are regained at the start of each turn.

**Bite.** The Black Warg makes a Bite attack.
**Move.** The Black Warg can move up to its speed.

## DUNLENDINGS

The folk that the Rohirrim call the Dunlending are a diverse folk, living in the lands beyond the Mark to the west of the river Isen, and in the country between the Isen and Adorn, the West-march. While differing in many subtle ways, they share one common sentiment: they do not love the Eorlingas.

### Dunlending Raiders

Sometimes, when a particularly harsh winter has passed or a provocation from the hated Forgoil rouses them, the Men of Dunland assemble war parties and descend swiftly from their hills to plunder and kill, before retreating just as quickly back into the mountain mists, where few dare follow them. Some of these raiders carry Great Axes, others favour Great Spears, but any one raider will have one weapon or the other.

### DUNLENDING RAIDER

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 15 (+2) | 12 (+1) | 17 (+3) | 11 (+0) | 12 (+1) | 7 (-2) |

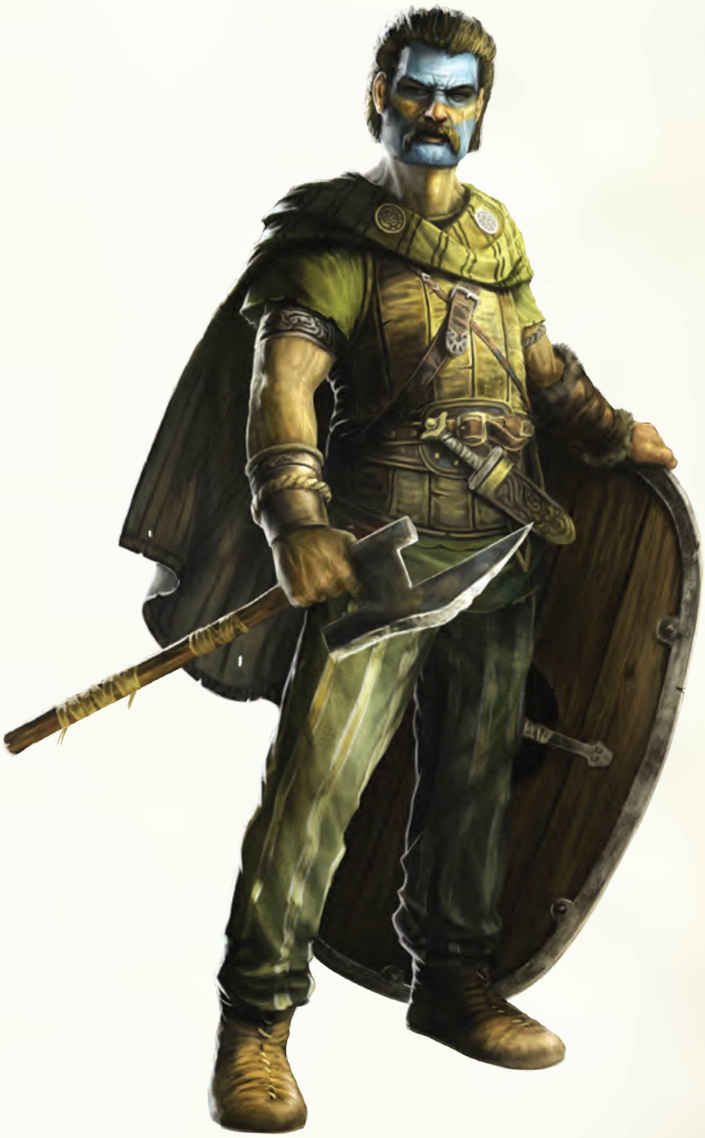
**Armour Class** 13 (Leather Corslet)
**Hit Points** 30 (4d8+12)
**Speed** 30 ft

**Skills** Athletics +4, Perception +3, Survival +3
**Senses** passive Perception 13
**Languages** Dunlending
**Challenge** 1 (200 XP)

**No Quarter.** When the Raider reduces a creature to 0 hit points, the target immediately fails one death saving throw.
**Hatred (Rohirrim) (Recharge 5-6).** The Raider can use a bonus action to gain Advantage on all attack rolls against Rohirrim until the beginning of their next turn.

#### Actions

**Multiattack.** The Raider makes two melee attacks.
Great Axe. Melee Weapon Attack: +4 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. Hit: 8 (1d12+2) slashing damage.
**Great Spear.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 10 ft, one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d12+2) piercing damage..



## Warriors of the Gáesela

Proud in their old ways, the Dunlendings of the Westmarch of Rohan are more peaceful than their kin living in the Dunland Fells, but they are just as quick to draw blood if given a reason.

## Wulfing Riders

The Wulfings bear the symbols of their mixed ancestry, the old roots of their Dunlendish blood and their Northman heritage. They will draw their blade on anyone who forgets that one of their lords was once king of all Rohan.

### GÁESELA WARRIOR

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11 (+0) | 16 (+3) | 12 (+1) | 11 (+0) | 15 (+2) | 10 (+0) |

**Armour Class** 17 (Leather Corslet, Shield)
**Hit Points** 16 (3d8+3)
**Speed** 30 ft

**Skills** Athletics +4, Perception +3, Survival +3
**Senses** passive Perception 13
**Languages** Dunlending
**Challenge** 1 (200 XP)

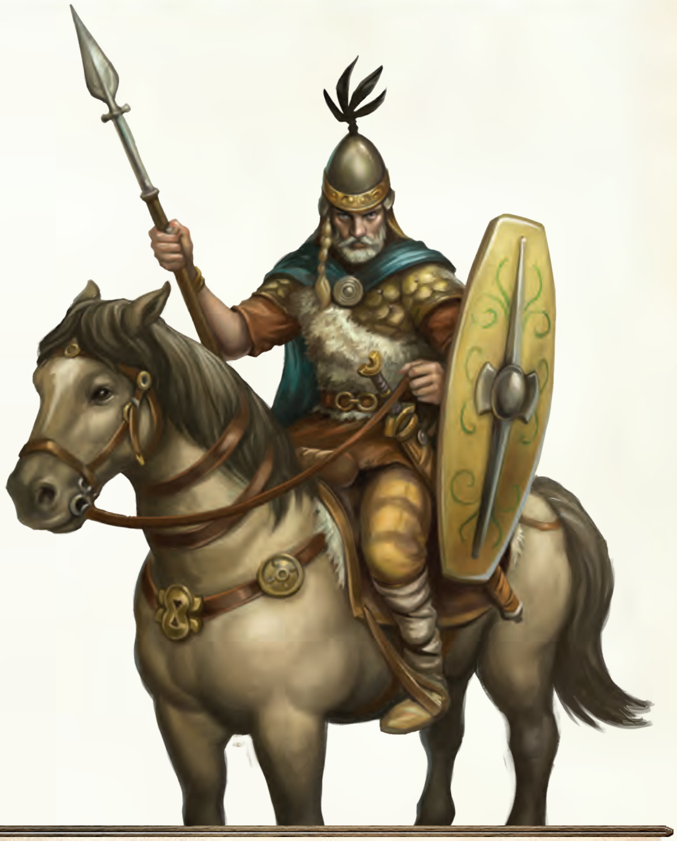
**Shield-strike (Recharge 5-6).** If the Gáesala Warrior has just hit with their weapon, they can use a bonus action to slam their shield into the target. The creature takes 2 points of bludgeoning damage and must make a **DC 11 Strength** saving throw or become Prone.

#### Actions

**Broadsword.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d8+3) slashing damage.
**Spear.** *Melee* or *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +2 to hit, reach 5 ft or range 20/60 ft, one target. *Hit:* 3 (1d6) piercing damage or 4 (1d8) if used with two hands to make a melee attack.

#### Reactions

**Snake-like Speed.** The Gáesala Warrior is adept at avoiding injury and can use their reaction to halve the damage on an attack that they are aware of



### WULFING RIDER

*Medium Human*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 15 (+2) | 14 (+2) | 16 (+3) | 10 (+0) | 13 (+1) | 11 (+0) |

**Armour Class** 17 (Corslet of Mail, Shield)
**Hit Points** 52 (7d8+21)
**Speed** 30 ft, 60 ft when mounted

**Skills:** Intimidation +2, Perception +3, Survival +3
**Senses** passive Perception 13
**Languages** Dunlending, Westron
**Challenge** 2 (450 XP)XP)

**Charge.** The Rider's Palfrey has the **Charge** feature (see page 151). If the mount takes this action, the Rider gains +4 to damage rolls until the end of their turn.
**Hatred (Rohirrim) (Recharge 5-6).** The Rider can use a bonus action to gain Advantage on all attack rolls against Rohirrim until the beginning of their next turn.
**Mounted.** The Wolfing Rider has a Palfrey as a mount (see page 151).

#### Actions

**Spear.** *Melee* or *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft or range 20/60 ft, one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6+2) piercing damage or 6 (1d8+2) piercing damage if used with two hands to make a melee attack.
**Longsword.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d8+2) slashing damage or 7 (1d10+2) slashing damage if wielded with two hands

## GAZHÚR THREE-DEATHS

**A black darkness loomed beyond, and in it glinted, here and there, cold, sharp, remote, white as the teeth of ghosts, the peaks of Ered Nimrais, the White Mountains of the Realm of Gondor, tipped with everlasting snow.**

Gazhúr is the chief of the Orcs of the High Stone, a band of canny marauders biding their time in the White Mountains, waiting for a sign from their distant lord in Mordor.

### GAZHÚR THREE-DEATHS

*Medium Humanoid (Orc-kind)*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 20 (+5) | 13 (+1) | 17 (+3) | 10 (+0) | 17 (+3) | 17 (+3) |

**Armour Class** 18 (Orc Mail, Shield)
**Hit Points** 67 (9d8+27)
**Speed** 30 ft

**Skills** Intimidation +5, Perception +5, Survival +5
**Senses** darkvision 60 ft, passive Perception 15
**Languages** Orcish, Dunlending, Westron
**Challenge** 5 (1,800 XP)

**Bulky Armour.** Gazhúr has Disadvantage on Dexterity ability checks.

**Horrible Strength**. If Gazhúr makes a successful melee attack, he may use his bonus action to cause additional damage equal to his Strength modifier (+5) to the target.

**Wicked Cunning (1/day).** Gazhúr can use his bonus action to activate this ability. For the remainder of the combat, he has +3 to his Armour Class.

#### Actions

**Multiattack**. Gazhúr makes three attacks with his scimitar.

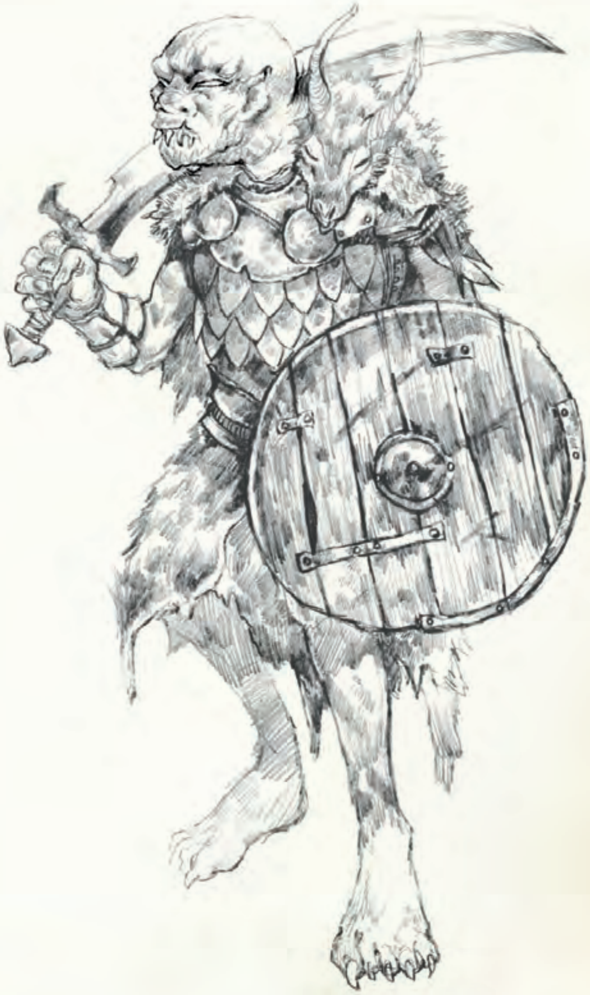
**Orcish Scimitar.** *Melee Weapon Attack*: +8 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 10 (2d4+5) slashing damage.

#### Reactions

**Commanding Voice.** Gazhúr can inspire his allies with threats of retribution and torture. He may use his reaction to utter a command or shout a warning whenever a non-hostile creature he can see within 30 ft makes an attack roll or saving throw. The target can add a d6 Command die to that roll, provided it can hear and understand the message. A creature can benefit from only one Command die at a time, and creatures that possess Commanding Voice cannot benefit from this effect.

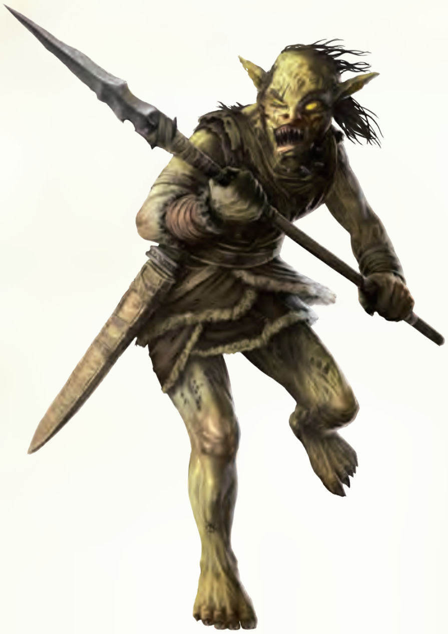
## ORCS OF THE WHITE MOUNTAINS

After their defeat in the Battle of Azanulbizar, countless Orcs fled south from the Misty Mountains. Many of these took refuge in the White Mountains, becoming a plague on the lands of the Mark until the last of them were finally hunted down and slain by Folca King in 2863. Yet in some hidden fortresses within the least accessible corners of the White Mountains, Orcs remain, lean and hungry and kept warm against the cold by the hate burning within their breasts.



# Servants of the White Wizard

*Many houses there were... Thousands could dwell there, workers, servants, slaves, and warriors with great store of arms; wolves were fed and stabled in deep dens beneath.*



### Orc of the White Mountains

*Medium Humanoid (Orc-kind)*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 15 (+2) | 18 (+4) | 14 (+2) | 7 (-2) | 11 (+0 | 10 (+0) |

**Armour Class** 15 (Orcish Leathers)
**Hit Points** 19 (3d8+6)
**Speed** 30 ft

Skills Intimidation +2, Stealth +6
Senses darkvision 60 ft, passive Perception 10
Languages Orcish, Westron
Challenge 1/2 (100 XP)

**Hatred (Rohirrim) (Recharge 5-6).** The Orc can use its bonus action to gain Advantage on all attack rolls against Rohirrim until the beginning of its next turn.

**Pack Tactics.** The Orc has Advantage on attack rolls against a creature if at least one of the Orc's allies is within 5 feet of the creature and the ally isn't Incapacitated.

**Sunlight Sensitivity.** While in sunlight, the Orc has Disadvantage on attack rolls, as well as on **Wisdom (Perception)** checks that rely on sight.

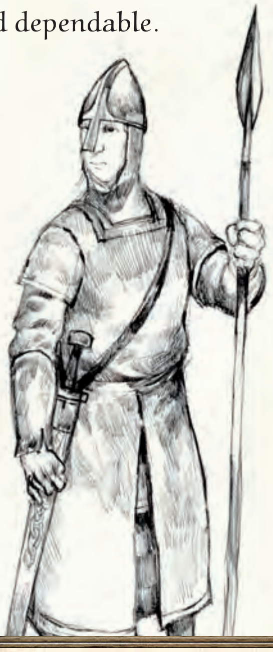
#### Actions

**Bent Sword**. *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d6+4) slashing damage.

**Spear.** *Melee* or *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft or range 20/60 ft, one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6+2) piercing damage or 6 (1d8+2) piercing damage if used with two hands to make a melee attack.

## Defenders of Isengard

Many of Saruman's most trusted servants belong to the folk of Isengard, people who have lived all their lives under the shadow of the Tower of Orthanc. Well-fed and trained, they are loyal and dependable.



### Defender of Isengard

*Medium Human (Evil Men*)*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 17 (+3) | 12 (+1) | 16 (+3) | 10 (+0) | 11 (+0) | 13 (+1 |

**Armour Class** 15 (Scale Hauberk)
**Hit Points** 15 (2d8+6)
**Speed** 30 ft

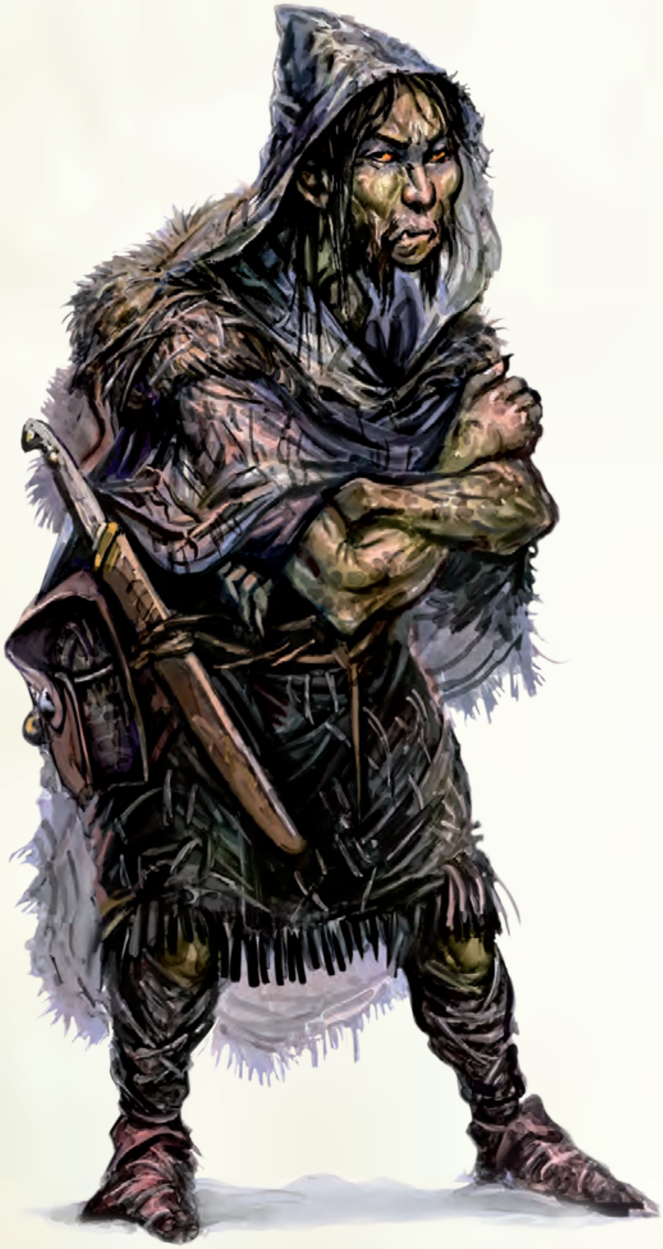
**Skills** Perception +2, Traditions +2
**Senses** passive Perception 12
**Languages** Westron
**Challenge** 1/4 (50 XP)

**Fell Speed.** The Defender may take a bonus action to Disengage and move up to its speed towards an enemy it can see.

#### Actions

**Spear.** *Melee* or *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft or range 20/60 ft, one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d6+3) piercing damage or 7 (1d8+3) piercing damage if used with two hands to make a melee attack

**Over time, as Isengard fills with Uruk-hai, Wargs, and worse, only Evil Men remain. But before this time, the Defenders are true-hearted and honourable.*



## GOBLIN-MEN

Not obviously as Orc-like as the Half-orcs, Goblin-men are able to pass as individuals of a particularly foul appearance and temperament. They often work as spies and emissaries for their master in Orthanc, due to their ability to pass relatively unnoticed in civilised lands. From Bree to Gondor, they skulk in the shadows and listen to idle talk across Middle-earth before returning to Isengard.

### GOBLIN-MAN

*Medium Humanoid (Orc-kind)*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 14 (+2) | 17 (+3) | 13 (+1) | 10 (+0) | 12(+1) | 11 (+0) |

**Armour Class** 13
**Hit Points** 38 (7d8+7)
**Speed** 30 ft

**Skills** Deception +4, Insight +3, Perception +3, Stealth +7
**Senses** darkvision 60 ft, passive Perception 13
**Languages** Orcish, Westron
**Challenge 2** (450 XP)

**Deadly Shot.** At the start of its turn, the Goblin-man may use its bonus action to aim. Its speed becomes 0 and it has Advantage on all ranged weapon attacks it makes until the beginning of its next turn.

**Expert.** The Goblin-man doubles its Proficiency Bonus for Deception and Stealth (included above).

**Hard Eyed.** The Goblin-man scores a critical hit on an 18, 19 or 20 on its attack roll.

**Sneaking (Recharge 6).** The Goblin-man inflicts an extra 7 (2d6) damage to a target it hits with a weapon attack if its target is within 5 feet of an ally of the of the creature.

#### Actions

**Multiattack.** The Goblin-man makes two attacks with its jagged knife or bow of horn.

**Jagged Knife.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d4+3) piercing damage and the target must make a **DC 13 Constitution** saving throw or take 9 (1d12+3) poison damage.

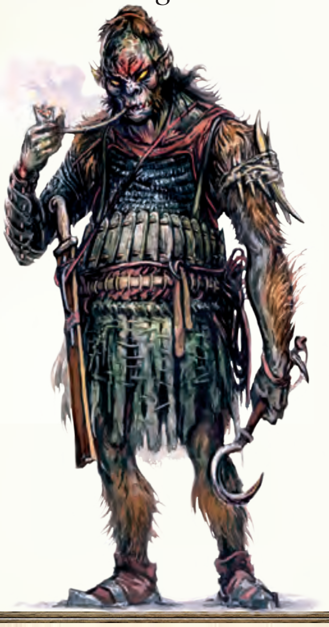
**Bow of Horn.** *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, range 80/320 ft, one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d6+3) piercing damage and the target must make a **DC 13 Constitution** saving throw or take 10 (3d6) poison damage

#### Reactions

**Survivor**. When outnumbered by its opponents, the Goblin-man always uses the Dodge action. When an opponent misses it, it can make a single melee attack as a reaction.

## HALF-ORC

The more ill-favoured of Saruman's creations are the Half-orcs, creatures whose ancestry cannot be disguised. Known also as Man-orcs, they are tall and ferocious, and are often dispatched to assault enemies defending behind an advantageous position, like a shield-wall formation for example, as their reach is longer than that of most Orcs.



### HALF-ORC

*Medium Humanoid (Orc-kind)*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 16 (+3) | 13 (+1) | 17 (+3) | 10 (+0) | 15 (+2) | 17 (+3) |

**Armour Class** 18 (Orc Mail, Shield)
**Hit Points** 60 (8d8+24)
**Speed** 30 ft

**Skills** Intimidation +5, Perception +4
**Senses** darkvision 60 ft, passive Perception 14
**Languages** Orcish, Westron
**Challenge** 3 (700 XP)

**Bulky Armour.** The Half-orc has Disadvantage on Dexterity ability checks.

**Hatred (Enemies of Saruman) (Recharge 5-6).** The Half-orc can use its bonus action to gain Advantage on all attack rolls against its foes until the beginning of its next turn.

#### Actions

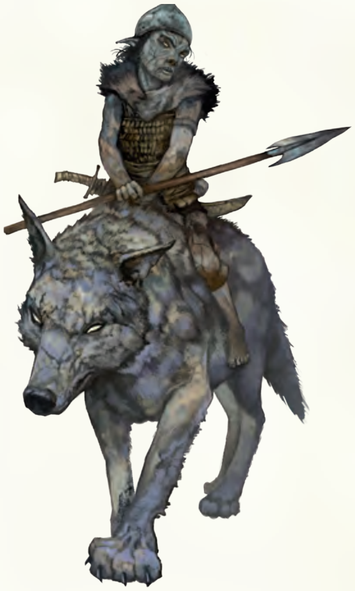
**Multiattack.** The Half-orc makes two melee attacks.

**Orc-axe.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d6+3) slashing damage or 7 (1d8+3) slashing damage if used with two hands.

**Long Spear.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 10 ft, one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d10+3) piercing damage.

## ORCISH WOLF RIDER

In his later schemes against Rohan, Saruman plans to employ companies of Orcs riding Wild Wolves to oppose the horse-riding Rohirrim. These fast riders are particularly suited as scouts and as plunderers, as they can strike swiftly and return.



### WOLF RIDER

*Medium Humanoid (Orc-kind)*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 13 (+1 | 12 (+1) | 15 (+2) | 10 (+0) | 16 (+3) | 11 (+0) |

**Armour Class** 15 (Hide, Shield)
**Hit Points** 13 (2d8+4)
**Speed** 30 ft (50 ft when mounted)

**Skills** Animal Handling +5, Perception +5, Survival +5
**Senses** passive Perception 15
**Languages** Orcish, Dunlending, Westron
**Challenge** 1/4 (50 XP)

**Hatred (Enemies of Saruman) (Recharge 5-6).** The Rider can use its bonus action to gain Advantage on all attack rolls against its foes until the beginning of its next turn.

**Mounted.** The Wolf Rider has a Wild Wolf as a mount (see page 111 of the *Loremaster's Guide*).

#### Actions

**Orc-Axe.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d6+1) slashing damage or 5 (1d8+1) slashing damage if wielded with two hands.

**Spear.** *Melee* or *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, reach 5 ft or range 20/60 ft, one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d6+1) piercing damage or 5 (1d8+1) piercing damage if used with two hands to make a melee attack.

## Uruk-hai Soldiers

> We are the fighting Uruk-hai! We slew the great warrior. We took the prisoners. We are the servants of Saruman the Wise, the White Hand: the Hand that gives us man's-flesh to eat. We came out of Isengard, and led you here, and we shall lead you back by the way we choose.

Large and heavily muscled with fearsome features, many of these evil-eyed Orcs serve Saruman the White. They are equipped in Isengard, and are clad in heavy iron mail and wield heavy broad-bladed swords. But the Uruk-hai are not crude and savage as other Orcs. They are clever monsters, sent to accomplish delicate missions whose objectives are known only to the mind who plotted them.

### Uruk-hai Soldier

*Medium Humanoid (Orc-kind)*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 19 (+4 | 13 (+1) | 18 (+4) | 12 (+1) | 15 (+2) | 10 (+0) |

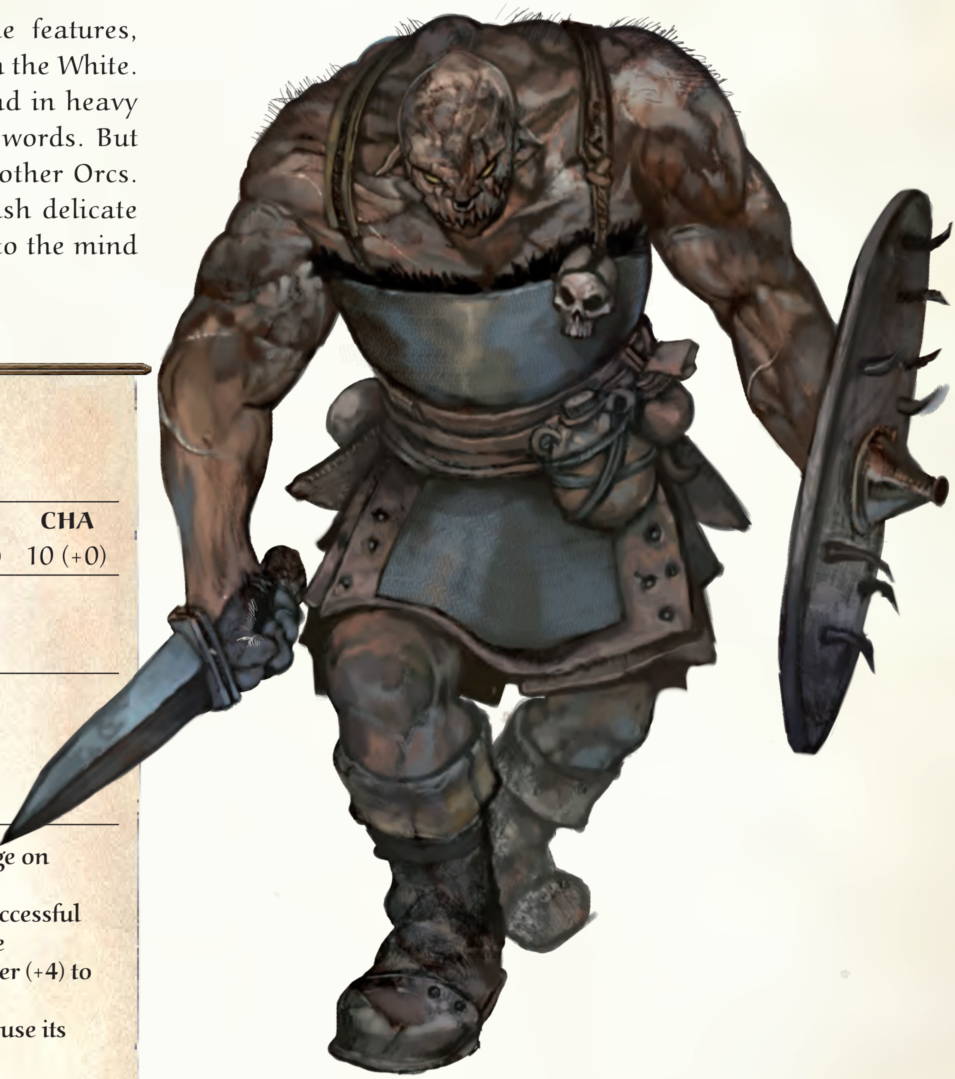
**Armour Class** 17 (Iron mail, Shield)
**Hit Points** 42 (5d8+20)
**Speed** 30 ft

**Skills** Athletics +6, Perception +4, Survival +4
**Senses** darkvision 60 ft, passive Perception 14
**Languages** Orcish, Westron
**Challenge** 2 (200 XP)

**Bulky Armour.** The Uruk-hai has Disadvantage on Dexterity ability checks.
**Horrible Strength.** If the Uruk-hai makes a successful melee attack, it can use a bonus action to cause additional damage equal to its Strength modifier (+4) to the target.
**Unyielding (Recharge 5-6).** The Uruk-hai can use its bonus action to gain 8 temporary hit points.

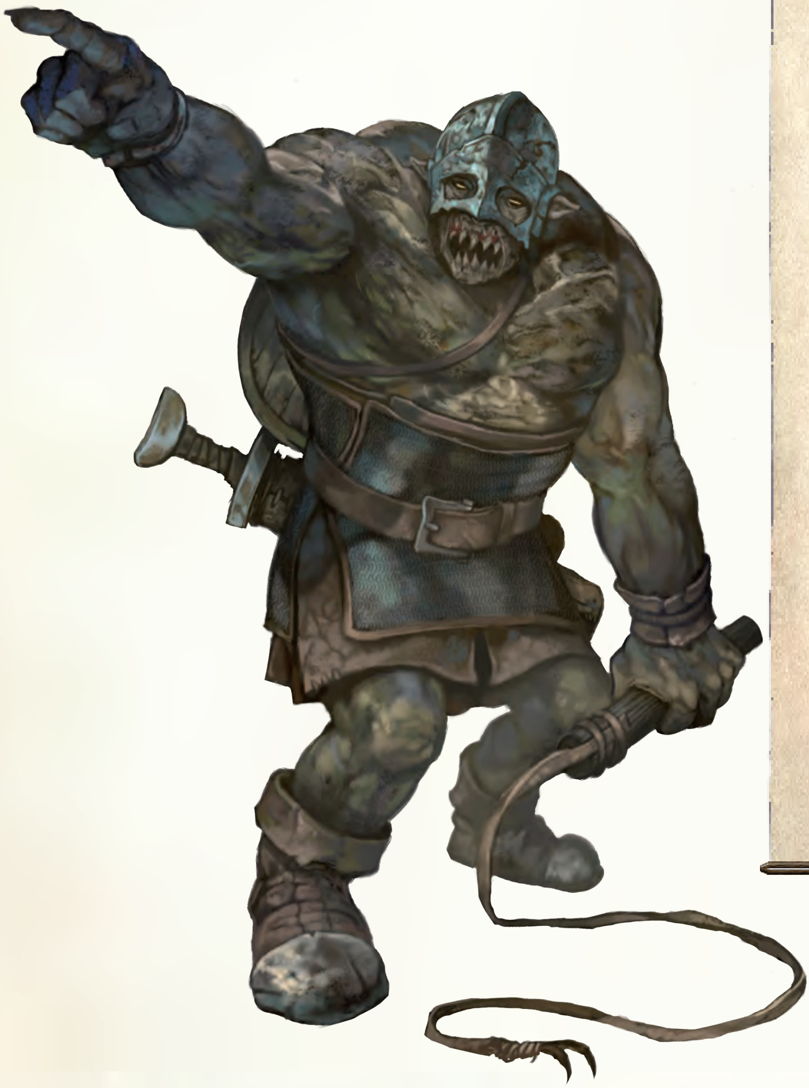
#### Actions

**Multiattack.** The Uruk-hai makes two attacks with either its sword or bow.
**Heavy Sword.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 8 (1d8+4) slashing damage.
**Short Bow.** *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +3 to hit, range 80/320 ft, one target. *Hit:* 4 (1d6+1) piercing damage.



## Uruk-hai Captain

As tall as Men and wielding terrible weaponry, the captains of the Uruk-hai know no mercy — even towards their own soldiers. They are keen-minded and brutally efficient, driving their 'lads' with a combination of cracking whips and promised pain for those who do not follow their orders. Those serving Saruman are unwaveringly loyal to the White Hand and are often the only Orcs in a given company who have any hint at the reasons behind a mysterious command from their master.



### Uruk-hai Captain

*Medium Humanoid (Orc-kind)*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 20 (+5) | 19 (+4) | 21 (+5) | 14 (+2) | 15 (+2) | 12 (+1) |

**Armour** Class 17 (Iron mail, Shield)
**Hit Points** 95 (10d8+50)
**Speed** 30 ft

**Skills** Intimidation +4, Perception +5, Survival +5
**Senses** darkvision 60 ft, passive Perception 15
**Languages** Orcish, Westron
**Challenge** 5 (1,800 XP)

**Bulky Armour.** The Uruk-hai Captain has Disadvantage on Dexterity ability checks.

**Horrible Strength.** If the Uruk-hai Captain makes a successful melee attack, it can use a bonus action to cause additional damage equal to its Strength modifier (+6) to the target.

**Unyielding (Recharge 5-6).** The Uruk-hai Captain can use its bonus action to gain 10 temporary hit points.

**Savage Assault.** When the Uruk-hai Captain rolls an 18 or 19 on its attack roll, it may use a bonus action to make a single additional melee attack against the same opponent.

#### Actions

**Multiattack.** The Uruk-hai Captain makes two melee attacks.

**Heavy Sword.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 9 (1d8+5) slashing damage.

**Whip.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 10 ft, one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d4+5) slashing damage.

#### Reactions

**Commanding Voice.** The Uruk-hai Captain can inspire its allies with threats of its whip and associated pain. It may use its reaction to utter a command or shout a warning whenever a non-hostile creature it can see within 30 ft makes an attack roll or saving throw. The target can add a d6 Command die to that roll, provided it can hear and understand the message. A creature can benefit from only one Command die at a time and creatures that possess Commanding Voice cannot benefit from this effect.

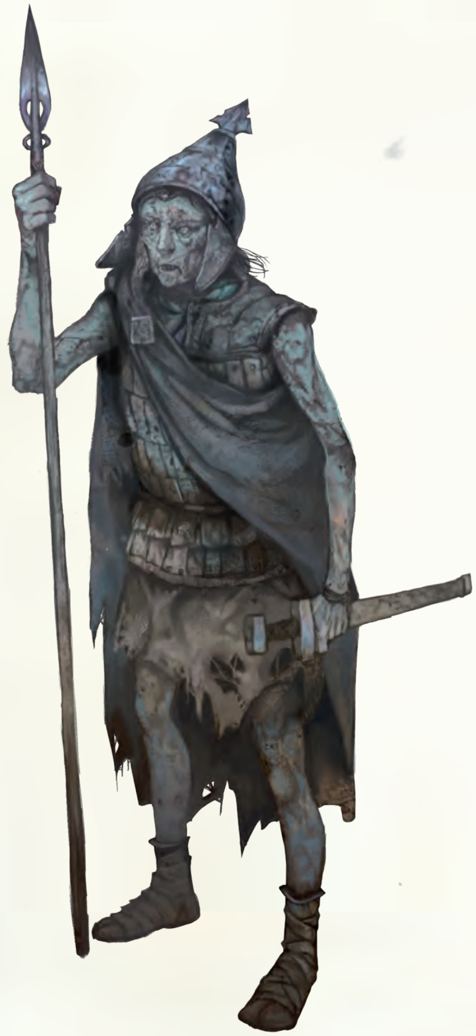
# DWELLERS IN ANCIENT PLACES

*'No, it is not evil; or what evil is in it is far away. I catch only the faintest echoes of dark places where the hearts of the trees are black. There is no malice near us; but there is watchfulness, and anger.'*

While Rohan is a land of Men and full of the concerns of that young race, older things lurk at its borders. Those who leave the safety of the fields and houses might find dreams and legends springing to life out of deep places or the dark woods.

## DUNHARROW

Under the shadows of black Dwimorberg, the Haunted Mountain, lies the Door of the Dead. And they say that the Dead are restless, especially since Sauron returned to Mordor and relit the fires of Mount Doom.



### Dead Men of Dunharrow

**'I see shapes of Men and of horses, and pale banners like shreds of cloud, and spears like winter-thickets on a misty night.'**

It is said that at times of great unquiet the shades of Dead Men out of the Dark Years descend from the Haunted Mountain in Harrowdale. The folk of the villages of Upbourn and Underharrow then shut their doors fast, and never go out at night. For the Oathbreakers do not suffer any living person to tread the stony roads of the valley when they are abroad.

### DEAD MAN OF DUNHARROW

*Medium Undead*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11 (+0) | 17 (+3) | 12 (+1) | 10 (+0) | 12 (+1) | 11 (+0) |

**Armour Class** 13
**Hit Points** 66 (12d8+12)
**Speed** 30 ft

**Damage Resistances:** acid, fire, lightning, thunder; non-magical bludgeoning, piercing and slashing
**Damage Immunities** cold, necrotic, poison
**Condition Immunities** Charmed, Exhaustion, Frightened, Grappled, Paralysed, Petrified, Poisoned, Prone, Restrained
**Senses** darkvision 60 ft, passive Perception 11
**Languages** Those it knew in life
**Challenge** 4 (1,100 XP)

**Black Dread.** When forced to make a **Wisdom** saving throw against the Dead Man, targets automatically have Disadvantage on the roll.

**Cold be Hand and Heart.** If the Dead Man strikes a creature with its **Spectral Weapons,** it can use its bonus action to cause an additional 4 (1d8) necrotic damage and the target can't regain hit points until the start of the Dead Man's next turn.

**Ghost-form.** The Dead Man is insubstantial and cannot be easily hurt by normal means. See the damage and condition resistances and immunities above.

**Incorporeal Movement.** The Dead Man can move through other creatures and objects as if they were difficult terrain. It takes 5 (1d10) force damage if it ends its turn inside an object.

#### Actions

**Multiattack.** The Dead Man makes two melee attacks.

**Spectral Weapons.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d6+3) necrotic damage and the target must make a **DC 15 Wisdom** saving throw (at Disadvantage, see above) or become Frightened of the Dead Man until the end of its next turn.

## EVERHOLT

The closest part of the Firien Wood is known as the Everholt, and is famed for its boar hunts. But there are rumours of a beast so huge and dangerous that it has slain a king...

### Great Boar of Everholt

Is the fabled Boar of Everholt a myth, an undying creature that lives to be hunted and slain only to return to prowl the woods, or is it the progeny of a breed of boars that once every century generates a specimen of prodigious size? No one knows the truth, but the folk of Eastfold can tell dozens of stories about the Great Boar of Everholt.

### GREAT BOAR OF EVERHOLT

*Huge Beast (Nature Spirit)*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 21 (+5) | 11 (+0) | 24 (+7) | 2 (-4) | 12 (+1) | 10 (+0) |

**Armour Class** 14 (natural armour)
**Hit Points** 135 (10d12+70)
**Speed** 40 ft

**Senses** passive Perception 11
**Languages** –
**Challenge** 6 (2,300 XP)

**Charge.** If the Great Boar moves at least 20 ft straight toward a target and then hits it with a tusk attack on the same turn, the target takes an extra 14 (4d6) slashing damage. If the target is a creature, it must succeed on a DC 15 Strength saving throw or be thrown 20 ft and knocked Prone.

**Fell Speed.** The Great Boar may take a bonus action to Disengage and move up to its speed towards an enemy it can see.

**Actions**

**Tusk.** Melee Weapon Attack: +8 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. Hit: 12 (2d6+5) slashing damage.

**Reactions**

**Great Might (Recharge 5-6).** The Great Boar may use its reaction when it takes damage from a melee or ranged weapon attack: the damage is reduced by 5, to a minimum of 1 point of damage taken.

## FANGORN FOREST

Treebeard's forest has a well-deserved reputation as a place of danger. And there is deadly danger there, especially for those who go on two legs, but not all of the forest's inhabitants are evil, just wary, for they know that no one is entirely on their side.

### Fungal Troll

Cave-trolls that linger too long in the depths of Nan Mordeleb can change nearly beyond recognition, their bodies becoming hosts to swarms of fungal infestations. This softens their hide, making them (somewhat) easier to damage, yet all but inures them to pain. The resulting creatures are terrible to behold and perilous to fight.

### FUNGAL TROLL

*Huge Giant (Troll-kind)*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 20 (+5) | 11 (+0) | 25 (+7) | 2 (-4) | 12 (+1) | 4 (-3) |

**Armour Class** 15 (natural armour)
**Hit Points** 135 (10d12+70)
**Speed** 20 ft

**Senses** passive Perception 11
**Languages** –
**Challenge** 6 (2,300 XP)

**Infect.** If the Fungal Troll makes a successful attack roll, it may use its bonus action to force the target to make a **DC 15 Constitution** saving throw, taking 18 (4d8) poison damage on a failure, or half as much on a success.

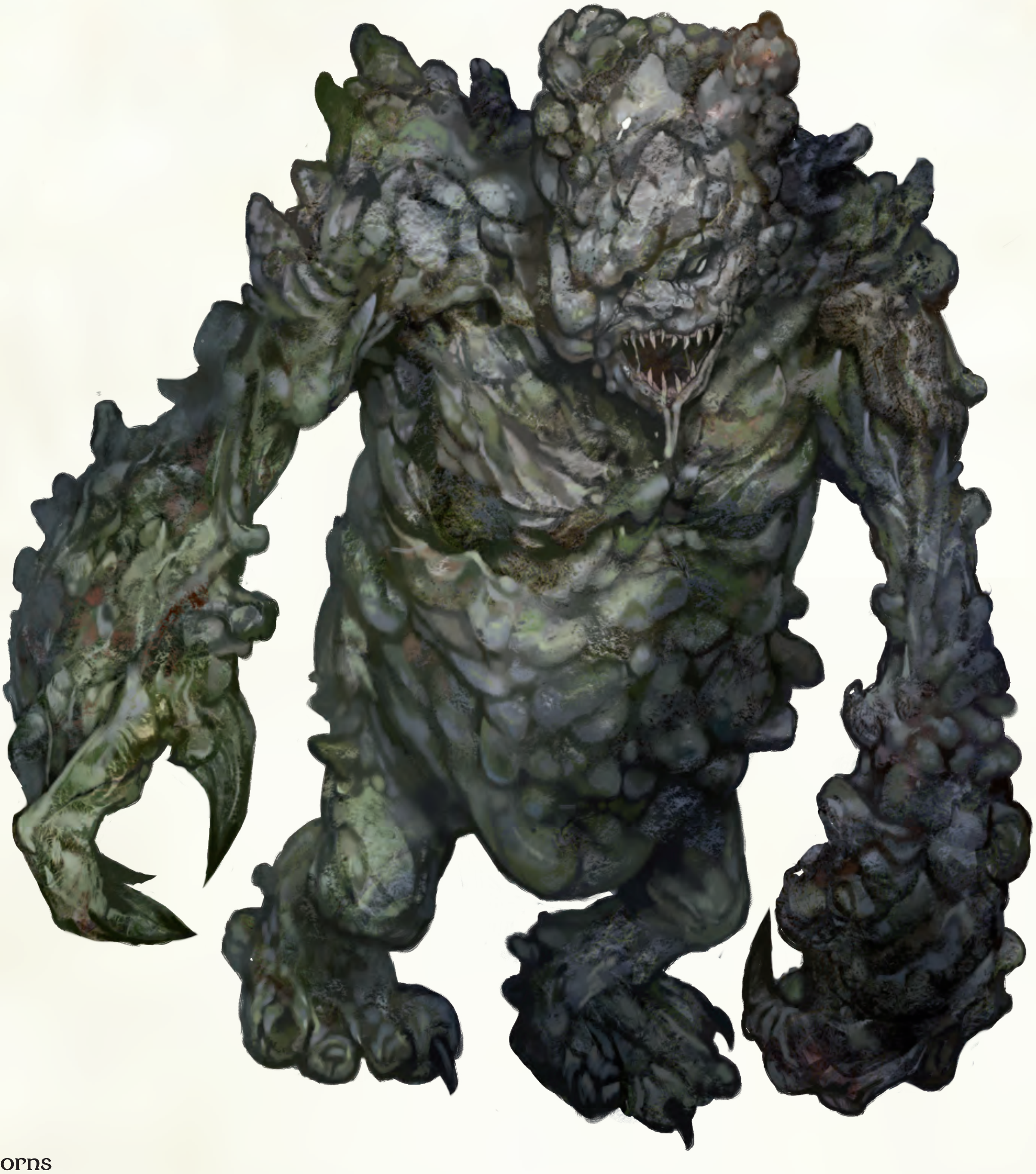
**Stench.** Any creature other than the Fungal Troll that starts its turn within 5 feet of the Fungal Troll must succeed on a **DC 15 Constitution** saving throw or be Poisoned until the start of its next turn. On a success, the creature is immune to the Troll's Stench for 1 hour.

**Actions**

**Multiattack.** The Fungal Troll makes two attacks: one with its bite and one crush.

**Bite.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 12 (2d6+5) piercing damage.

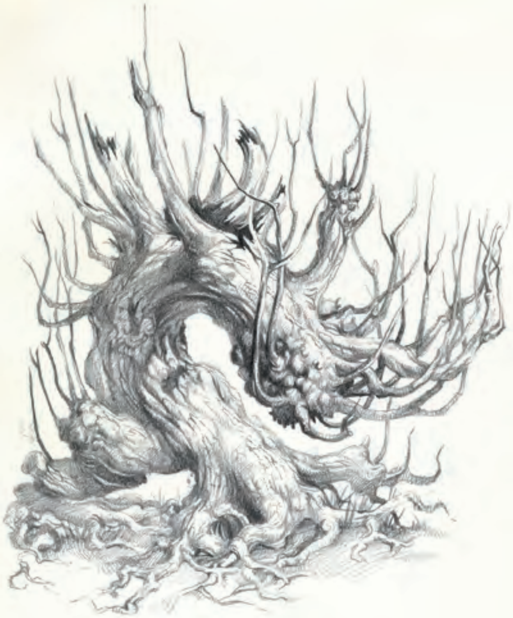
**Crush.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 10 ft, one target. *Hit:* 9 (1d8+5) bludgeoning damage.



### Huorns

Whether they are Ents that have become too tree-ish, or trees that have become too Entish, Huorns are unpredictable, deadly beings. Unless they are watched at all times by a Shepherd of the Trees, they are dangerous to anyone when angry. While they seem slow when looked upon, they can move very rapidly and travel across many miles in a short time. When they move, they wrap themselves in shadow and can reach a group of enemies before they even realise that a wood is surrounding them.

There are several known kinds of Huorn. Dark-Hearted Huorns might be young trees awakened by a deep hatred, or an ancient monster brooding over uncounted centuries. Wandering Huorns are often young trees whose hearts rapidly darkened and are still quick of limb and root. Most dangerous are the Huorns of Nan Modeleb, even the Onodrim cannot understand their dark speech and they have rarely seen the light of the Sun.



## DARK-HEARTED HUORN

*Huge Plant (Huorn)*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 19 (+4) | 5 (-3) | 15 (+2) | 6 (-2) | 12 (+1) | 5 (-3) |

**Armour Class** 13 (natural armour)
**Hit Points** 68 (8d12+16)
**Speed** 20 ft

**Senses** blindsight 30 ft, passive Perception 11
**Languages** Entish
**Challenge** 3 (700 XP)

**Crush.** The Huorn can use its bonus action to deal 10 (1d12+4) bludgeoning damage to a Grappled creature.

**False Appearance.** While the Huorn remains motionless, it is indistinguishable from a normal tree.

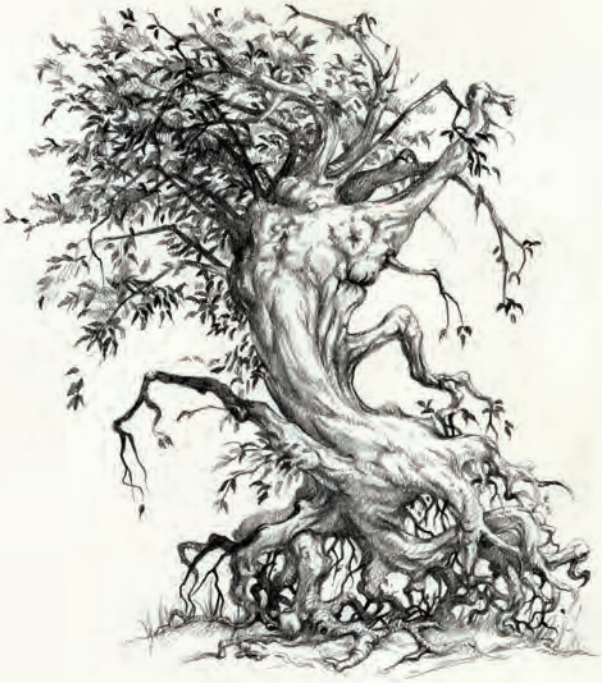
**Fear of Fire.** Huorns are fearful of fire. If a torch or other flame comes within 10 feet of them, the Huorn suffers Disadvantage on its attack rolls.

**Hatred (Those that go on two legs) (Recharge 5-6).** The Huorn can use its bonus action to gain Advantage on all attack rolls against creatures on two legs until the beginning of its next turn.

**Wrapped in Shadow.** The Huorn can use a bonus action to summon a concealing mist. Within 30 ft of the Huorn, there is only dim light even during the brightest day and only magical light can temporarily dispel the effect.

### Actions

**Bough Lash.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 10 ft, one target. *Hit:* 13 (2d8+4) bludgeoning damage and the target must make a **DC 14 Strength** saving throw or become Grappled (Escape DC 14).



## WANDERING HUORN

*Huge Plant (Huorn)*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 17 (+3) | 11 (+0) | 13 (+1) | 7 (-2) | 10 (+0) | 7 (-2) |

**Armour Class** 14 (natural armour)
**Hit Points** 52 (7d12+7)
**Speed** 30 ft

**Senses** blindsight 30 ft, passive Perception 10
**Languages** Entish
**Challenge** 2 (450 XP)

**Crush**. The Huorn can use its bonus action to deal 9 (1d12+3) bludgeoning damage to a Grappled creature.

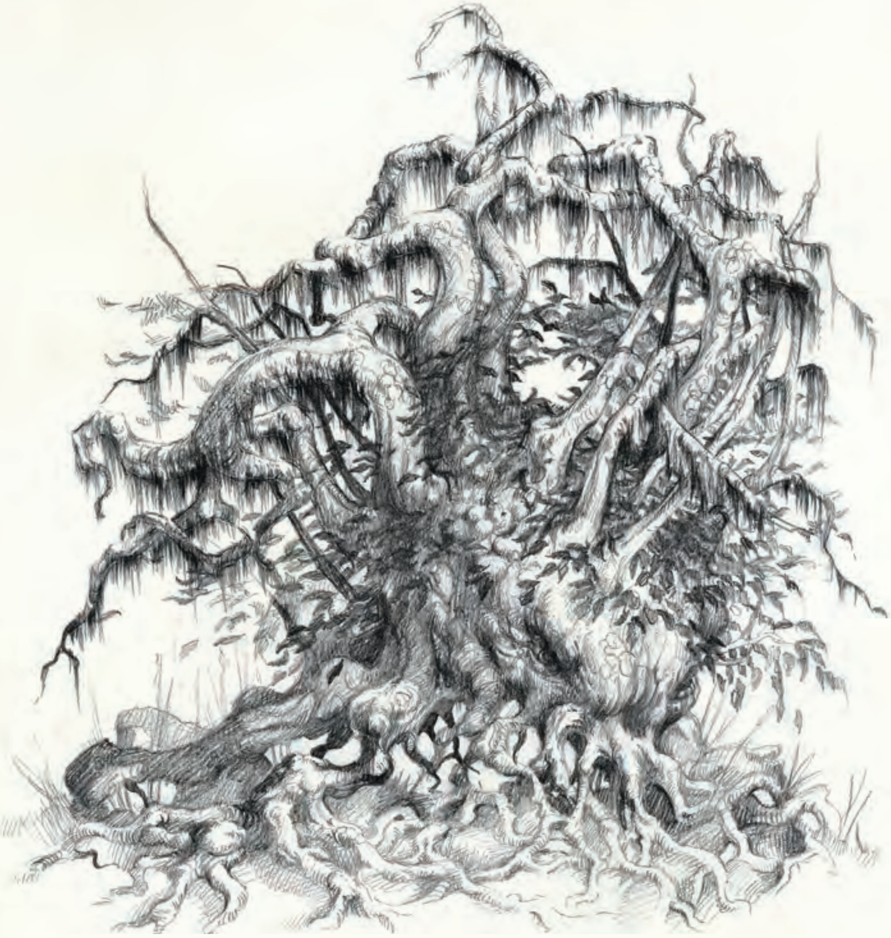
**False Appearance.** While the Huorn remains motionless, it is indistinguishable from a normal tree.

**Fear of Fire.** Huorns are fearful of fire. If a torch or other flame comes within 10 feet of them, the Huorn suffers Disadvantage on its attack rolls.

**Wrapped in Shadow.** The Huorn can spend its bonus action to summon a concealing mist. Within 30 ft of the Huorn there is only dim light even during the brightest day and only magical light can temporarily dispel the effect.

### Actions

**Bough Lash.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 10 ft, one target. *Hit:* 7 (1d8+3) bludgeoning damage and the target must make a **DC 13 Strength** saving throw or become Grappled (Escape DC 13).



## HUORN OF NAN MORDELEB

*Huge Plant (Huorn)*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 21 (+5) | 4 (-3) | 19 (+4) | 12 (+1) | 15(+2) | 3 (-4) |

**Armour** Class 12 (natural armour)
**Hit Points** 94 (9d12+36)
**Speed** 25 ft

**Damage Resistance** non-magical bludgeoning and piercing (see below)
**Senses** blindsight 30 ft, passive Perception 12
**Languages** Entish
**Challenge** 6 (2,300 XP)

**Crush.** The Huorn can use its bonus action to deal 11 (1d12+5) bludgeoning damage to a Grappled creature.
**False Appearance.** While the Huorn remains motionless, it is indistinguishable from a normal tree.

**Wood-like Hide.** The Huorn's bark-like skin provides resistance to non-magical bludgeoning and piercing damage.

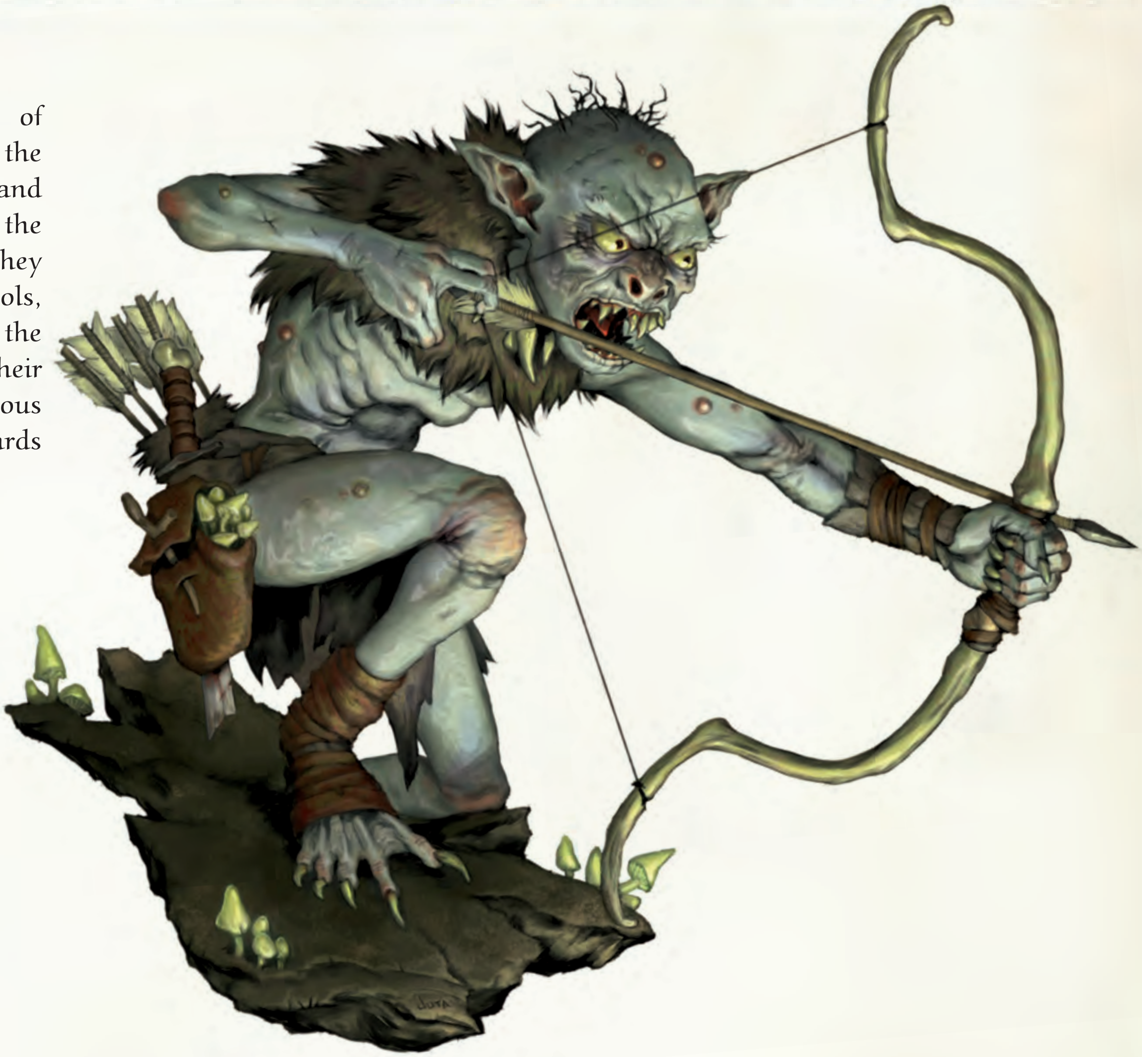
**Wrapped in Shadow.** The Huorn can spend its bonus action to summon a concealing mist. Within 30 ft of the Huorn there is only darkness even during the brightest day and only magical light can temporarily dispel the effect.

### Actions

**Multiattack.** The Huorn makes two attacks with its boughs.
**Bough Lash.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +8 to hit, reach 10 ft, one target. *Hit:* 18 (3d8+5) bludgeoning damage and the target must make a **DC 15 Strength** saving throw or become Grappled (Escape DC 15).

## The Pale Ones

Long ago, a small tribe of Goblins passed beneath the shadow of the mountains and slipped past the Ents into the gloom of Nan Mordeleb. As they supped on sickly toadstools, they changed, down in the dark. They lost much of their fears and gained a feral, vicious cunning even by the standards of their own cruel race.



### Pale One

*Small Humanoid (Orc-kind)*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 11 (+0) | 16 (+3) | 17 (+3) | 10 (+0) | 12(+1) | 6 (-2) |

**Armour Class** 14 (Orcish Leathers)
**Hit Points** 13 (2d6+6)
**Speed** 25 ft

**Saves** Constitution +5
**Skills** Stealth +5, Survival +3
**Senses** darkvision 60 ft, passive Perception 11
**Languages** Orcish, Westron
**Challenge** 1/2 (100 XP)

**Delirium.** As a bonus action, the Pale One can ingest the poison it uses on its weapons. It becomes Poisoned for 1 minute but also has Advantage on Constitution saving throws during this time.

**Determination.** If damage reduces the Pale One to 0 hit points, it must make a Constitution saving throw with a DC of 5 + the damage taken, unless the damage is radiant or from a critical hit. On a success, the Pale One drops to 1 hit point instead.

**Hate Sunlight.** The Pale One despises the cleansing light of the Sun. If it is exposed to direct bright sunlight, it takes 3 (1d6) psychic damage each round.

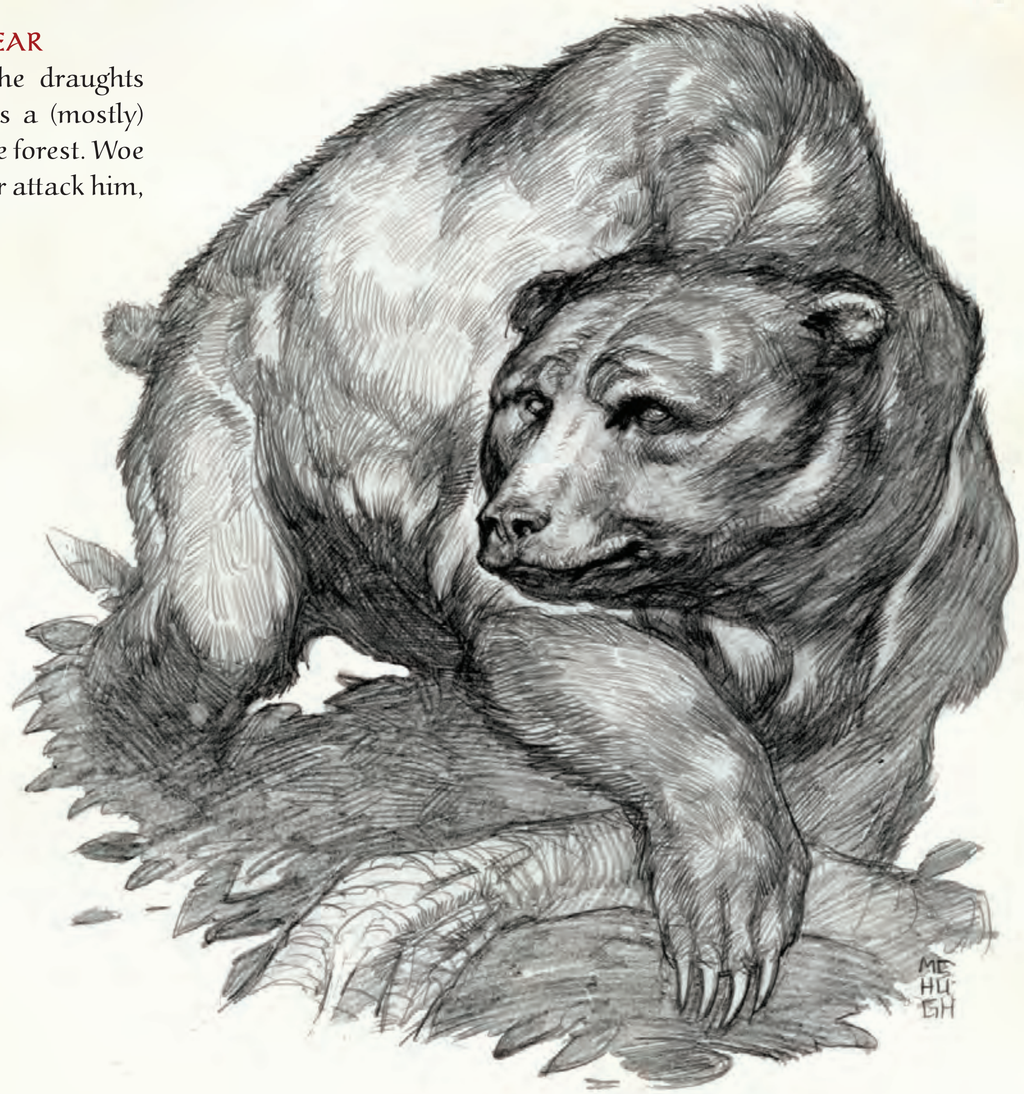
#### Actions

**Jagged Knife.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 5 (1d4+3) piercing damage and the target must make a **DC 13 Constitution** saving throw or become Poisoned for 1 minute.

**Bow of Horn.** *Ranged Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, range 80/320 ft, one target. *Hit:* 6 (1d6+3) piercing damage. The victim must also make a **DC 13 Constitution** saving throw or become Poisoned for 1 minute.

## STONECLAWS THE BEAR

Raised from a cub on the draughts of the Ents, Stoneclaws is a (mostly) benevolent sight within the forest. Woe betide any who provoke or attack him, however.



### STONECLAWS THE BEAR

*Huge Beast*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 20 (+5) | 10 (+0) | 18 (+4) | 5 (-3) | 14(+2) | 9 (-1) |

**Armour Class** 12 (natural armour)
**Hit Points 84** (8d12+32)
**Speed** 40 ft, climb 20 ft

**Skills** Perception +4
**Senses** blindsight 30 ft, passive Perception 14
**Languages** –
**Challenge** 3 (700 XP)

**Fearsome Bellow.** As a bonus action Stoneclaws may roar at a target within 20 ft. That target must make a **DC 15 Wisdom** saving throw or become Frightened of the bear until the end of Stoneclaws' next turn.

**Keen Smell.** Stoneclaws has Advantage on **Wisdom (Perception)** checks that rely on smell.

**Actions**

**Multiattack.** Stoneclaws makes two attacks: one with its bite and one with its claws.
**Bite.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 10 (1d10+5) piercing damage.
**Claws.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 15 (3d6+5) slashing damage and the target must make a **DC 15 Strength** saving throw or become Prone.

# The Horse and the Rider

'...there are no horses like those that are bred in that great vale between the Misty Mountains and the White.'

The horses bred by the Rohirrim are mighty steeds. Swift, clever, and strong, they are worthy of the great praise bestowed upon them. Indeed, their fame extends far beyond the borders of the Mark, and the Eorlingas love them next to their kin. To the Rohirrim, their horses embody many of the qualities that they value in themselves: power, grace, beauty, and the freedom to live as they choose. Horse and rider share the same roots, for the horses of Rohan were first bred in the fields of the North centuries ago, and they reached the lands of the South together, when the Sons of Eorl rode from the Vales of Anduin to enter battle upon the Field of Celebrant.

## Masters of Horses

No folk was more suited to the wide, green plains of Calenardhon than the horse-riding Eorlingas, and no trade could prosper better than the breeding of their mounts. The Rohirrim descend from the Men of Rhovanion, a powerful confederation of Northmen already famed centuries ago for their skill as tamers of the wild horses that once roamed free and in great number on the plains to the east of the Greenwood. These were originally hardy beasts, not very tall, more suited to the drawing of wains than as mounts. But by the time the Northmen moved to what is now the Vales of Gundabad, they already had with them several breeds of horses fit for riding that they had bred themselves, separating the best animals from their wilder kin.

It was by the shores of the Great River that the Northmen would truly become known as the 'Horse-folk', and their land as the 'Horse-land'. For in those regions they found many horses of great virtue, swift beasts roaming free in the narrow dales along the Misty Mountains and under the western eaves of the forest. In a handful of years the Northmen managed to tame many wild stallions and strong mares, which they mated with the best horses they had brought from the plains of the East. Over the turn of a few generations, the quality of the steeds of the Éothéod surpassed that of any riding horse to be found in Wilderland.

The horses that the Rohirrim ride today descend from those exceptional steeds that the Northmen bred when their world was young, and their many bloodlines have been strengthened further when Eorl brought his folk south to Calenardhon and more exotic breeds were brought over as gifts from Gondor and from the far South.

### Horse-herds

The majority of households in the Mark have at least one member of the family devoted full-time to the training of horses, though more well-off or noble families are likely to have several, and each member has a share in their upkeep. From an early age, children learn to be comfortable around the large beasts and how best to care for them. Indeed, more than a few riders will readily declare that they learned to ride before they ever learned to walk. A horse's primary rider is considered to be the horse's 'master' and ultimately responsible for their well-being in the eyes of their fellow Eorlingas. A horse that is unwell will draw immediate concern and frequently wise counsel from other horse-herds. A steed that is clearly mistreated will bring active scorn and condemnation.

To the Eorlingas, then, horses are family, friends, and brothers-in-arms, valued as much as any of their fellows. Any given rider will not just know the name and character of their own horse, but also the names and dispositions of all of their comrades' horses as well. The qualities of various exceptional horses are well known and widely discussed, even praised in song; occasionally the fame of certain horses has even superseded that of their rider!

When the Eorlingas prepare for battle, they carefully braid the manes of their horses to the left of their neck, to bind up their hair so it does not get in their way when unsheathing a sword or to avoid it getting grabbed too easily by an assailant. The most superstitious riders tie an odd number of plaits on male horses and an even number of plaits on mares, to attract good luck. Warriors frequently lavish as much care on their horses' looks and equipment as their own. Most steeds bear intricately tooled saddles and some sport colourful ribbons wound through their hair.

### The Éored

When they are called to the Muster of the King's Host, all eiders in a household who have been fully trained for war ride as a unit, the *éored*, led by a captain. In times of war, each full *éored* counts not less than 120 warriors on horseback, and is reckoned to be one hundredth part of the *éoherë,* the Full Muster of Rohan, led by the Lord of the Mark and the knights of his own household. In times of peace, the vast majority of such units are not kept in active service, with the exception of the Household of the King himself and those of the Marshals of the Mark, but every rider is expected to train and exercise regularly.

While many among the Rohirrim ride upon horses, not every inhabitant of the Mark goes to war on horseback. For every soldier well-horsed and fully armed, there are as many warriors on foot or with ponies, carrying sword and shield, or bow and spear, scouts, and hunters of the mountain-dales. When the full Muster of Rohan is called by the Lord of the Mark, the riders will be ready to ride to battle far away, to leave the footmen to defend the strong places of the land.

### The Mearas

No horse bloodline is more renowned than the one sired by Felaróf, the Mansbane. Felaróf was the white stallion of Eorl the Young himself, a wild horse that he claimed as his steed as weregild after Felaróf had killed his father, Léod. It was upon his strong back that Eorl rode onto the Field of Celebrant, and it is Felaróf that is depicted on the flag of Rohan. Felaróf was more intelligent and stronger than any other stallion of his age or since. He lived as long as Eorl himself and was buried with him beneath the first mound before Edoras. So exceptional was he in every way that some say he must have descended from steeds brought over from the Undying West during the First Age. His descendants are called the Mearas, horses without equal, ridden only by the King of the Mark.

## HANDLING HORSES

Most Free Folk living in Middle-earth, and indeed many creatures serving the Shadow, ride upon the back of swift horses, to travel swiftly across the land or to gain an edge over their adversaries in combat. Hobbits and Men, Elves and Dwarves all ride upon a mount of choice, from the overburdened ponies of wandering Dwarves and Hobbits, to the great horses of the Eorlingas, and the magnificent steeds of the Elves.

### THE RIDING CHECK

In *Adventures in Middle-earth*, mounted companions do not need to make a roll whenever they sit astride a horse or a pony, but only when they attempt some difficult horsemanship task, or when the Loremaster

calls for a Riding check. A hero can either use **Strength (Athletics)** or **Wisdom (Animal Handling)** to make the check. However, there may be circumstances that allow a player to make a case for a different skill; horses are intelligent and perceptive animals, and they develop a very tight relationship with their riders; moreover, in the novels, horses and ponies seem to relate to their owners in even deeper and subtler ways. Considering this point of view, a rider might try to calm their skittish horse using **Persuasion**, for example, or push a horse to climb over a narrow ledge bordering a cliff using **Intimidation** or even **Performance**.

Mounting or dismounting, or setting a horse to trot, canter, or gallop, are all activities that are considered ordinary for a rider. An action involving riding or handling a horse requires a die roll whenever a player is proposing a feat that effectively pushes a mount to do something dangerous, like jumping over a high obstacle or across a wide gap. If the check fails, the horse is daunted and refuses to obey. (For example, a horse might stop in its tracks in front of the obstacle it was supposed to jump over.)

Heroes do not need to make Riding checks in combat situations for a mount with the **Trained Warhorse** feature. Loremasters might well ask for Riding checks for steeds that are not accustomed to battle, in order to keep the horse from fleeing the area.

## RIDING ON A JOURNEY

Horses can make for swift travel. Riding a horse doubles the distance that can be covered each day (40 miles, see *Adventures in Middle-earth Player's Guide*, page 176). However, if half or more of the Company's mounts have 2 or more levels of Exhaustion, then the heroes can travel only 20 miles per day.

### Horse-roads

Not all paths and roads are suited for riding, and travelling across the wilderness on horseback does not always yield the benefits a traveller might expect from a swift-footed mount. Loremasters wishing to better represent the hardiness of traversing difficult terrains should allow a riding companion to travel for 40 miles each day only when the chosen route is traced across very easy, easy, or moderate terrain.

## ACQUIRING HORSES

*They dismounted, and as grooms took Shadowfax and the other horse, they walked forward to the sentinel at the gate...'*

Companions without a mount and Riders of Rohan wishing to enrich their stables may buy a horse from a merchant at a market or from a horse-breeder, if they happen to find one during the Adventuring phase, or they may do so as part of their activities during a Fellowship phase. In either case, the hero must find themselves in an appropriate location, most likely a settlement of the Free Peoples, and then consult the *Types of Horses* table at the bottom of the page. All prices listed in the table are to be considered minimums: the value of a horse may rise considerably should it display some especially uncommon feature, in particular colouring that varies from 'bay' (a red-brown coat turning to black in the mane and near the hooves). White or black horses are particularly prized; as are dappled horses, a sign of having southern blood, rarer and more exotic in the northeast of Middle-earth.

### A Wealth of Horses

Horses are amazing animals: they provide milk, a strong back, and near unflagging strength. In times of war, they stand as one of the most potent weapons on Middle-earth. The fact that all households of the Mark have at least one horse trainer devoted to breeding and preparing mounts for battle speaks volumes about the warlike nature of the Eorlingas. In Rohan, the distinction between more or less prestigious households is not drawn between those who keep horses and those that do not, but rather, between owners of a greater or lesser wealth of them and the quality of their mounts.

| NAME | NAME IN ROHAN | TYPE | TYPES OF HORSES | SIZE | PRICE | STATUS |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Affer | Stot | Draught horse | A horse fit to pull carts | Large | 10s | 0 |
| Courser | Courser | Fine-bred steed | A horse fit for a noble. | Large | 4g | 4 |
| Destrier | Eoh | Warhorse | A horse fit for a hero. | Large | 6g | 5 |
| – | Mearh | Royal horse | A horse fit for a king. | Large | – | 6 |
| Palfrey | Radhors | Travel horse | A horse fit for a journey | Large | 2g | 2 |
| Pony | – | Smallest horse breeds | A small horse breed preferred by Hobbits | Medium | 8s | 0 |
| Rouncy | Hors | Riding horse | A horse fit to ride comfortably | Large | 3g | 3 |
| Sumpter | Seamhors | Pack-horse | A horse fit to carry luggage | Large | 15s | 1 |

### Borrowing Horses

Heroes travelling on foot in the Riddermark may ask to borrow a mount from a horse-herd or local lord, or even be lent one should they appear to need it. Such a hero must possess a sufficient status to be considered trustworthy by the horse owner. This score is found on the Types of Horses table below, under the Status column. A foreign hero must have a Proficiency Bonus equal to or higher than the horse's Status to be deemed worthy. Horseless Riders of Rohan may borrow a horse one step higher than foreign heroes, if they cannot instead acquire a mount from their own herds.

Should a hero be found by the King's Guard riding a mount not fit for their standing, they will be questioned at spearpoint and imprisoned if unable to provide sufficient justification.

## CHARACTERISTICS OF HORSES

Horses differ from each other on many accounts: their colour, stature, temper, and swiftness, and they are all put to different uses, based on their capabilities. The Types of Horses table below summarises the various kinds of horses and lists their relevant characteristics.

### Affer (Stot)

These are working horses, used for pulling wagons to market or as a plough through rough ground. While steady and well-muscled, they are rarely trained to take riders and are slower than other breeds.

### AFFER

*Large Beast*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 16 (+3 | 10 (+0) | 12 (+1) | 2 (-4) | 11 (+0) | 4 (-3) |

**Armour Class** 10
**Hit Points** 19 (3d10+3)
**Speed** 40 ft

**Senses** passive Perception 10
**Challenge** 1/8 (25 XP)

**Untrained for Combat.** An Affer will not engage in combat if it has a rider and will take the Dash or Dodge action to escape combat. It only attacks with its hooves if it has no other option.

**Actions**

**Hooves.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 8 (2d4+3) bludgeoning damage.

## COURSER

*Large Beast*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 16 (+3) | 12 (+1) | 14 (+2) | 2 (-4) | 12 (+1) | 7 (-2) |

**Armour Class** 11
**Hit Points** 22 (3d10+6)
**Speed** 60 ft

**Senses** passive Perception 11
**Challenge** 1/4 (50 XP)

**Trained Warhorse.** In addition to the normal actions of a controlled mount, a rider may instruct the Courser to Charge or Attack with its Hooves.

### Actions

**Hooves.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 10 (2d6+3) bludgeoning damage. If the Courser bears a rider when it attacks, the rider must make a **DC 10 Dexterity** saving throw to remain mounted.

**Charge.** When the Courser takes this action, it gains additional movement equal to its speed. It must expend all of its movement this round. A rider that takes the Attack action during their turn gains +4 to their damage rolls.

## DESTRIER

*Large Beast*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 18 (+4) | 14 (+2) | 15 (+2) | 2 (-4) | 12 (+1) | 7 (-2 |

**Armour Class** 12
**Hit Points** 30 (4d10+8)
**Speed** 60 ft

**Senses** passive Perception 11
**Challenge** 1 (200 XP)

**Trained Warhorse.** In addition to the normal actions of a controlled mount, a rider may instruct the Destrier to Charge or Attack with its Hooves.

### Actions

**Hooves.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +6 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 11 (2d6+4) bludgeoning damage. If the Destrier bears a rider when it attacks, the rider must make a **DC 10 Dexterity** saving throw to remain mounted.

**Charge.** When the Destrier takes this action, it gains additional movement equal to its speed. It must expend all of its movement this round. A rider that takes the Attack action during their turn gains +4 to their damage rolls.

## Courser (Steda)

When the Riddermark goes to war, it does so on the back of its *stedan*, its warhorses. They are strong and brave animals, used to combat and the hunt. A wealthy horse-herder has many coursers in their fields.

## Destrier (Eoh)

The Destrier is the pinnacle of the Mark's horse-breeding, for the Mearas have their own family lines. They are exceptional warhorses, as strong and powerful as the best found in any other land. In battle, they lead the charge.

## Mearh

While the *Eoh* of the Mark are the rival of any other land, there are no other horses like the Mearas in Middle-earth. In them is some memory of the morning of the world: light is their footfall and they are as swift as the wind. Their line is as long and storied as the kings of Rohan, whom they bear in battle.

## MEARH

*Large Beast*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 20 (+5) | 18 (+4) | 17 (+3) | 10 (+0) | 16 (+3) | 15 (+2) |

**Armour Class** 14
**Hit Points** 68 (8d10+24)
**Speed** 65 ft

**Skills** Perception +5, Stealth +6, Survival +5
**Senses** passive Perception 15
**Challenge** 4 (1,100 XP)

**Trained Warhorse.** In addition to the normal actions of a controlled mount, a rider may instruct the Mearh to Charge or Attack with its Hooves.

### Actions

**Multiattack.** A riderless Mearh can make two attacks with its hooves.

**Hooves.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +7 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 14 (2d8+5) bludgeoning damage. If the Mearh bears a rider when it attacks, the rider must make a **DC 7 Dexterity** saving throw to remain mounted.

**Charge.** When the Mearh takes this action, it gains additional movement equal to its speed. It must expend all of its movement this round. A rider that takes the Attack action during their turn gains +6 to their damage rolls.

### Reactions

**Uncanny Dodge.** The Mearh is adept at avoiding injury and can use its reaction to halve the damage from an attack that it is aware of.

## Palfrey (Radhors)

A Palfrey is an excellent breed of horse for those who find themselves on long journeys and in dangerous circumstances. They can be trained to endure the terrors of combat, and their steady gait welcomes a rider who will spend all day in the saddle.

### PALFREY

*Large Beast*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 14 (+2) | 15 (+2) | 12 (+1) | 2 (-4) | 10 (+0) | 5 (-3) |

**Armour** Class 12
**Hit Points** 14 (2d10+2)
**Speed** 60 ft

**Senses** passive Perception 10
**Challenge** 1/8 (25 XP)

**Trained Mount.** In addition to the normal actions of a controlled mount, a rider may instruct the Palfrey to Charge. A mounted Palfrey will not attack with its hooves.

#### Actions

**Hooves.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 7 (2d4+2) bludgeoning damage.
**Charge.** When the Palfrey takes this action, it gains additional movement equal to its speed. It must expend all of its movement this round. A rider that takes the Attack action during their turn gains +4 to their damage rolls.

## Pony

The smallest of horse breeds are not found in the Mark. The only ponies are those brought south by Dwarves as pack animals and any that an adventurous Hobbit might ride. The tall folk of Rohan have little interest in the breeding of ponies and they are almost never found for sale.

### PONY

*Medium Beast*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 15 (+2) | 10 (+0) | 13 (+1) | 2 (-4) | 11 (+0) | 4 (-3) |

**Armour** Class 10
**Hit Points** 11 (2d8+2)
**Speed** 40 ft

**Senses** passive Perception 10
**Challenge** 0 (10 XP)

**Untrained for Combat.** A Pony will not engage in combat if it has a rider and will take the Dash or Dodge action to escape combat. It only attacks with its hooves if it has no other option.

#### Actions

**Hooves.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +4 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 7 (2d4+2) bludgeoning damage.

### Rouncy (Hors)

The Rouncy is renown for its endurance over the long miles and fast, easy gait. While they are not suitable for combat, they are highly valued as riding horses for herders, merchants, and minor nobles alike.

#### ROUNCY

*Large Beast*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 16 (+3) | 10 (+0) | 12 (+1) | 2 (-4) | 11 (+0) | 7 (-2) |

**Armour Class** 10
**Hit Points** 14 (2d10+2)
**Speed** 60 ft

**Senses** passive Perception 10
**Challenge** 1/8 (25 XP)

**Untrained for Combat.** A Rouncy will not engage in combat if it has a rider and will take the Dash or Dodge action to escape combat. It only attacks with its hooves if it has no other option.

**Actions**

**Hooves.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 8 (2d4+3) bludgeoning damage.

### Sumpter (Seamhors)

While these are working horses as well, they are trained for long journeys and carrying heavy loads.

#### SUMPTER

*Large Beast*

| STR | DEX | CON | INT | WIS | CHA |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 16 (+3) | 10 (+0) | 17 (+3) | 2 (-4) | 11 (+0) | 4 (-3) |

**Armour Class** 10
**Hit Points** 18 (2d10+6)
**Speed** 50 ft

**Senses** passive Perception 10
**Challenge** 1/8 (25 XP)

**Untrained for Combat.** A Sumpter will not engage in combat if it has a rider and will take the Dash or Dodge action to escape combat. It only attacks with its hooves if it has no other option.

**Actions**

**Hooves.** *Melee Weapon Attack:* +5 to hit, reach 5 ft, one target. *Hit:* 8 (2d4+3) bludgeoning damage.

## HORSE FEATURES

The horse-herds of Rohan may train their steeds to consistently display virtues otherwise not noticeable in their untutored kin.

The following Qualities are available to those characters who have chosen the new undertaking: Riddermark Horse-training (see page 155); it is up to the Loremaster to decide whether the following features can be made available to other players. During the undertaking, a horse may be granted a single feature. Note that several features refer to actions explained in the *Riding in Combat* section, which follows.

**Fiery.** A Fiery horse can appear unruly and overly spirited, but its restlessness becomes an advantage in the hands of its rider when battle is joined. A character riding this horse has Disadvantage on all Riding checks, but gains Advantage on all attack rolls when they instruct the mount to Charge.

**Night-eyed.** It is said that a Night-eyed horse can see the breeze in the dark, and warn its rider of an impending danger. A rider of this horse does not suffer Disadvantage due to poor lighting conditions.

**Proud.** A Proud horse is tall and clean-limbed, and has a noble bearing, whether it is walking or galloping. A rider of this horse has Advantage on all **Persuasion** and **Traditions** checks made while mounted.

**Strong.** A Strong horse has a broad chest, with thick and robust muscles, and is well suited to charge its enemies headlong. Add +2 to the damage bonus granted by the Charge action.

**Sturdy.** A Sturdy horse is less likely to receive permanent harm when it is wounded in combat. When this horse takes a short rest, it adds double its **Constitution** modifier to the d10 for determining the number of hit points regained.

**Surefooted.** A Surefooted mount is less likely to stumble or slip when riding across pathless terrain or upon ruined roads and bridges. The mount is unaffected by difficult terrain and can maintain 40 miles a day across hard terrain (see page 148).

**Swift.** A Swift mount responds promptly to the rein and to its rider's voice commands, making it easier for them to perform tasks and manoeuvres. The mount's speed increases by 5 ft.

**Tireless.** A Tireless horse needs only a few hours to recover from a full day's ride, thus making it easier for its rider to bear with the fatigue of a journey. The horse is not affected by Exhaustion levels that modify its movement (i.e. levels 2 and 5 have no effect on the mount).

**Trample.** This horse has been trained to attack downed foes. If the horse moves at least 20 feet straight towards a creature and then successfully strikes that creature with its **Hooves**, the target must make a **Strength** saving throw (DC equal to 10 plus the horse's Strength modifier) or be knocked Prone. If the target is knocked Prone, then the horse may use its bonus action to make another **Hooves** attack.

## RIDING IN COMBAT

***'Great was the clash of their meeting. But the white fury of the Northmen burned the hotter, and more skilled was their knighthood with long spears and bitter'.***

Horses trained for war can be a formidable asset when charging enemies on open ground. But riders need ample space to manoeuvre and their edge is easily lost if a battle is fought over difficult terrain like a marsh or a wood, or in the frenzied confusion of a fight at close quarters.

The following optional rules expand upon mounted combat in the core rules, providing examples, additional options, and drawbacks for riding horses into a fight.

### UNTRAINED HORSES

The rules for mounted combat assume that all mounts have been conditioned for the battlefield. A hero wishing to control a mount that is not a Trained Warhorse must make a Riding check at the start of each turn. In this first round of combat this is DC 10, in the second DC 11, the third DC 12, and so on. A hero that fails their Riding check no longer controls their mount and the mount is likely to take either the Dash or Dodge action and use all available movement to leave the combat.

### MOUNTING AND DISMOUNTING

Outside of combat no checks are required for mounting a horse. During combat you can mount an allied horse as long as it is within 5 ft of you and you spend movement equal to half your speed. If you wish to mount an unfamiliar horse during combat, you must also succeed at a DC 10 Riding check.

You can dismount a horse as part of your turn by spending movement equal to half your speed. If an effect moves your mount against its will while you're on it, you must make a **DC 10 Dexterity** saving throw or fall off the mount, landing Prone within 5 ft of it. If you are knocked Prone while mounted, you must make the same saving throw.

If your mount is knocked Prone, you can use your reaction to dismount as it falls and land on your feet. Otherwise, you are dismounted and fall Prone within 5 ft of it.

## CONTROLLING A MOUNT

While you're riding a horse, you are most likely controlling the mount. The only circumstances in which the mount acts independently are if the horse is not trained for combat (see above) or if it is a mearh, in which case it will still act on your turn but choose its own action and movement. You can suggest courses of action to the mearh.

A controlled mount takes its turn at the same time as your turn. You can use its movement and you can specify its action. While mounted you retain your movement (which might be used to dismount the horse) and your action. All mounts have at least three action options: Dash, Disengage, and Dodge — trained warhorses and mounts with special features might have additional options. A controlled mount can move and act even on the turn that you mount it. Examples of each action are listed below.

If the mount provokes an Opportunity Attack while you're on it, the attacker can target you or the mount.

### Dash

A mount that Dashes gains additional movement equal to its speed. A mount that takes this action and moves out of an enemy's reach provokes an Opportunity Attack, which can target you or the mount.

### *Slayers and Mounted Combat*

**A Slayer who takes the path of the Rider and gains the Mounted Combat feature can make an attack using their bonus action whether they or their mount Dashes during the turn.**

### Disengage

A mount that Disengages can use its movement to get away from enemies without provoking Opportunity Attacks. Since you are being moved by the horse and not your own movement, you do not provoke Opportunity Attacks either.

### Dodge

A mount taking the Dodge action imposes Disadvantage on attack rolls against attackers that it can see and gains Advantage on Dexterity saving throws. Attacks that target you do not receive Disadvantage. The mount has movement equal to its base speed value.

## ATTACKING HORSES

Cunning adversaries might try to rob any riders of their edge by targeting their mounts when resolving ranged attacks and when fighting at close quarters. Moreover, many fell creatures simply delight in the screaming of horses, so it is up to the Loremaster when other adversaries will choose to employ this tactic.

### Horse Injury

When an attack reduces a mount to 0 hit points, it collapses and becomes Prone. The rider must make a **DC 10 Dexterity** saving throw (as above) or become knocked Prone as well. Loremasters might consider the steeds of the enemy and minor characters slain at this point, but allow the named steeds of the heroes to make death saving throws.

### Horse Recovery

During a short rest, a mount can recover hit points equal to 1d10 plus its Constitution modifier. Once a mount has recovered hit points in this manner, it cannot do so again until it has finished a long rest. A hero with a feature that allows individual healing can focus their attention on a mount, but horses do not benefit from staunching songs of any kind or other group healing efforts.

A horse that is reduced to 0 hit points loses its quality, if it had one. The quality can only be regained by choosing the Riddermark Horse-training undertaking and spending time with the mount.

## RIDING CHECKS IN COMBAT

The following situations might call for a Riding check, at the Loremaster's discretion.

### Frightening Effects

If you must make a saving throw against becoming Frightened and succeed, you may make a Riding check with the same DC as the saving throw. If successful, your mount is not Frightened either.

### Losing Consciousness

If damage or an effect causes you to become Unconscious while mounted, you can make a DC 15 Riding check just before you pass out. On a success, you remain on the horse and slump across its back. It is no longer controlled by you and will likely use its action and movement to leave the battle in the safest and quickest manner possible. On a failure you fall off of the horse and are Prone on the ground.

### New Fellowship Phase Undertaking: Riddermark Horse-training (Riders of Rohan only)

When you select this undertaking, you spend time training one of your horses to display a quality (see page 152). Make a Wisdom (Animal Handling) check with the DC equal to 10 plus the horse's Status (page 149). On a success, the horse now has that Quality. A horse can have only one quality at a time.

# a wide and green -land-

But now all the land was empty, and there was silence that did not seem to be the quiet of peace.

Rohan, the land of the Horse-lords, is unlike those in the North. There is little of the Wild in the Riddermark, only at its edges as a rule. Instead, it is a flat land, filled with horses, people and empty space. Companies that journey across the Mark might spend days in steady but uneventful travel. When they do encounter danger and evil, it is often in the guise of Men and not the servants of the Shadow. In Rohan, all people are dangerous, after their own fashion, and there are ties that bind the lowest herder or farmer to the great lords and Marshals of the land. And the king too is bound by these oaths and cannot do as he wishes. But when a Journey Event asks for a danger to the Company, it is most likely to come from within the peoples that live here than without.

The very character of the land is different too, as Rohan is a young nation, at least as how the Elves and the Wise reckon such things. There are fewer reminders of the ancient days here, for the land was spared much of the conflict that marked the Elder Days and even the Last Alliance passed quickly by these lands, tarrying not but heading south to Mordor. So there are few ruins and other reminders of ancient days, except in the fortresses of Isengard and Súthburg, and the collected lore in Meduseld's richly decorated hall.

The people of Rohan look inwards for the most part, caring only about their own affairs and perhaps those of the Dunlendings to the west. A prince and his guard might ride south or east to join the forces of Gondor in battle, but for most folk the lands beyond the border are but rumours. Few will ask question of travellers and even fewer will answer the travellers' questions.

At the twilight of the Third Age, Rohan strives to recover from a bad king's misrule over a superstitious people who are fond of blood feuds and battle. As the Company travels the Mark, they might aid the king in readying Rohan to resist the coming Shadow or they might find that the hearts of the Rohirrim are already too enamoured of violence and old enmities to truly serve their lord.

### New Herb: Queenblossom

The Queenblossom, a flower with a double star of long woolly white petals around golden florets, is highly renown in Rohan for its medicinal properties and as a symbol of affection. It is most likely found in the high reaches of the White Mountains.

A Master Healer can prepare a salve from Queenblossom that will restore 2d6+3 hit points and reduce your temporary Shadow score by 1 when applied. You can only benefit from one application of Queenblossom per Adventuring phase.

# JOURNEY EVENT TABLE ENTRY 1 (OR LESS)

### A Chance Encounter

The Company meets a fellow traveller or group of travellers. The Scout must make a **Dexterity (Stealth)** check to avoid them, or any hero may make a **Charisma (Persuasion)** check to interact with them.

If the interaction is successful, the first roll of the next event is made with Advantage. Failure results in Disadvantage.

### Farmfolk

While raising horses is a sure way to win renown in the Mark, the kingdom depends even more on those who choose to raise livestock and tend fields instead. These are usually clustered around Westfold, Eastfold, and Harrowdale as the plain-lands and the Wold are not rich in suitable farmland, though the Wold does have many shepherds. The farmhands will be willing enough to talk to visitors, but rarely know anything about the lands further than a day's walk away.

### Horse-Herders

In the Westemnet or Eastemnet it is likely that the Company has come across the grazing lands of a horse-herd and their attendants. The young riders tasked with preventing the animals from straying too far will be eager to talk to other Rohirrim, but might have sharp questions for strangers. In the Westfold or Eastfold it is more likely that the horse-herd is on the move, going to market or returning back northward.

### Marshal's Patrol

The Company has encountered one of the Marshal's patrols, the King's Guard, or one of Hereward's patrols, if they are near to the Dwimorberg. In the early years of Thengel's reign, the Marshals are set against each other and their warriors are likely to carry that feud with them. Many questions will be asked about the Company's loyalty to the lords of the land. During the course of the *Riddermark Adventures*, the heroes will have many chances to influence the situation and make alliances with the Marshals and others.

### Mearas in the Distance

A Company travelling across the plains of Rohan might be lucky enough to spy horse-royalty in the distance. The mearas need no herders and roam their own ancestral lands, which nominally belong to the king himself. It would take exceptional circumstances (a High Elf or Wizard openly displaying power, for example) to cause the mearas to come closer to the Company and they have no hope of catching up to them otherwise. Instead, a hero can make a **Wisdom (Insight)** check to gain a deeper understanding of the Mark from its rulers.

### Messenger of the Mark

There are no post offices in the Mark, but, if a Hobbit were to visit Rohan, they might be surprised at how fast word can fly across the wide plains. Day and night, messengers for the Marshals and the king ride fast horses, carrying news and rumours alike. A generous Company might offer some food for both rider and mount if they want to hear the latest.

### Pedlar's Horse

The companions come across an older merchant, guiding a well-stocked packhorse along the road. It seems that there's at least one of everything strapped to the poor beast and all of it is for sale. Heroes wanting to do business with the pedlar can buy one of anything on page 153 of the *Player's Guide* as long as it has a price in silver pennies or copper coins. Those items priced in copper sell for half or a quarter of the listed price, with a corresponding drop in quality as well.

# JOURNEY EVENT TABLE ENTRY 2

## Of Herbs and Stewed Rabbit

The Hunter has an opportunity to gather food. They must make a **Wisdom (Survival)** check. You have Advantage if the Company won *Feasts Fit for the Kings of Ancient Times,* or Disadvantage if you face *Meagre Supplies* and *Poor Meals.*

If successful, you either gather food (restore a level of Exhaustion or 1 Hit Die to each hero) or collect herbs (Loremaster's choice of herbs found). If you fail then the Arrival roll gains a -1 penalty.

## Eastfold

Those who choose to fish the Great River or its small tributaries here will find carp and catfish easily enough. Nearer to the mountains, there are many goats and great herds of sheep abound, though they most certainly belong to someone and are not wild. Deer, badgers, and especially wild boar can be found in the Firien Wood. Chickweed, clovers, field pennycress, milkweed, sheep sorrel, and white mustard plants can all be found here. Water lilies can sometimes be found in the slower parts of the Anduin as well as Reedmace along its banks.

## The Gap of Rohan

These are wilder lands than the rest of the Riddermark and thus more deer, boar and smaller game animals can be found. The folk of the West-march often set snares or traps for their game and a Hunter must be wary to avoid being caught themselves. In the rivers are trench, roach, and small carp.

You can find chickweed, clovers, dill, field pennycress, malllow, milkweed, sheep sorrel, and shepherd's purse here. Reedmace and water lillies can be found in the rivers and it is said that shadow-thorn grows in secret patches near Nan Curunir, the Wizard's Vale.

## The Great River

As the Company approaches the Great River, the amount and diversity of wildlife found increases. There are great black swans that swim the river, while songbirds sing from the brush. There are deer, boars, and even small bears that come to the river for water, alongside rabbits and squirrels. In the river itself are carp, catfish, and poisonous barbels, with frogs, snakes, and storks on the shores.

There are rushes, reedmace, and thickets of berry bushes on the river's edge while you might find hagweed or waterlillies amid the swirling waters themselves.

## Harrowdale

You can find clover, chicory, fireweed, sheep sorrel, and white mustard in the mountains. Sometimes kingcups and queenblossom can be found here and it is said that shadow-thorn grows in abundance near the Dwimorberg, though few venture up the shadowy mountain to find it.

## The Plains of Rohan

There are voles, mice, rabbits, hedgehogs, and shrews to hunt here, along with the red deer that hide in the infrequent thickets of trees that grow at the bottom of dales. There are also stoats and foxes to contend with, as well as eagle-owls and prairie falcons. There is also dill, hazel, malllow. shepherd's purse, and sorrel to be found. Unfortunately there are unlikely to be any herbs found on the plains.

## Westfold

Near to the White Mountains, hunters can find deer and firgengát (see page 43 to hunt, while lower down great herds of sheep are a common sight. There are few animals here that do not belong to a farmer or herder, however. A patient Hunter can find wood sorrel, sheep sorrel, fireweed, pennycress, and chicory here. Queenblossoms grow high up on the slopes.

# JOURNEY EVENT TABLE ENTRY 3

## An Obstacle

Something blocks the path ahead. The Guide must make a **Wisdom** (**Survival**) check and each other companion must make either **Wisdom** (**Survival**) or **Strength** (**Athletics**). If the Company has horses or ponies, one hero must make a **Wisdom** (**Animal Handling**) check. All checks have Advantage if they are on *Paths both Swift and True*, or Disadvantage if they face *The Wearisome Toil of Many Leagues*.

If all are successful, the Arrival roll gains +1. If half or more are successful, there is no penalty. If more than half failed then each hero gains a level of Exhaustion. If all fail add a -1 penalty to the Arrival roll to the Exhaustion.

## Fording the Stream

A fast-flowing stream or other watercourse blocks the Company's way forward. Heroes that are mounted can use either **Animal Handling** or **Athletics** to urge their mount to wade into the water. Failure indicates a level of Exhaustion for the mount. Otherwise, the heroes must instead rely on **Survival** to find a shallower place to cross.

## Lost in the Mists

A Company that ventures near to the Great River on a cold morning, one that gets too close to Nan Mordelieb, and one who ventures into Nan Curunir when Saruman does not want visitors risks becoming lost in the mists. Each hero must make a **Wisdom** (**Survival**) check as above. The Loremaster might wish to assign additional penalties for failure, including falling into a river or becoming lost for hours.

## No Paths

If the companions are on a journey across the plains of Rohan, then one of the greatest obstacles that they may face is the lack of landmarks and of clear pathways. The high grass obscures any chance to see paths in any direction and the flat featureless ground makes it hard for a Company to stay orientated towards their goal. Each hero can make a **Wisdom** (**Survival**) or **Intelligence** (**Nature**) check to find some small clue about the way forward.

## The Old Pukel Statue

The companions find a well-worn giant boulder carved into the shape of a pukel-man along their path. While it is not difficult to walk around the statue, it might serve as a warning to travellers of some other danger. Heroes can make **Intelligence** (**Investigation** or **Riddle**) checks to examine the statue. If half of the Company or more succeed, then they deduce some clue that allows them to avoid trouble (a dead end, rocky or unstable ground, dangerous animals, or Orcs).

## Uncertain Ground

On the plains of Rohan, the grass grows tall. But that means it is difficult to see sharp rocks and other scree or the holes dug by burrowing animals. The heroes must use **Wisdom** (**Animal Handling** or **Perception**) checks to coax their mounts through the dangerous area. Those on foot can use either **Perception** or **Survival** to find a safe path.

## Vicious Limb-lithe Trees

Companions who dare to explore Fangorn Forest or other ancient woods may find their way blocked by tree limbs that seem to shift and move to prevent the heroes from moving forward. Each companion must make a **Strength** (**Athletics**) check as above, or become Grappled by the tree limbs. The Escape DC is equal to the DC for the initial check.

# JOURNEY EVENT TABLE ENTRY 4

## In Need of Help

The Company meets someone who needs aid. If they choose not to assist each hero must make a **Wisdom** saving throw to avoid a Shadow Point.

If they do help, they make three checks, usually from **Animal Handling**, **Insight**, **Medicine**, **Nature**, **Persuasion**, **Survival** or **Traditions**.

If all checks are successful then all heroes gain Inspiration and +1 to the Arrival Roll. If two checks are successful then one hero gains Inspiration and +1 to the Arrival Roll. If one check is successful then +1 to Arrival Roll. If all rolls fail then a -1 modifier is applied to the Arrival Roll.

## Casualties of a Raid

The Company comes across the gruesome remnants of a raid. Perhaps someone is still alive, or perhaps the companions' only task is to protect the unfortunate slain from becoming a meal for the vultures and other carrion eaters. On the western or southern edges of Rohan the raiders are likely to be Dunlendings or Orcs from the mountains. On the eastern or northern edges they might be bandits like Herulf (see page 56) or Orcs from the Brown Lands or emissaries from Mordor.

## Cruel Folk

Too many young Riders learned the wrong lessons at the court of Fengel. They are crude and callous, bullying anyone they deem below them. The Company have come across such folk harassing innocents (or for a more involved challenge they are fighting amidst themselves). It will take tact (**Insight**, **Persuasion**, and **Traditions**) to set things right here.

## Disrupt a Farmer's Herd

The Company runs into a herd of cattle or sheep, accidentally spooking them. Heroes who ignore the frightened herd gain a Shadow point. Those who wish help the herders regather the animals must use either **Animal Handling** or **Survival**. Mounted heroes can make a Riding check to round up the herd as well. If the companions net more successes than failures, they have redeemed themselves and the herder harbours no ill-will towards them. If not, or if none make the attempt, word spreads of their actions and trouble will likely await them in their next encounter with the Rohirrim.

## Flyting Words

The practice of *flyting* is ancient. Two contestants do battle with each other with sharp words and cutting insults. Sometimes the flyt goes too far and true battle breaks out between the duellers. The Company comes across such a flyt that is straying desperately close to a brawl but preventing bloodshed can be difficult. The heroes might need **Intimidation**, **Performance**, or **Riddle** to diffuse the situation.

## Lost Horse

The companions come across a single horse without tack, bridle, or bit. It is young and obviously became separated from its herd. It is well-bred and tractable, and the Company have a choice. They could take the horse with them, reckoning that they have no way of finding its owner. Despite this, such an act still counts as theft and each hero gains a Shadow point. If the heroes instead spend the time to retrace the horse's path (using **Survival** checks and taking them at least a day), then they can return the animal to a very grateful herder, who might, once the horse is fully trained, offer them an excellent price on the animal.

## Merchants out of Place

Merchant-folk still walk the great road, carrying their wares in great wains or on the backs of packhorses. But they rarely venture outside the Folde or Westfold vale for they like to keep to well-travelled and well-peopled paths. So encountering a group of merchants out on the plains themselves might bring many questions to the minds of the companions: are they lost? victims of an attack? or a clever trap for the unwary?

# JOURNEY EVENT TABLE ENTRY 5

### Agents of the Enemy

The Company approaches a hostile force. The Look-out must make a **Wisdom (Perception)** check to spot the enemy early. The Look-out has Advantage if the Company is *Hidden from the Shadow* or Disadvantage if they face *The Keen Eyes of the Enemy*. These modifiers apply to any rolls made outside of combat.

If successful, they may either sneak away or ambush them (in which case the enemy is Surprised). If failed, the enemy sets an ambush and the Player-heroes are Surprised.

### Dunlending Raid

The Company has chanced across a small group of Dunlendings on a raiding mission. There is one Dunlending Raider (page 131) for each hero and one of them (the commander) has the Excessive Strength of Arms feature (see page 119 of the *Loremaster's Guide*). They are rated at **Challenge 4**.

### Herulf's Outlaws

A small group of Outlaws (page 75 of the *Loremaster's Guide*) not under Herulf's direct command have dared to acost the companions. There is one Outlaw for every hero and a low shriek anytime the Outlaws are attacked. They are Desperate (page 117 of the *Loremaster's Guide*) and won't easily flee the Company, knowing only that Herulf will be looking for them. They stand at **Challenge 5**.

### Huorns on the March

If the companions are close to Fangorn, they might come across a group of wandering Huorns (page 142) on the move. There is one Huorn per hero. While the Ents will understand a Company defending itself from attack, they will not countenance companions who try to pursue the creatures into the forest or who attack and burn trees in retaliation. The meeting is **Challenge 5**.

### Orcs from the Mountains

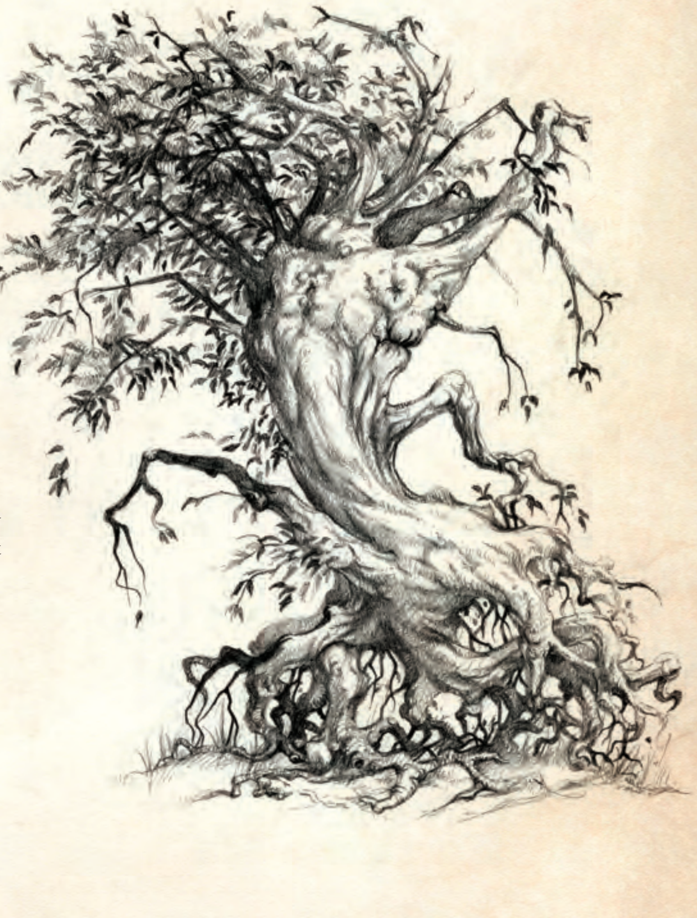
Orcs from either the White Mountains (page 133), if the heroes are in the south) or the Misty Mountains (Orc Soldiers, see page 103 of the *Loremaster's Guide* and add the Big feature so that they have 24 hit points and are at +5 to their attack rolls and +3 to damage rolls) are on the prowl. There are 3 Orcs for every two companions and the total encounter counts as **Challenge 3**.

### Warg Invasion

A group of Wargs has come down from the mountains and dared to hunt in the Mark. There is one Wild Wolf (page 111 of the *Loremaster's Guide*) for each hero, plus a Wolf Leader (page 112 of the *Loremaster's Guide*). The entire troupe has an Unclean Stench (page 121 of the *Loremaster's Guide*). The encounter is rated at **Challenge 5.**

### Wulfing Riders

A group of Wulfing Riders (page 132) leaves Frecasburg to harass the Wet-march or to raid into the Riddermark itself. There are two Wolfings per companion and they are likely to deliver a War Cry (page 119 of the *Loremaster's Guide*) as their first action. The group is rated at **Challenge 9.**



# JOURNEY EVENT TABLE ENTRY 6

## The Wonders of Middle-earth

The Company is presented with a spectacular sight. Each hero must make either a **Wisdom** check or an **Intelligence (Investigation)** check. These checks are made with Advantage in *Fair Weather* and Disadvantage under *Foul Weather.*

If successful, the hero recovers one level of Exhaustion or gains one if they fail. If all heroes succeed, gain a +1 to the Arrival Roll or if all fail then the Arrival Roll gains a -1 penalty.

## Wind in the Meadow

A strong wind blows, rustling tents and cloaks, threatening to pick up light objects and carry them off. Some heroes might be glad of the stiff breeze, feeling that it bears news of great deeds to be done. Others might resent it, rueing the cold that seeps into their bones and the stinging wind that batters their faces.

## The Tall Corn Growing

Across the plains of Rohan, tall grass grows for the great herds of horses, sheep, and other livestock to eat. Closer to villages, large fields of wheat and oats also grow in abundance. Some companions may look out on the fields and see an abundance that feeds a strong nation, whilst others might see many dangers lurking among the stalks or the great devastation that a single storm could bring.

## Rain on the Mountain

In the summer months especially, the rain clouds speed through the Gap of Rohan, only to linger around the edges of the White Mountains. Many a pleasant summer day ends with a gentle rainfall on the mountain. Hopefully, the heroes can appreciate the cleansing waters or they might resent them instead.

## Hand on the Harpstring

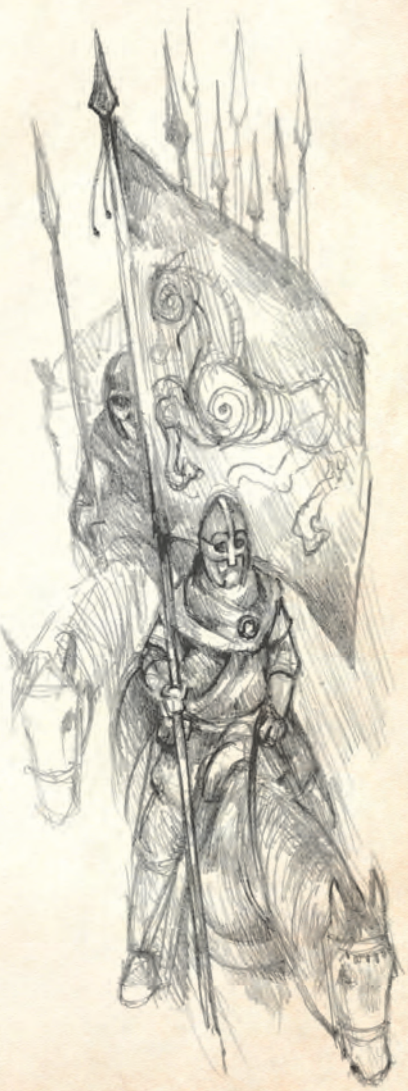
Somewhere, near or far, someone is playing an instrument or has their voices lifted up in song. The Company may be tempted to join them and make merry throughout the day or night. Or, if the companions are trying to travel without attracting attention, the performers might be a distraction, a nuisance, or worse.

## Red Fire Glowing

Night on the plains of Rohan comes quickly and turns cold easily. The Company has chosen to make a fire tonight. It warms the limbs and improves the end-day meal, but on the open fields a fire can be seen for miles and miles. Do the companions celebrate the heat and light? or are they nervous and distrustful that it will give them and their secrets away?

## The Hills into Shadow

Night is coming among the shallow hills of the plains of the Riddermark or into the steeper vales of the Westfold or Eastfold. As darkness descends, the Company's thoughts might turn to the many tales that the Rohirrim tell of dangers that lurk in the night and the shadowy wood. Will the heroes find these tales amusing or will every night noise startle them?



# JOURNEY EVENT TABLE ENTRY 7

## A Hunt

The Hunter has a particularly excellent chance to catch a good meal. The Hunter must make a **Wisdom (Survival)** check. These checks are made with Advantage with *Feasts Fit for the Kings of Ancient Times*, and Disadvantage if the Company has *Meagre Supplies and Poor Meals*.

If successful by 5 or more, all heroes recover a level of Exhaustion and the Company gains +1 to the Arrival Roll. Other successes recover a level of Exhaustion only. If the check fails then the Company gains a level of Exhaustion. If the Hunter fails by 5 or more add a -1 penalty to the Arrival Roll.

## Bear from the Mountains

A bear has come down from the mountains and the Hunter has a chance to pursue it. Of course, such a prey is dangerous and even moreso if the Company is near to Fangorn forest and the abode of Stoneclaws (see page 84) who may take exception to someone putting an arrow into one of his kin. The Hunter must make their check with Disadvantage due to the nature of the beast, but, if they bring down the animal, they gain both benefits.

## Boar of Everholt

This is not the most famous resident of the Firien Wood (see page 140), but only one of his lesser cousins. But even a regular boar of this forest makes for dangerous game: if the Hunter fails, then they receive two levels of Exhaustion instead of the one level that the other members of the Company gain. But such a creature makes a fine meal and the companions receive both benefits on any degree of success.

## Dwindling Supplies

In the more well-settled parts of Rohan there may be no opportunity for a great hunt. Instead, the Hunter must make a **Charisma (Persuasion)** check to convince the Company to tighten their belts and think of opportunities to come. If successful, instead of recovering Exhaustion each companion gains Advantage on the next ability check for a Journey Event – they feel the need for success even more keenly on an empty stomach.

## The Elk of the Deep

It is rumoured that somewhere between the slopes of Thrihyrne and Helm's Dike wanders a great elk crowned with branching antlers with innumerable points. It is said that it passes between the coomb and the dike-fields by some secret passage, knowledge of which Éogar would richly reward. A Hunter in the area may choose to pursue the beast. They have Disadvantage due to his wiliness, but any success counts as the best possible result.

## A Mighty Stonegoat

The Company's travels bring them close enough to the mountains in the south for the Hunter to spy one of the large stonegoats that prefer the high places. If the companions are willing to turn aside for some time (at least a day's delay), then the Hunter can stalk the goat with Advantage.

## Wolves on the Plains

A lean pack of hungry and desperate wolves has come to hunt in the same plains as the Company. Once the Hunter brings prey down, they race in, hoping to steal a meal from the companions. The Hunter must make a **Charisma (Intimidation)** check to scare off the wolves. On a failure, the animals have left some scraps behind for the heroes – each companion may choose to go hungry and gain Inspiration and a level of Exhaustion, or they may eat and recover a level of Exhaustion instead.

# JOURNEY EVENT TABLE ENTRY 8

## A Fine Spot for a Camp

The Scout has spotted a location that might make an excellent campsite. Make an **Intelligence (Investigation)** check.

If the check succeeds by 5 or more then the Company recovers a level of Exhaustion and gains +1 to the Arrival Roll. On a basic success the Company recovers a level of Exhaustion. On a failure the Company gains a level of Exhaustion. On a failure of 5 or more the Company is in danger and might face enemies. They also gain Exhaustion and a -1 penalty to the Arrival Roll.

## Abandoned Steading

The Company come across a small farmhouse that is utterly abandoned. If the Scout succeeds at their check, it has stood empty for years and the Company may safely stay here. But if the Scout fails the check, they do not realise that the inhabitants have only temporarily left the building and they will return soon, none pleased for finding the Company having treated themselves to their hard-won property.

## Fen Fever

Looking for a more comfortable lodgings, the Scout accidentally allows the Company to stray into a fen or bog that surrounds a waterway. If the Scout fails the Investigation check, then each companion must make a Constitution saving throw or gain another level of Exhaustion from the fevers brought on by the fumes of the fens.

## Meeting-field

The Scout has found what seems to be a good place for a campsite – a wide, flat space with well-packed dirt that lies a little higher than the rest of the land around it. But they have, alas, chosen poorly for this site is the traditional meeting place for several local steadings. They will not like to discover strangers here when they arrive in the early morning hours for a meeting and even the most humble farmers of Rohan are skilled with bow and spear.

## Sheltered Dell

This is a small depression or rill in the ground that is guarded by standing stones, bushes or even a few trees whose roots drink up the water that gathers there after a storm. In the dell, the companions are easily overlooked by those passing by, but also have a hard time noticing anyone's approach. A failed check might mean that the Scout has failed to notice the dark clouds overhead that signal the dell will soon be a temporary pond, or that they have misread the signs that someone else has left and are disturbing a place safer left alone.

## A Soft Patch of Grass

Sometimes in the open fields of the Mark, there is no shelter to be found and an empty patch of land carpeted with soft and springy grass is the best that can be hoped for. If the Scout fails the check then there is something more here: biting insects that burrow underneath the ground during the day and into the companion's skin at night, or it is the favorite meeting place of those few wolves that still hunt the open grasslands.

## Tree Copse

The Company has chanced to find a thicket of trees surrounding a small dell or hill. The trees can help protect the companions from the weather and hide them from unfriendly eyes. However, there might be some other danger lurking here amidst the trees, or Outlaws or worse might use this place for their secret meetings.

# JOURNEY EVENT TABLE ENTRY 9

## A Lingering Memory of Times Long Past

The Company discovers a relic of past ages. Each companion must make a **Wisdom** check.

If successful, the hero gains Inspiration. If you succeed by 5 or more, you may remove a level of Exhaustion. If the hero fails, you must make a **DC 15 Wisdom** saving throw or gain 2 points of Shadow. If you fail the initial check by 5 or more, you must make the saving throw and gain a level of Exhaustion.

If at least half the Company succeed at the check, add +1 to the Arrival Roll. Otherwise apply a -1 modifier instead.

### Dunharrow

Visitors to Dunharrow feel the ghosts of the past watching them always. But there are more than just ghosts here. A keen-eyed wanderer might find a stone in the grass that once served as an axehead for an ancient and nearly forgotten people. They might find rough figurines made to ward off the Orc-folk or warn the bearer that strangers approach. However, their magic is long faded. And, if the Company chance to visit with the folk of this land, they will hear many tales of the restless dead.

### Edoras

In the halls of Meduseld there are many woven cloths depicting the deeds of ancient days and the floor itself is paved with stones of many hues, carrying branching runes and other devices that few among the Wise know how to read. Its pillars are carven with the wisdom of the Horse-lords and tell of their days in the North, Eorl's journey to the Field of Celebrant, the alliance between Gondor and Rohan, and the many battles fought in its defence ever since. Perhaps there are other records amidst the city that hold some secret knowledge.

### Fangorn

In the forest of Fangorn resides the most complete tale of Middle-earth, if you but have the patience to hear it and the wisdom to understand the tale as it is told from the tree-shepherds' point of view. Hasty heroes might hear only a tiny fraction of the story – it might cheer them and move them to new song, or it might move them to tears and despair despite not knowing the end.

### Halifirien

Those companions who venture to Amon Anwar are invariably moved by the experience. A hero may make their check with Advantage as they gaze upon the place where Elendil once rested, but if they fail anyways they automatically gain a point of Shadow as they remember that the Dark Lord slew Elendil and he has reclaimed Mordor for his own even now.

### Helm's Deep

Many think that there is little of lore in the lands of Rohan or its lords. And the dour walls of the Hornburg and the stern face of its master would first seem to prove them correct. But the Súthburg is an ancient place and there might be rooms full of woven cloths and engraved runes that tell of even older days when the Ship-lords built this fortress and its counterpart, Orthanc.

### Nan Curunir

There are many ancient things in Isengard, left to the safekeeping of the White Wizard, the greatest of his order. Heroes visiting Saruman are unlikely to stumble across anything that he does not want them to see, but it might suit his purposes to remind them of ancient days and his deep wisdom. In the valley itself, the Company might come across some fragment of the past that has not yet made its way to the Wizard's hands.

# JOURNEY EVENT TABLE ENTRY 10

## A Place Touched by the Shadow

The essence of something dark and terrible lingers here. The Scout must make an **Intelligence (Investigation)** check to avoid the area.

If successful, the Company gains a +1 to their Arrival Roll. If the Scout succeeds by 5 or more, each hero gains Inspiration and may remove 1 temporary Shadow point.

If the Scout fails, each hero must make a **DC 15 Wisdom** saving throw against Corruption or gain 1 point of Shadow. If the Scout fails by 5 or more, some dark thing still lurks here, ancient and evil...

## Burial Mounds

The companions have come across burial mounds. These are not the great barrows of Edoras with Evermind growing on them, but smaller and ruder and perhaps more ancient. If the Company tarries here, they may find the the houses of the dead have attracted evil spirits out of the Brown Lands and there is little rest for the living here.

## The Dark Grove

If the Company's journey brings them close to the Firien Wood, the shaded vales of Dunharrow, the Westfold, the outskirts of Fangorn, or the small forested vales of the Misty Mountains, then they might come across a grove of trees that grows so tightly together that they seem almost to be a wall. Or, perhaps a cage is a better word. For the Shepherds of the Trees, wishing to contain some evil thing they would rather not disturb, will cause the forest to grow so tightly together than only foolish heroes with axes will discover what lies within.The danger might be an object or a beast, a ruin of some description, or entrance to an underground vault or cave. It is certainly a blighted place and only evil awaits the heroes who push their way inside.

## Households at War

The Marshals of Rohan are against each other and, while they do not wage war upon each other, their quarrel has divided families and destroyed marriages. The Company comes across some evidence of this: a burned farmhouse, a gibbet where a body hangs in as weregild in the bloody feud, or finds themselves caught between two sides as they travel or walk the streets of Edoras, Aldburg, or another village in the Mark.

## The River Cave

Travelling along the Great River, the heroes find a shallow cave that at might first seem like an excellent campsite. But long ago, the rising waters of the Anduin after an early spring storm swept away a family camped here and drown them. For those who wait in the cave, it now seems bone-chillingly cold and every small breeze sounds like the dying gasp of a child.

## Slaughtered Beasts

The companions come across slaughtered animals, livestock if they are near the inhabited parts of Rohan, or wild things if they are on its borders. The culprit is most likely Orcs or a Troll, but it might also be wolves or Wargs forced to abandon a meal before it was finished. The Company might attract the evil thing's further attention or they might be blamed for the slaughter by the owner of the animals or the next ones to stumble across the gruesome scene.

## A Warning to All

For travellers used to the northern vales of the Anduin, the Beorning practice of putting Orc and Warg heads on pikes to warn off the Enemy is a familiar sight. But in the lands of the Dunlendings, the West-march, and sometimes even the Mark itself it is not a monster's head impaled but that of a Man. The Dunlendings believe that doing so grants them power over the dead, but endless feuds have often turned the practice into one of petty revenge.

# JOURNEY EVENT TABLE ENTRY 11

## The Enemy is Abroad

Evil Men, Orcs, Goblins or other servants of the Enemy are moving through the area. If the Company is subject to *The Keen Eyes of the Enemy*, the confrontation is unavoidable, if the Look-out makes a **Wisdom (Perception)** check, the enemy is Surprised on the first round of combat.

If the Company is *Hidden from the Shadow*, the Look-out can use **Perception** or **Stealth** to avoid the enemy. If the check fails, the enemy is still Surprised on the first round of combat.

If neither applies, then each member of the Company must make a **Dexterity (Stealth)** check. If the Company has horses or ponies then one companion must make a **Wisdom (Animal Handling)** check as well. If any of these rolls fails, they have spotted and battle is engaged with no advantage to either side.

## The Black Warg

The Black Warg (page 130) is on the hunt for the Company. He is accompanied by one Hound of Sauron (page 114 of the *Loremaster's Guide*) for each companion and will use his Shadow Walker ability to silently observe the heroes unseen for some time before he ambushes them during some dark night when he has the best position. He comes to kill, not to frighten away, unless the Company can tell him the secrets of the White Wizard. This is a **Challenge Rating 12** encounter.

## Casferoch's Raiders

Casferoch the Cold (see page 97) leads a group of Dunlending Raiders (see page 131) on a daring raid far into the Mark. Or, if the Company has ventured into Dunland, then he might instead be defending his territory. There are two Raiders for every hero in addition to Casferoch himself. This ranks as **Challenge Rating 7.**

## Gazhúr Three-Deaths

The Orc warlord leads a group of Orcs of the White Mountains into battle (see pages 133-4). There are three Orcs for every member of the Company and they count as a Vengeful Band (see page 119 of the *Loremaster's Guide*). Gazhúr is wise enough to retreat if the tide of battle turns against him. If his band is able to ambush a single character then the Orcs will likely capture the hero to serve as a slave in the mountain holds. This counts as **Challenge Rating 9.**

## Huorn Grove

A large group of Huorns (pages 142-3) is on the move and the companions have attracted their anger. There are at least two Wandering Huorns and one Dark-Hearted Huorn per hero, and the Loremaster might adjust this ratio to suit the Company's martial prowess. Quick-footed (or mounted) heroes can outpace the grove, but they are relentless and no not need to stop and rest while they are on the hunt. The Grove is ranked at **Challenge Rating 13.**

## Scouts from Nan Mordeleb (CR 4)

A small group of Pale Ones (page 144) has dared to venture out of Nan Mordeleb. They will most likely be found in the mountains or in Fangorn forest itself, but they might dare a little further on a dark night. There are two of the Goblins for each hero but The Strong Die First (see page 119 of the *Loremaster's Guide*) and they suffer Disadvantage once half of them are slain. This is a **Challenge Rating 4** encounter.

## Warriors of the Gáesala

Something or someone has stirred the normally peaceful Gáesala (page 132) to war against the Rohirrim and all other strangers. If the Company consists of riders and their allies, then there is little hope for any sort of truce. If the heroes are instead foreigners, then they might attempt an **Intimidation** or **Persuasion** check before battle begins to avoid bloodshed. The Warriors are a **Challenge Rating 5** troupe.

# JOURNEY EVENT TABLE ENTRY 12

## Many Meetings? Fly you Fools!

The companions have encountered a traveller upon the road, but all may not be as it at first appears. If the Company began the journey under *Dark Signs and Evil Portents*, it is a servant of the Enemy. If they started *From Auspicious Beginnings* then it is one of the great powers for good. Otherwise, the Look-out must make a **Wisdom** (**Perception**) check.

If the Look-out succeeds by 5 or more, they recognise the traveller for someone of great standing and may immediately remove 1 Shadow point, gain +1 to their Arrival Roll and may seek an Audience with the traveller. On a basic success, the traveller's identity is shielded from them and the meeting should use the rules for *A Chance Encounter*. **Insight** checks may reveal their true identity.

If the check fails, each hero must make a **DC 15 Wisdom** saving throw against Corruption or gain 2 Shadow points. They must then hide from the enemy (using the rules in *The Enemy is Abroad*) but also gain a level of Exhaustion and -1 penalty to their Arrival Roll. If the Look-out fails by 5 or more then the Company is automatically spotted and they must flee. Each hero gains 2 Shadow points, a level of Exhaustion and a -1 to the Arrival Roll.

### Dera

A young woman greets you and asks if you need aught. Her dark hair and complexion speak of a heritage born in Dunland even though her Westron is fair. This is Dera, seeking employment as a guide or advisor. If the Company threatens her, she will not hesitate to flee and pass on word of their ill-intent for the folk of the West-march. But if they are kindly folk, then they might be essential to her doom (see page 65).

### Gálmód

The young man is well-dressed and well-spoken. His slight frame and sallow skin show that he is not a rider, even though he seems to have the respect of all around him. This is Gálmód, foster-son of Cenric, Third Marshal of the Riddermark. The Company might receive some of his wisdom or some of his biting sarcasm, depending on how they greet him

### Goldred

A stout, older man dressed in fine clothes motions for you to come closer. His fingers bear many golden rings and his right hand holds a goblet of sweet-smelling wine. He smiles broadly at you. This is Goldred, merchant of Edoras. He is most likely to be found at the very beginning or end of a journey, if the heroes are beginning or ending their trip near the capital. He might request simple favours of the heroes, like carrying sealed documents to a trusted associate that lives along their route, or more complex requests if he has some leverage over the Company. Heroes should be careful or they might promise too much to the rich man and find what they must do to clear the ledger is distasteful to them.

### Herulf

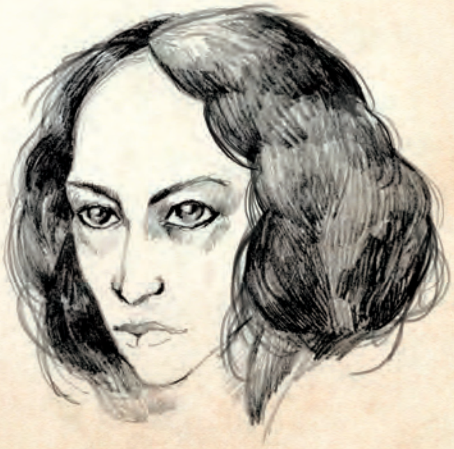
The leader is a tall man, with his blonde hair in long plaits. Despite his rich speech, he wears only leathers and his long sword has seen better days. This is Herulf, bandit lord. While he will put on the airs of a nobleman of the Mark, he is not interested in petitioning Thengel King for redress, he just wants your valuables, handed over right now.

### Léothere

An old man on an older horse stumbles along the path. He seems well-spirited, or at least deep in drink. He strums an instrument and you can catch some of his words, most of which are not fit for the council chambers of lords or the hard-won wisdom of a farmstead's kitchen table.This is Léothere Five-fingers and he only plays at being a drunkard and a rake. Heroes that show him respect anyways will find that both his posture and his speech clean up nicely.

### Rynelda

You can see a blur on the horizon, heading quickly your way. Before half-a-dozen breaths, you can see the young woman, riding fast and with great skill. This is Rynelda, well-called Fast Rider. She is certainly on a mission for Éogar and will have little time to pass pleasantries with the Company.



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ADVENTURES IN MIDDLE-EARTH™

CHARACTER NAME Aelfilda

CLASS & LEVEL Scholar 1
BACKGROUND Doomed to Die
PLAYER NAME
CULTURE Rider of Rohan
SHADOW WEAKNESS Lure of Secrets
EXPERIENCE POINTS

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Strength | 8 | -1 |
| Dexterity | 13 | +1 |
| Constitution | 14 | +2 |
| Intelligence | 16 | +3 |
| Wisdom | 14 | +2 |
| Charisma | 10 | +0 |

Shadow 0
Permanent 0

Inspiration

+2 Proficiency Bonus

## SAVING THROWS

○ -1 Strength
○ +1 Dexterity
○ +2 Constitution
● +5 Intelligence
● +4 Wisdom
● +4 Corruption
○ +0 Charisma

## SKILLS

○ +1 Acrobatics (Dex)
● +4 Animal Handling (Wis)
● +1 Athletics (Str)
○ +0 Deception (Cha)
○ +3 History (Int)
○ +2 Insight (Wis)
● +2 Intimidation (Cha)
○ +3 Investigation (Int)
● +9 Lore (Int)
● +4 Medicine (Wis)
○ +3 Nature (Int)
○ +2 Perception (Wis)
○ +0 Performance (Cha)
○ +0 Persuasion (Cha)
○ +3 Riddle (Int)
○ +3 Shadow-lore (Int)
○ +1 Sleight of Hand (Dex)
○ +1 Stealth (Dex)
○ +2 Survival (Wis)
● +5 Traditions (Int)

12 Passive Perception (wisdom)

## OTHER PROFICIENCIES & LANGUAGES

Languages – You can speak the tongue of Rohan which is loosely related to the tongue of the Anduin Vales. You can also speak Westron and easily make yourself understood in accented Sindarin.

Armour Class 12
Initiative +1
Speed 30 ft

## CURRENT HIT POINTS

Hit Point Maximum 10

## TEMPORARY HIT POINTS

## MISERABLE

## HIT DICE

1d8
Total

## DEATH SAVES

Successes ○○○
Failures ○○●

## ATTACKS

| Name | Atk Bonus | Damage/Type |
|---|---|---|
| Short Bow* | +3 | 1d6+1 piercing |
| | | |
| | | |

*You can shoot your short bow up to 80 feet, or up to 320 feet with Disadvantage.

## EQUIPMENT

G
S 7
C

A riding horse (Palfrey), travelling cloak, gear for the current season, saddlebags, decorative cloak-clasp, leather jerkin, short bow, 20 arrows

Standard of Living Martial

## CHARACTER TRAITS

**Distinctive Quality**
Patient. While you know that you will die soon you aren't eager to hasten it. You live your life as normal, knowing that the appointed hour will come when it will.

**Speciality**
Dark Secrets. You have recognised the influence of Shadow and you are certain that its advance is what has sealed your fate.

**Hope**
Though it shall end with my death, I shall push forward because I am the only one who can.

**Despair**
I fear that I will die alone and unremembered.

## FEATURES, TRAITS, AND VIRTUES

Dark Foreboding - You can get some sense of the Shadow's presence. You might be able to sense if an Orc warband is part of a larger force or if a particular ruin is blighted by the Enemy.

Old Songs and Children's Tales. Grant yourself Advantage on History, Insight, Investigation, Lore, Medicine, Nature, Performance, Riddle, Survival or Traditions checks up to 3 times per Adventuring phase.

Hands of a Healer: You have one Healing Die (1d8). See page 64 of the Player's Guide for how to use it.

News from Afar. At the start of an adventuring phase or after spending time in a Sanctuary, you learn about one or two events of importance that have happened nearby.

Tongues of Many Peoples
You know a little bit of many languages and can have simple conversations with anyone, even if you don't share a language.

# ADVENTURES IN MIDDLE-EARTH™

**character name** Dúnhere

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **class & level** | Warrior 1 | **background** | Fallen Scion | **player name** | |
| **culture** | Rider of Rohan | **shadow weakness** | Lure of Power | **experience points** | |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Strength** | 16 | +3 |
| **Dexterity** | 14 | +2 |
| **Constitution** | 14 | +2 |
| **Intelligence** | 10 | +0 |
| **Wisdom** | 13 | +1 |
| **Charisma** | 8 | -1 |
| **Shadow** | 0 | Permanent 0 |

○ **Inspiration**

+2 **Proficiency Bonus**

## saving throws

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| ● | +5 | Strength |
| ○ | +2 | Dexterity |
| ● | +4 | Constitution |
| ○ | +0 | Intelligence |
| ○ | +0 | Wisdom |
| ○ | +1 | Corruption |
| ○ | -1 | Charisma |

## skills

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| ○ | +2 | Acrobatics (Dex) |
| ● | +3 | Animal Handling (Wis) |
| ● | +5 | Athletics (Str) |
| ○ | -1 | Deception (Cha) |
| ● | +2 | History (Int) |
| ● | +3 | Insight (Wis) |
| ○ | -1 | Intimidation (Cha) |
| ○ | +0 | Investigation (Int) |
| ○ | +0 | Lore (Int) |
| ○ | +1 | Medicine (Wis) |
| ○ | +0 | Nature (Int) |
| ○ | +1 | Perception (Wis) |
| ○ | -1 | Performance (Cha) |
| ○ | -1 | Persuasion (Cha) |
| ○ | +0 | Riddle (Int) |
| ○ | +0 | Shadow-lore (Int) |
| ○ | +2 | Sleight of Hand (Dex) |
| ○ | +2 | Stealth (Dex) |
| ○ | +1 | Survival (Wis) |
| ● | +2 | Traditions (Int) |

11 **Passive Perception (wisdom)**

## other proficiencies & languages

Languages – You can speak the tongue of Rohan which is loosely related to the tongue of the Anduin Vales. You can also speak Westron and easily make yourself understood in accented Sindarin.

| **Armour Class** | **Initiative** | **Speed** |
|---|---|---|
| 15<br>(17 with Shield) | +2 | 30 ft |

## current hit points

Hit Point Maximum 12

## temporary hit points

## miserable

## hit dice

1d10

Total

## death saves

Successes ○ ○ ○

Failures ○ ○ ●

## attacks

| Name | Atk Bonus | Damage/Type |
|---|---|---|
| Long Sword | +5 | 1d8+5 / 1d10+3 |
| Short Bow* | +4 | 1d6+2 piercing |
| | | |

*You can shoot your short bow up to 80 feet, or up to 320 feet with Disadvantage.

## equipment

G

S 7

C

A riding horse (Palfrey), travelling cloak, gear for the current season, saddlebags, drinking horn, corslet of mail, short bow, 20 arrows, long sword

**Standard of Living** Martial

## character traits

**Distinctive Quality**

Bold. Powerful blood still courses through your veins and strengthens your resolve; you are not easily daunted.

**Speciality**

Story-telling. There's nothing you like better than to share the tales of your lordly past with an audience.

**Hope**

I am a paragon of my bloodline; I shall bring no shame to my ancestry

**Despair**

My allies humour me; they have no interest in seeing my position restored.

## features, traits, and virtues

Noble Bearing. Though your lands and birthright are gone, your title remains. In social situations you are still treated as being part of the nobility with both the rewards and expectations that such a title deserves.

Master of Doom. At the start of an Adventuring phase. you can reduce your Wisdom by up to 2 points. For each point spent you gain 1d10+2 temporary hit points.

Fighting Style: Duelling. +2 damage when using long sword 1-handed without another weapon.

Second Wind - On your turn you can use your bonus action to regain 1d10+1 hit points. You must take a short or long rest before using this again.

ADVENTURES IN MIDDLE-EARTH™

**character name** Herubrand

**class & level** Warden 1
**background** The Harrowed
**player name**
**culture** Rider of Rohan
**shadow weakness** Lure of Power
**experience points**

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Strength** | 8 | -1 |
| **Dexterity** | 14 | +2 |
| **Constitution** | 13 | +1 |
| **Intelligence** | 10 | +0 |
| **Wisdom** | 14 | +2 |
| **Charisma** | 16 | +3 |
| **Shadow** | 0 | **Permanent** 0 |

○ **Inspiration**

+2 **Proficiency Bonus**

## saving throws

○ -1 Strength
● +4 Dexterity
○ +1 Constitution
○ +0 Intelligence
● +2 Wisdom
○ +2 Corruption
● +5 Charisma

## skills

○ +2 Acrobatics (Dex)
● +4 Animal Handling (Wis)
○ -1 Athletics (Str)
○ +3 Deception (Cha)
○ +0 History (Int)
○ +2 Insight (Wis)
○ +3 Intimidation (Cha)
● +2 Investigation (Int)
● +2 Lore (Int)
○ +2 Medicine (Wis)
○ +0 Nature (Int)
○ +2 Perception (Wis)
● +5 Performance (Cha)
● +5 Persuasion (Cha)
○ +0 Riddle (Int)
○ +0 Shadow-lore (Int)
○ +2 Sleight of Hand (Dex)
○ +2 Stealth (Dex)
○ +2 Survival (Wis)
● +2 Traditions (Int)

12 **Passive Perception (wisdom)**

## other proficiencies & languages

Languages – You can speak the tongue of Rohan which is loosely related to the tongue of the Anduin Vales. You can also speak Westron and easily make yourself understood in accented Sindarin.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| **Armour Class** | **Initiative** | **Speed** |
| 14<br>(16 with Shield) | +2 | 30 ft |

## current hit points

**Hit Point Maximum** 9

## temporary hit points

## miserable

## hit dice

1d8

**Total**

## death saves

**Successes** ○○○
**Failures** ○○●

## attacks

| **Name** | **Atk Bonus** | **Damage/Type** |
|---|---|---|
| Broadsword | +4 | 1d8+2* slash- |
| Short Bow** | +4 | 1d6+2 piercing |
| | | |

* +4 damage when mounted

*You can shoot your short bow up to 80 feet, or up to 320 feet with Disadvantage.

## equipment

G
S 7
C

A riding horse (Palfrey), travelling cloak, gear for the current season, saddlebags, chess set, leather corslet, short bow, 20 arrows, broadsword

**Standard of Living** Martial

## character traits

**Distinctive Quality**
Eager. You can barely contain your glee when an opportunity to pursue your dream presents itself.

**Speciality**
Minstrelsy. You know that many facts are preserved through song and that the emotional responses to music are similar to your own

**Hope**
When I resolve what my dreams are telling me I shall finally be at peace.

**Despair**
I've badly misinterpreted my dreams and it is too late to change course.

## features, traits, and virtues

Foreknowledge. Your dreams grant you riddles and visions of things that might come to pass or that signify knowledge that you have no other way of gaining.

King's Guard (Sword and Spear). When mounted you gain a +2 bonus to damage rolls using your broadsword.

Warden's Gift. You have 3 Gift dice per long rest. Each is a d6. See page 87 for how a creature can use a Gift die.

Ever Watchful. If you can talk to the locals, make a DC 12 Intelligence (Investigation) check with Advantage. On a success you hear at the latest rumours and news.

# ADVENTURES IN MIDDLE-EARTH™

character name Thuna

class & level Wanderer 1
background Seeker of the Lost
player name
culture Rider of Rohan
shadow weakness Wandering-madness
experience points

| | |
|---|---|
| Strength | 10 (+0) |
| Dexterity | 14 (+2) |
| Constitution | 16 (+3) |
| Intelligence | 14 (+2) |
| Wisdom | 13 (+1) |
| Charisma | 8 (-1) |
| Shadow | 0 |
| Permanent | 0 |

Inspiration

+2 Proficiency Bonus

## saving throws

○ +0 Strength
● +4 Dexterity
○ +3 Constitution
○ +2 Intelligence
○ +1 Wisdom
○ +1 Corruption
● +1 Charisma

## skills

○ +2 Acrobatics (Dex)
● +5 Animal Handling (Wis)
○ +0 Athletics (Str)
○ -1 Deception (Cha)
○ +2 History (Int)
○ +1 Insight (Wis)
○ -1 Intimidation (Cha)
● +4 Investigation (Int)
● +4 Lore (Int)
○ +1 Medicine (Wis)
○ +2 Nature (Int)
○ +3 Perception (Wis)
● -1 Performance (Cha)
○ -1 Persuasion (Cha)
○ +2 Riddle (Int)
○ +2 Shadow-lore (Int)
○ +2 Sleight of Hand (Dex)
● +4 Stealth (Dex)
● +3 Survival (Wis)
○ +2 Traditions (Int)

13 Passive Perception (wisdom)

## other proficiencies & languages

Languages – You can speak the tongue of Rohan which is loosely related to the tongue of the Anduin Vales. You can also speak Westron and easily make yourself understood in accented Sindarin.

| Armour Class | Initiative | Speed |
|---|---|---|
| 15<br>(17 with Shield) | +2 | 30 ft |

## current hit points

Hit Point Maximum 13

## temporary hit points

## miserable

## hit dice

1d10

Total

## death saves

Successes ○○○
Failures ○○●

## attacks

| Name | Atk Bonus | Damage/Type |
|---|---|---|
| Scimitar | +4 | 1d6+2 slashing |
| Great Bow* | +4 | 1d8+2 piercing |
| | | |

*You can shoot your great bow up to 150 feet, or up to 600 feet with Disadvantage.

## equipment

G
S 7
C

A riding horse (Palfrey), travelling cloak, gear for the current season, saddlebags, ornate helmet, corslet of mail, great bow, 20 arrows, scimitar

Standard of Living Martial

## character traits

**Distinctive Quality**
Clever. One of the reasons why you know that you are going to find what you seek is because of the intuitive leaps you've made while examining the clues.

**Speciality**
Old Lore. In order to uncover something lost in the present you've had to do lots of research into the half-forgotten past.

**Hope**
By recovering the past I can make things better in the present.

**Despair**
I am certain that someone else has already solved the mystery; I shall be disappointed.

## features, traits, and virtues

Lore of the Lost. You tend to know a little bit about many ancient things and lands.

Born to the Saddle: You have advantage on Wisdom (Animal Handling) checks and double your Proficiency Bonus (already included).

Known Lands. Choose 3 regions, see page 82 of the Player's Guide for your abilities within those regions.

Ways of t he Wild. You have Advantage on Wisdom (Survival) checks when tracking others. If you serve as Guide on a Journey then you 'fill in' for any missing roles.

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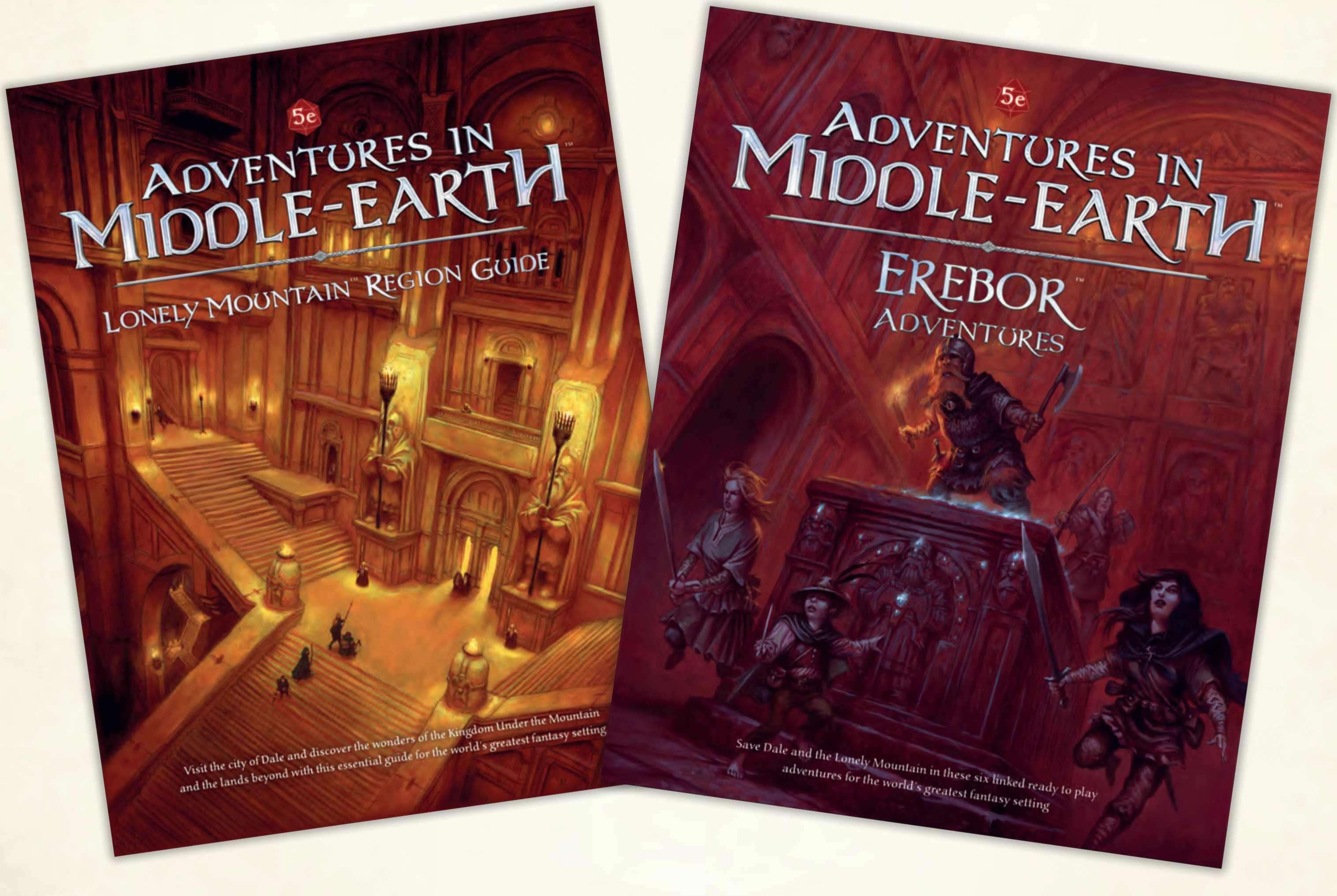
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